TRAVELER TALES OF CHINA

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

A Chinese Wedding Ceremony.

A native wedding took place during my stay at Foo Chow, and I found that wedding feasts are wonderful affairs, and that a maximum of noise is essential toward giving the newly wedded pair a happy start in life. During three whole days our ears were assailed with the continual beating of drums, banging of tin cans, and popping of firecrackers, the poor little bride during this time being frequently paraded up and down "on view." Ultimately the affair ended in a fight among some coolies, and I was hastily summoned by a very worried-looking guests to repair damages. Snatching up some bandages, together with the invaluable pink lint, I hastened to the scene of hostilities, to discover my prospective patient kneeling on the ground, covered with blood, and with the ruins of a chair festooned around his neck. The chair had penetrated rather deeply into the head and caused some oedema, but the wound was soon cleansed, the head bandaged, and the much-subdued coolie sent off to a doctor to have the wound sewed up.

The Nursing Mirror.

LI HUNG CHANG.

Educational Travel Series

OR, TRAVELLERS' TALES OF NEW LANDS

TRAVELLER TALES OF CHINA

OR

THE STORY-TELLING HONGS

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

Illustrated by more than sixty engravings

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TRAVELLER TALES OF CHINA

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PREFACE

In this volume I have aimed, after the manner of the "Zigzag Stories," to give a view of the social life of Russian China and China; to make an instructive book, which should picture the new way around the world by the Siberian railway, and the new ports of the East in Manchuria and on the Yellow Sea. This is the second volume of the new series of "Traveller Tales," written after the manner of the "Zigzag" series, which sought to illustrate the manners and customs of nations by folk-lore tales and travellers' narratives, in a progressive manner.

Many of the interpolated stories in this volume are "Jataka" legends, which means that they were parables imputed to Buddha, but which were written to make clear his teachings a century or more after his death. These tales are the folk-lore of Buddhism, and are well known in Buddhist countries, and illustrate the manners and customs of the people of the past and present.

The book seeks to make clear to young people the new conditions, as well as the old traditions, of the Chinese people. China is the waking giant of the world, and the Trans-Siberian railway and ports of Manchuria seem likely to be associated

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in the near future with important and progressive commercial events.

I am indebted to Harper Brothers for permission to use a story which appeared in the *Magazine*, and one which was published in a holiday number of the *Weekly*, both stories being furnished to them as original contributions.

I have followed many suggestions in the text of *Le Tour du Monde* to secure the use of the fine illustrations. Being an enthusiastic advocate of Froebel primary schools, I have pictured the beginning of kindergarten schools in China, which work I hold to be a prophecy of the education which is likely to find a large place in developing the new thought of the empire.

H. B.

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TRAVELLER TALES OF CHINA

CHAPTER I.

STRANGE THINGS TO BE SEEN IN CHINA — JATAKA TALES — THE BOXERS — AMERICAN TEA-FARMS

"You and your son are about to visit China," said a Chinese agent of an old and established hong in Canton. "China is a ghost land. Let me tell you a secret of Chinese life; all people there think they see spirits — the spirits of their ancestors. Now, the good Chinese see bright spirits. Associate with such, and avoid those who talk of dark spirits. In China the people worship their ancestors, and it is those who think that they are visited by the bright spirits of good ancestors who have real worth."

The speaker was Ah Hue, or Ah Hue-Ling. He had made a reputation for honorable dealing as an agent of the tea trade. He spoke English well, and was something of a philosopher. He seemed to see the truth of life, rather than to reason about it.

Mr. Barnard was a tea merchant. He lived near Winthrop, Mass., on one of the hills overlooking the Rumney Marsh. His family had long conducted a tea house in Boston, and he had invited Ah Hue to visit him that he might better gain information in regard to the trade in China. His son Charles, who was finishing his education, had resolved to go into business with his father.

To better prepare his son for the business of the importation of tea for his wholesale house, Mr. Barnard planned to take his son to China by the way of St. Petersburg and the Siberian railway to Manchuria, and the new Golden Horn of the far East. Ah Hue was to go with them.

Ah Hue-Ling had become the charm and delight of the Barnard family, for he told Chinese tales of people who saw bright ghosts, and were happy. Mrs. Barnard and her little daughter, Lucy, thought these folk-tales of the Flowery Kingdom almost as good as those of Germany.

"Now, Ah Hue-Ling, tell us a wonder tale, and take Mr. Barnard out of his business cares," Mrs. Barnard would say.

Ah Hue would sit down on the edge of the divan and lean over, and pussy, perhaps, would play with his pig-tail, as it hung over the edge of the divan.

There was one story that he used to tell that all liked to hear, although it was rather uncanny. It was of Sing Ling, the "merchant man."

SING LING, WHO SAW SOMETHING STRANGE

"Ah," would say Ah Hue-Ling, "Sing Ling was a crafty one, and a wonder happened to him, and it was all in this way:

"Sing Ling had a partner in business named Oi, and they were journeying from Hong-kong to Canton among the junks.

"They had done a good business on the island of Kong, and the partner Oi had given the purse that contained the profits of it to Sing Ling to keep until they should arrive at Canton.

"How bright the air was! How the sails rose and shone like walls! How the flowers bloomed in the gardens! How the gables and dragons of the summer-houses glistened in the distance along the way!

CHINESE CEMETERY

"A thought came to Sing Ling.

"It was a wicked one.

"He had the purse.

"What if his partner Oi were to be drowned among the junks? The purse would be his. No one would know.

"The thought became a suggestion, and the wicked vision grew, and became a desire.

"Now Oi liked to stand on the edge of the stern of the boat and watch the junks. He did so on this excursion, and often on a plank that reached out beyond the rail.

"Sing Ling saw that he would only have to tilt the rail, and his partner would fall into the deep water, and then all the contents of the purse would be his. No one would know — wicked Sing Ling!

"He watched his opportunity to give the board a tilt, —

> "'A wicked look around he stole,
> And many a think he thunk,
> And many a wicked smile he smole,
> And many a wicked wink he wunk.'

"A moment came when no one seemed to be looking. Sing tilted the plank, and Oi threw up his hands and fell into the water. Sing Ling did not look after him; he shut his eyes, and the boat passed on, and presently it stopped at a landing, and there was a great confusion in the people rushing away.

"Sing Ling had the whole purse now. Oi, as he thought, was gone forever, and was happy with his ancestors.

"Ah, no, no! That night Sing had the purse under his couch, and just as he was going to sleep with a burning conscience, it began to rattle, rattle.

"Sing leaped up, and before him stood Oi; his partner looked dreadful; a bad conscience makes fearful ghosts.

"'Carry my gold to my mother,' said the ghost.

"The next night the same thing happened again, but Oi looked angrier than before.

"'Carry my gold to my mother,' said Oi, 'and I will never come again.'

"'I will,' promised Sing, shaking.

"He carried the gold to Oi's mother, and told her that Oi had fallen overboard. He was happy, for he thought that he would never be arrested for the crime, and no one but himself would ever know. He did not know that a secret knowledge of guilt makes a hypocrite and ruins the soul, and is sure to be revealed.

"But after a little he saw Oi again. It was on the street in open day. He ran to him.

"'Oi, Oi,' said he, 'you promised me that if I would carry the gold to your mother you would never appear to me again.'

"'I never have appeared to you; I am Oi, and not a ghost. I fell overboard — why did you not rescue me?'

"Here was an unexpected witness to his guilt. Oi had not been drowned, and the ghost that Sing had seen nights had been created by his imagination out of his bad conscience, which furnishes the warp and woof for such beings.

"Then Sing saw that Oi saw his true character, for all life is self-revealing, and he fled to America and now he uses a pick-axe in the dark, dark mine. We see ourselves in ghostland."

He would add:

"I never would tell that story again; don't ask me. It is bad people who see bad ghosts, and it is bad people who tell bad stories. Ask me only to tell you tales of bright ancestors who come to us for good. 'Ghost thanks,' I call such, spirits of people whom we once helped, and who come to us to help us out of gratitude."

His story illustrates the kind of superstition that fills China, and it teaches much in regard to the dark ghostland of Chinese fancy.

VIEW ON A RIVER NEAR CANTON

Mr. Barnard and Charles were studying this journey when Ah Hue made the quoted remark that the character of a Chinaman might be found by the kind of spirits that he thought he saw. It is a truth of life, a man who sees good in others is usually a good man. A man who tells his friends that he comes from a good city, or neighbourhood, or town, is going to a good neighbourhood, or city, or town. A man sees in others what he is himself.

Mr. Barnard unrolled a new map of China.

"Russian China," said he, "is to be a province of great influence in the future. Destiny is there. The great point of connection of the Eastern and the Western world is to be Manchuria."

Charles entered the room and caught the last remark. He had been studying Russian China, and saw there a new map of the world's progress.

"The Trans-Siberian railroad," he said to his father, "must change the world's travel. Why, father, look upon the new map. Here is the Siberian railway; it connects with the Amoor, but look — let a branch of that railway run up to Behring Straits, and what may happen? Those straits are only a ferriage — before the end of the century *one may go from America to Paris* by land."

"They may do that in twenty years or perhaps ten from now," said Ah Hue.

Mr. Barnard studied the map. Charles stood by his chair. They bent their eyes on the line of the Siberian railroad in silence.

"Will we follow the route on the map on our journey?" asked Charles.

The route on the map, which was a French chart, was England, Paris, Vienna, to St. Petersburg, hence to Moscow, Nijni Novgorod, Irkoask, Shetinsk, and by the lakes and the great river Amoor and the ocean sea to Vladivostok, Shanghai, and by

rail to Pekin. They would go to Canton and Hong-kong from Pekin.

Charles had an intimate companion, Louis Forbes, who was familiarly called "Lou." He was a poor boy, but had character, clear vision, and a strong purpose in life. He wished to be taken into the tea house and to learn the trade.

Mr. Barnard saw the making of a true merchant in him. He had been thinking of asking him to accompany the party on the Russian China journey. He believed in educational travel, in the educational travel that begins a business career rather than ends it.

This boy Louis Forbes — "Lou" — had come to visit Charles, and he entered the room as the father and son and Ah Hue stood studying the French map.

"The great struggle of the civilizations of the world is to be between the Anglo-Saxon race and the Slav," said Mr. Barnard, "and the power will dominate that best obeys the spiritual laws of life. The world is destined to be governed by the highest law; that which is best for the people will survive."

"China is a waking giant," said Lou.

"And Russian China is to change the map of the world," said Charles, "and Vladivostok or Port Arthur is likely to be its port, or one of its ports, unless a new railroad city shall connect the Behring Straits with Paris and the English Channel and London."

Mr. Barnard listened to the two boys with much interest, as they studied the French map together.

"I have decided to go to Russian China," said he to Lou.

"I wish I might be able to make such a journey," said Lou. "What an advantage it would give me in the tea trade! I will make the journey if I am prospered, some day," he continued, "after I have earned the money for travel. I want to see the new East."

TIGER ISLAND, ENTRANCE TO THE CANTON RIVER

"I wish you might go with us," said Charles. "You are to enter our trading house."

"You shall go," said Mr. Barnard. "I shall need trained clerks in my business, and if you will accept my invitation, I will try to help train you to become one of them."

He added: "You and Charlie have studied together; you are both to enter my business house together, and I would have you make the journey to Russian China together. It would be likely to be to my advantage to have you do so.

"So, Lou, with your parents' consent, I will take you with us, and defray all of your expenses."

"I thank you out of my heart," said Lou, "but I would dislike to begin life by being dependent on the friendship of another. True friendship accepts no gifts. I have paid for my own education, and I have not had a dollar for it that I have not earned."

"It is that spirit in you that makes me desire the more to train you for my business. I do not want men who are willing to be dependent, in my business. Such men do not make business grow. You would go with us, not as Charlie's friend, but as a future worker in my firm, and the money that I will spend on your journey will be well invested in you for me.

"The time has come for merchants to train their clerks for intelligent service by giving them educational travel."

It was soon arranged that Lou should go with Charles to Russian China.

Ah Hue-Ling was a bright man as well as a story-teller. He not only knew Chinese folk-lore well, and the wonderful tales of the Chinese ghostland, those which were associated with ancestor worship, but he also told Chinese fables and quoted Chinese proverbs, and, strangely enough, sought tales of spiritual powers wherever he went. He knew the Jataka Buddhist stories.

He had been brought up in the hongs, where he had studied

English. He had read Dickens and the most notable English scientific books.

Charles had a business mind. He was not greatly interested in folk-lore, but Lou was, so Lou and Ah Hue exchanged stories.

WONDER TALES OF THE BUDDHISTS (THE JATAKA STORIES), THE OLDEST FOLK-LORE STORIES

THE Talmud contains the folk-lore tales of the Jews, the tales of the rabbis; the "Arabian Nights Entertainments" comprise many of the folk-lore tales of the East, Desert Tales, Caravan Tales, legends of the Caliphs. The legendary tales of the Buddha, or folk-lore of Ind, are perhaps the oldest of all of this class of stories. These were more than five hundred in number, and according to the tradition they were suggested by Buddha himself.

This last claim would be impossible, but they were suggested by the early Buddhist mind. Many of them, like those of the Talmud, are very interesting parables of life.

The great collection of Buddhist folk-lore stories is called "The Jataka Book."

Let us give you a specimen of one of these Jataka Tales, most of which relate to rebirth, or reincarnation, as all people in these countries are believed to be born again, either as animals, a higher order of men, or of celestial beings.

THE LION THAT BRAYED

ONCE upon a time when Brahma-datta was monarch of Benares, a Buddha was born of humble parents. He worked in the fields.

It was in the days of the hawkers or the travelling peddlers; these journeyed from place to place carrying their goods on donkeys.

OCEAN ARCTIQUE
MER MEDITERRANÉE
Mer Caspienne
MER D'OKHOTSK
MONGOLIE
Désert de Gobi
EMPIRE CHINOIS
MANDJOURIE
JAPON
PARIS
Bâle
Vienne
Varsovie
S.T PETERSBOURG
Moscou
Nijni-Novgorod
Kazan
Kama
Perm
Samarova
Sourgout
Tobolsk
Ekaterinbourg
Tiumen
Volga
Astrakhan
Tobol
Omsk
Irtych
Ob
Yénissei
Tomsk
Tom
Krasnoïarsk
L. Baïkal
Irkoutsk
Verkné-Oudinsk
Tchita
Nertchinsk
Strelnsk
Léna
Pakrovska
Albasine
Blagovechtchensk
Aigoune
Habarovka
Nikolaïevsk
Alexandrovsk
Dét. de La Pérouse
L. Khanka
Vladivostok
Soungari
Kamtchatka
Petropavlovsk
Yuene San
P.t Lazareff
Corée
Fousane
Nagasaki
Péking
Peiho
Tchéfou
Shangaï
Echelle
0
500
1000
2000 Kil.
20
60
80
100
120
140
160
180
M.C. del.

Now there was a certain hawker who was very greedy and covetous, and sought to accumulate money in every way, without regard to justice or honor.

He liked to feed his donkey in fields of green barley; it made the animal sleek and nimble to feed in barley fields.

The greedy hawker so pastured his donkey by a stratagem. When he came to a village he took the little animal into a stable and bound over him a lion's skin, and turned him into the nearest field of barley.

When the watchman of the town saw the animal in the field, he cried out:

"A lion! a lion!"

None dared to molest him. The lion was a sacred beast and the monarch of all beasts; so the donkey would have his fill in the dewy nights, and start on his way refreshed and fattened in the morning.

One day the crafty hawker stopped at a certain town, and dressed the donkey in the lion's skin, and turned him loose in a barley field.

"A lion!" exclaimed the keepers of the town. "A lion in the barley!"

"A lion! a lion!" exclaimed the people.

They were bold people, and notwithstanding the lion was a sacred beast, they resolved to scare him away.

The future Buddha, being then a tiller of the fields, advised this course. He was a wise man then.

The people assembled with all kinds of instruments that would make a noise or clatter. They went forth to the barley field, shouting, ringing bells, and blowing horns.

The supposed lion gazed upon them with a look of great surprise.

Then all the people shouted and sounded their gongs, and blew their horns.

They advanced and shouted again. The mock lion began to tremble and bow his head.

Then they shouted again and made such a clatter that the donkey gave a deep and earth-penetrating *bray*.

The people were very much astonished to hear a lion bray.

"He is only an ass," said the future Buddha. "This is not a lion roaring, nor a tiger, nor a panther, 'tis a foolish ass that brays."

The people then attacked the poor animal who had thus betrayed himself. They beat him, and broke his bones and carried off the lion's skin.

The hawker stole out to see how the donkey had fared. He found the innocent animal dying, and said:

"Long might the ass in a lion's skin have fed on the barley green, but he brayed."

The poor donkey heard the "poem," and died at the sound of his own epitaph.

An ass in a lion's skin is sure to bray.

Such were the tales that Ah Hue began to relate before the journey began, and evening by evening before the journey and during the travelling he was asked to relate some new Jataka tale.

Some of the stories were associated with strange images to be found in the decaying temples. These pictured history.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH CHINA?—THE BOXERS

Ah Hue had been a doctor. He wore spectacles with great rims, and when he put his spectacles on, and with it a doctor's face, he looked very wise. The tea merchants and their families had a Travellers' Club, which studied the trades of China.

PROPITIATORY OFFERINGS FOR DEPARTED RELATIVES

Of all the members of this "Travellers' Study Club of China," Lucy was one of the brightest, and seemed to absorb the most. When the club had had its session, she would go to Doctor Ah Hue to ask if what the club had been studying were true.

"Let me put on my spectacles," he would say, "and we will talk over the matters."

"You know about these things," said Lucy. "They guess; I believe what you say."

Doctor Ah Hue felt greatly complimented by Lucy's confidence in him. When she expressed this confidence, he would rise up in his silk robes, take down his great-bowed spectacles from his face, and bow — he seemed to bow to the four corners of the earth.

"Ah Hue," said Lucy, to the large Chinese doctor one day; "Doctor Ah Hue, there are some things that I do not know!"

Ah Hue looked very much surprised.

"You know everything," she said.

Ah Hue arose, circled his silk robe, and bowed.

"Not everything," he said, "but what would you ask me now?"

"There have been missionaries in China for a thousand years. You say that the teachings of Christ are the highest and best of all that have been given to mankind — why have your people not received them?"

"My people say that 'religions are many, but reason is one, and that all mankind are brothers.' Now that is not quite true, for reason is limited, — the dog cannot tell how it is the astronomer calculates an eclipse, and the astronomer himself cannot conceive how the laws of the eclipse came into being. Truth lies in the intuitions, as Christ taught."

"Oh, doctor, I am not able to follow you in such things as these; what I wish to know is why your people treat the missionary teachers so badly — why they kill them."

"Why did your people kill my people in China towns in Oregon and California years ago?"

"I do not know. What I wish to learn is what made the Boxers Boxers."

"I can answer my little girl plainly and truly.

"Suppose China should learn the arts of war, and become a warlike nation. She could put into the field ten million men. Now suppose she were to manufacture the finest brandy in all the world, and send it to the United States. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

"And suppose the brandy should degrade your people, ruin their lives, and that your Congress should pass an act that China should not import the ruinous liquor to the United States. You would say that your Congress had done right."

"Yes, Doctor Ah Hue."

"Yes, of course. But suppose that China, having grown rich and powerful, were to declare, 'It is my right to trade where I please and in any commodity. It is the right of trade. I only ask from other nations the same port rights that I give to other nations.' Now suppose that she sends her brandy to Boston and New York, and with it a navy to enforce its sale. New York resists, but the Chinese navy compels her to accept the brandy. New York destroys the brandy, and the navy takes Long Island for her Hong-kong, and so enforces the ruinous liquor on America. How would *your* people regard China?"

"They would say that they worshipped markets rather than God."

"Well, my little girl, England acted in much that way toward China, in enforcing opium upon our people, and that act of injustice began to make Boxers, — Chinamen who looked upon white people as 'foreign devils.'

"You have heard of Tonquin. The French by a treaty gained a concession there. They encountered the Black Flags, as the

A CHINESE GUARDIAN DEITY
(Image at a Temple Entrance near Shanghai)

pirates were called. They fought the Black Flags, but after the war they annexed Tonquin. The Chinese people, having lost Hong-kong and Tonquin, began to fear for their country. Would not an American have done so under like circumstance?"

"Yes, Ah Hue."

"Next came Germany. Some of the Catholic priests had sought to take the government of the people of their missions into their own hands. This created jealousy. In 1897, two German priests were killed by the Chinese. Two weeks after the crime, German ships appeared in Kiaochou Bay. The German legation in China made many demands on China, as a reprisal for the murder of the two priests, among them that the Germans should have the sole rights to the coal mines in the province of Shantung. The alarm in China grew — English in Hong-kong, French in Tonquin, and German influence in Shantung. The Boxers grew in number — they represented resistance to foreign aggression.

"Then Italy, in 1899, made an effort to secure the Chinese port of Sanmoon. The Chinese government put its foot down firmly.

"China said 'No.' The war with Japan showed China her weakness; there was terror everywhere, and the secret society, Boxers, who proclaimed resistance to all foreign influences, grew."

"But our missionaries did not seek their lands, but only their welfare; they preached peace and brotherhood, and all that is best for the souls of all men."

"True, true, but the innocent often bear the cross for the guilty. The work done by your true missionaries will never die. The work of one like Morrison will live with the stars. But does my little girl see what made the Boxers Boxers?"

"I can see, if I am a little girl."

"Then I will take off my spectacles."

STRANGE THINGS TO BE SEEN IN CHINA

THE boys, seeing that Lucy was acquiring much information in this way, followed her example, and spent much time in questioning Ah Hue. In one of these interviews Ah Hue said:

"The world owes to China three things for which she should be grateful. They are —

"The mariner's compass, printing and gunpowder."

"And tea," said Lucy.

"They also owe to her an example of peace which it would be well for all nations to follow. China has been a land of invasions, but she does not invade."

Ah Hue gave the boys a new view of China. The latter wished to read the poems of Confucius.

On another occasion, when Lucy had asked Ah Hue as to what amusements one would find in China, the whole family gathered around the Chinese doctor when he put on his spectacles.

"Well, my girl, you will like to see the jugglers in the public squares. They will give a man a rug or cloth to shake and spread on the ground, and soon wonderful things, as trees, animals, and perhaps a child will be found under the rug, which did not appear in the rug when it was shaken, and which could not have come up from the ground.

"Then the theatres may amuse you. The Chinese plays are long, and the actors appear in terrible forms, and shout so loud that the tragedy becomes a comedy in the Eastern age.

"You will find in some of the temples very grotesque gods, as gods of war, gods in the form of animals, and you will see signs over shops 'Buddhas made.'

"The cangue malefactor will surprise you, and you will pity him; he wears a board collar as large as the top of a table. He

THE HORSE GOD, TEMPLE NEAR SHANGHAI

cannot see his feet with his collar on, nor feed himself, and he must hold up the collar board continually, or it will wear off his neck. He will sometimes get a friend to hold up the board for relief, or rest it against a fence. Some of these boards weigh fifty pounds.

"You will also see people whipped by the bamboo. Almost all of the lower orders of people suffer some time from the bamboo, as the mandarin thinks it is his duty to preserve order by punishment, and he punishes whom he will. Watchmen, with bamboos in their hands, often follow the prisoner in the cangue or board collar, and lash him if he lie down. The punishments of China were very cruel, but they are disappearing.

"You will see Chinese gardens and lovely pavilions among lakelets and flowers. You have such gardens in your own country, but in China you may drink the best of tea there, and take, what the Americans seldom do in America, plenty of time for the use of the beverage."

AMERICAN TEA-FARMS — HARDY ORANGES

THERE were some peculiar reasons why Mr. Barnard wished to visit China. He had been to Pinehurst, N. C., and seen there Mr. Shepard's tea-farm, that was successfully producing tea, which was selling at one dollar per pound. The haunting question came to him, Can tea be produced in the South Atlantic States?

He had once owned orange groves in Florida. They had been killed by frosts and freezes. But certain Chinese and Japanese fruits had been grown in Florida; might he not find new varieties of fruit in China which could be grown in Florida? He used to say, Florida will recover, and one day become rich by *protecting* citrus bearing trees. Coffee in many parts of the

American tropics has been made a very successful crop by protection, — why not citrus fruit?

When first the Mandarin orange began to bear in Florida, it was a wonder. The sun and earth seemed to delight in the dark green tree. Were there not hardy oranges in the temperate climates of China? Could not the successful raising of Japanese plums be found an example in orange culture?

There was another thing that had deeply interested him. It was —

THE MORAL DEFECTS CAUSED BY THE OPIUM HABIT

His wife was a member of the Board of Visitors of State Charities, and he himself was a member of the Board. Ah Hue had said to him: "The effects of opium upon character are different from those of alcohol. The slave of intoxication reels, falls, wakes, rises, and is ashamed. His conscience quickens, and he struggles to reform. But the knowledge of the illusions of opium is a fatal one, — the opium-eater, or smoker, has little shame or quickening of conscience; he becomes cunning, crafty, gravitates toward crime; when he sees his fate, he struggles feebly to draw back from it, but, as a rule, returns to his drugs. From opium he goes to crime, and from crime to opium, for the sake of oblivion, and he finds oblivion at last."

One day Ah Hue said to Mrs. Barnard:

"The ruin of our society is opium; the knowledge of the drug is not only death, but something worse than death; it produces a state of degeneration out of which few rise. If you should ever find a noble soul who had acquired the opium habit in sickness, struggling against the demon in the drug, your heart would ache."

A STREET JUGGLING PERFORMANCE

Ah Hue admired the American missionaries in China; he thought them very unselfish people, as a rule, and had no criticism to make of their methods of benevolent work.

"He is great and good," said he, "who helps others to fulfil the best ideals of life. The missionary does that, but the time will come when the work can best be carried forward by native Christians, as it was in ancient England, after the teaching of the missionaries from Rome. Your missionaries should lead the way into the light, and not seek to govern the natives, as did Spain. I believe that they will do so."

Was this view true? The Barnards were interested in missionary efforts, and especially such as had followed the worthy suggestions of Robert Morrison in China and in the beginnings of kindergarten schools to unbind the feet of Chinese children.

The study of China led them more and more to wish to visit that country, and especially Russian China, which seemed likely to be a new world.

What has China to teach a young American trader or farmer?

What to the Christian man who seeks to change good ideals into realities?

The family resolved to engage Ah Hue-Ling to teach them the Chinese language, and the work of teaching began at once.

"It is a duty that I owe to myself and my family to study China," said Mr. Barnard. "Every man is a debtor to his profession, as I learned at school; the times demand that we should have a larger and clearer knowledge of the people of the East with whom we trade. The American merchant must now seek a new kind of education for his sons — educational travel must be taken into his plans, as a true preparation for his business life."

So Ah Hue became the daily instructor of the Barnards and their trusty young clerk, Louis Forbes.

These studied the journey that they would make — the places that they most desired to see.

"I wish the boys to visit the places that represent the best industrial success and opportunities," said Mr. Barnard. "I would have them stop at Rochedale, England, the coöperative town, where the whole community is sufficiently rich, as the result of taking down the shutters of a coöperative store in the presence of a mob a half-century ago. One of the world's best studies is the work of the Rochedale pioneers."

"I and Lucy would study," said Mrs. Barnard, imagining such a journey, "the care of the insane poor at Gheel, Belgium, and progressive kindergarten at Berlin. You wish to make the boys intelligent clerks, salesmen, and importers. I would be glad to be able to show Lucy the best methods of caring for the poor."

"China," she added, "is a largely noble nation, and an old one in wisdom, but she is full of the cruelties of ignorance and superstition. I would see what has been the influence of the missionaries there in the cause of justice and right, — in freeing the bound feet of women, for example, and men from the tortures of the cangue."

"In short," said Mr. Barnard, "this educational journey shall be to find what is best in the new thought of the world. We are all to go to school on ships and cars."

"And visit the new schoolmasters of the century," said Mrs. Barnard. "All the world is becoming a school."

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW WAY AROUND THE WORLD BY RUSSIA — A JATAKA TALE — CONFUCIUS

THE new way around the world will be by Russia and Russian Siberia, and a wonderful way it is; a way in which steam and afterward electricity will sweep the hurrying traveller over a great part of the earth's surface in the same car, perhaps, for six thousand miles.

In six days a man may go to Havre and Paris, in two or three more to Moscow. Starting there on the Siberian railroad, he may reach the tributaries of the Yellow Sea in some nine days at the lowest railway fare on earth. He may there find ships at the Chinese or Japanese ports that will take him to Vancouver, Seattle, or San Francisco, and then home again, and so around the world. Economical tours of the world now cost from $600 to $1,000. By the Russian way a hardy man, or any one who could endure a second class passage in steamships and cars, might make it for $400 to $500.

And what an education such a journey would be!

"Too superficial," one will say; "too brief and too much in outline."

True, but only in part; right outlines are broad suggestions.

Thirty dollars will take one to Liverpool from New York or Boston on one of the colonial cattle steamers, and forty dollars on a giant steamer to Liverpool, London, or Hamburg, second class. It costs but a few shillings to cross England from north to south. The ways to Moscow are many and easy. At Mos-

cow the new and wonderful route around the world opens its immense distances; faces far Manchuria, Vladivostok, and the Yellow Sea; China, Japan, the Philippines, the American West.

Let us glance at the Siberian railway, its immense distances and low fares. It takes but fifty-three hours to go by express train from London to St. Petersburg. A night journey will take one from the Neva to Moscow.

The cars on the great Siberian railway start for the long route to the watercourses on Saturday evening. In some nine days, over rye fields, past gray villages and a level landscape, the train arrives at Irkutsk (Irkoask). On some days but one or two stations arrest the far onward movement. The rate of speed is some twenty miles an hour.

The rates on Russian long distance trains are very low. It is more than 3,300 miles from Moscow to Irkutsk. The fare for this immense distance, first class, including sleeping berth, is less than $50. The service is luxurious — stately. The second class fare is some $30 — think of it, $30 for more than three thousand miles. The third class fare is some $14.

A through ticket from Moscow to Port Arthur or Vladivostok is about $60, the cheapest route of travel by sea or land in the world.

Ships at Vladivostok or Port Arthur may be found connecting with the Japanese Islands, China, and the East, on which low rates of passage back to London or around the world by way of Puget Sound or San Francisco may be obtained.

A person in good health would find this trip in midsummer invigorating. He would, probably, for a few years to come, take the route to the Yellow Sea by way of the Amoor. Something like $150 would cover the journey, thus giving him $30 to Liverpool, second class, and $20 for a second class direct way to Moscow. Two hundred dollars might find him at Port Arthur, with some $200 out of his $400 for second class pas-

A PRISONER WEARING THE CANGUE

(Weight of the cangue has to be continually supported by the hands, otherwise it would gall and abrade the neck. This is considered only a light punishment when continued for one to three months)

sages home. But he would need more money. Nothing can be more true than the saying: "It is very expensive travelling."

I am only speaking of possible and experimental fares, and food and comfort have not been considered. There are good provisions for food at moderate prices at the stations along the Russian routes.

Were one to go to Russia late in July, one could make an aside from Moscow and visit the once miraculous fair at Nijni Novgorod.

In former days the great tea caravans came there. China, India, and all Russia met there — people by the million came there as to a common market. The railway may possibly ruin the great fair, which was one of the wonders of the East.

The Barnards and their friends studied these routes in the books and magazine articles of recent travellers.

After these studies they would ask Ah Hue-Ling for "one more Jataka story." There were enough of these stories to furnish entertainment for a trip around the world, and they were full of wise suggestions to a traveller.

THE TWO CHARIOTEERS — A JATAKA TALE

It was in Benares, in the days of Brahma Datta. A Buddha returned to life as the son of a king.

When he was sixteen years of age he was sent to the great university, and became accomplished in all arts. He seemed to possess every virtue, and when his father the king died, he succeeded him and began to reign with justice, seeking only the good of his people.

The fame of his equity spread abroad and filled all lands. The people began to praise him and rightly, and this praise grew. The earth was blessed in this most righteous ruler.

He seemed to see justice by an inner sight. He rendered such just decisions that no evil person dared to bring a case into court, and the great Hall of Justice was closed.

Then the king said:

"Since the Hall of Justice is closed, and I am no longer called to sit upon the faults of others, I must study my own faults and sit in judgment on myself." And he did so, and became more worthy daily, an example of a perfect man. And he grew in the love of the people, and they praised him more, and no monarch of the East ever became so renowned for noble deeds as he.

The people were happy.

He was afraid that he might be a partial judge on himself, so he asked his court and his people to tell him his faults, but they saw no fault in him.

The court could tell him of no faults in him. He would have to go beyond the palace to find a fault finder.

He went beyond his palace, but he could find none. Everybody praised him as a perfect prince.

He resolved to go beyond his city, in disguise, to search for a fault finder, so he mounted his chariot, and went forth into his vast kingdom in disguise, taking with him only his charioteer.

"O charioteer," he said, "ride hard, ride fast into the ways that are hidden, find me a fault finder that he may correct my faults, and so make me a perfect man."

There was another king in those days, Mallika by name, who was also accounted to be a perfect man. He ruled over an adjoining kingdom. The people praised him for his virtues.

He, too, resolved to ride out into his own country in disguise, taking with him only his charioteer.

"O charioteer," he said, "ride hard, ride fast, find for me a fault finder that I may correct my faults, and become a perfect man."

GANG OF PRISONERS WEARING THE CANGUE
(Which prevents them from lying down or feeding themselves)

And the two kings met in a narrow pass on the boundaries of their country.

They were riding in opposite directions, and the country road had become so narrow that only one chariot could pass without turning aside into the rocks and trees.

The two chariots stopped, bringing the charioteers face to face.

Then the charioteer of Mallika shouted:

"O charioteer of the King of Benares, take thy chariot out of the way. I am the charioteer of the great King Mallika, and my master is greater than yours. He has the right of way."

"How may I know that thy master is greater than mine?" asked the charioteer of the King of Benares.

And the charioteer consulted with his master.

"I only wish to do what is right in the case," said the King of Benares. "The older should have the right of way. I am forty years old. How old is he?"

And the charioteer called:

"How old is thy master?"

"Forty years."

Then he consulted with the king again.

"The king who has the larger domain should have the right of way. My kingdom is an hundred leagues."

So the charioteer shouted to the other:

"How large is thy master's kingdom?"

"An hundred leagues," was the answer.

Then the noble King of Benares said:

"I am at fault; the one who is most righteous should pass the other."

And the charioteer shouted to the other:

"What are thy master's virtues?"

And the charioteer of Mallika shouted back:

"He overcomes the strong by strength, the mild by mildness,

the good by goodness, the wicked by wickedness, he renders like for like; move out of the way, O charioteer."

"Have you told all the virtues of your king?" inquired the charioteer of Benares. "What are his faults?"

"He has none," answered the other.

So the two charioteers stood still in the way.

"What are thy master's virtues?" at last called the charioteer of Mallika.

And the other shouted:

"He conquers anger by forgiveness, and wickedness by goodness, the selfish by gifts, the liars by truth, he renders good for evil; move out of the way, O charioteer."

Then said King Mallika:

"He renders good for evil. His virtues surpass mine, and he has found a fault in me, and I would correct it. I would bow before a man who renders good for evil. He has conquered himself. Let him pass, while I salute him, O charioteer."

The charioteer alighted, and moved his chariot from the road.

Then the King of Benares passed Mallika. And the two righteous kings bowed lovingly to each other.

"Thou hast overcome thyself," said King Mallika to the King of Benares; "thou wilt become a Buddha. O king, live forever, and I will pray that my virtues may equal thine. It is a delight to do honor to him who renders good for evil."

So the two monarchs went on their way. The King of Benares became a Buddha, and Mallika sought to make his brother king's virtues his own. This was the golden age of the virtues, and the two lands had peace and the people were happy.

THE MAXIMS OF CONFUCIUS

LUCY, strange as it may seem, had become so interested in the Jataka tales of the Buddhist, that she wished to learn more in regard to the amiable Confucius who taught the people to study and venerate the virtues of their ancestors, and made tombs their places of worship.

She went to Ah Hue one day, and asked:

"Did Confucius ever tell stories?"

Ah Hue put on his spectacles.

"No, he was a philosopher. His maxims might have been turned into wonder tales, but I have never heard of such stories."

"Tell me, Ah Hue, some of the maxims of the great man."

Ah Hue was much surprised at the request.

He rose up, turned around, touched his hand to his forehead, and sat down.

"You are the first American," he said, "who ever asked me such a thing. I will be glad to answer you, for Confucius was a wise man, and many things that he taught all children should know — hear him now:

"'Affection for parents is the beginning of a benevolent life. Respect for old people is the beginning of righteousness. What is more to be desired than to be benevolent and righteous?'"

"I think that is good teaching," said Lucy.

"'The path of duty is that which lies nearest to you,'" continued Ah Hue, quoting.

"Why," said Lucy, "that is what Miss Alcott used to write in albums, 'Do the duty that lies nearest to you.' Tell me some more, Doctor Ah Hue."

He pushed up his spectacles, and began to quote from the great apostle of the good results of obedience to parents:

"'Sincerity is the beginning and end of all true worth. Without sincerity there would be nothing.'

"'The glory of a state may arise from the excellence of one man.'

"'A gem is not polished except by rubbing, nor is a man without trials.'

"'There are three friendships that are desirable:

"'With the upright.

"'With the sincere.

"'With the man who observes for a good purpose.'

"'When a man sees an opportunity to make money, let him think of righteousness, which is more than money.'

"'Men trip not over mountains, but over ant-hills. Be careful in regard to little things.'

"'Pride is loss and humility is increase, and humility is the way to heaven.'

"'A sincere friend will tell you your faults, and he is one of the best gifts that can guard your life.'

"'Every good deed finds its recompense.'

"But," said Ah Hue, "there is one maxim of Confucius that is told in the form of a little story, that is worth more than all the rest. It is related thus:

"Tsze King asked the Master of Life:

"'Is there one word that will tell me all my duties?'

"And the Master of Life said, 'There is.'

"'Tell me that word of words.'

"'Reciprocity — Do not do to others what you would not have done to yourself.'"

Lucy sat silent before the answer — "*Reciprocity*" was a word that she did not quite understand.

"I have a dictionary," she said.

"That is a good answer," said Ah Hue. "Confucius said, 'Never say I am unequal to this — but try.'"

Lucy went away to find her dictionary.

The Travellers' Study Club proved so interesting to the tea merchants and their families that story-telling by old China traders became a feature of the meetings.

One of these stories related to a very mysterious root, which proved a very important factor of America in China — GINSENG.

CHAPTER III.

GHOST THANKS — A STORY OF GINSENG

THE old coast houses of New England were built of oak and pine, and they decayed slowly. Their great stone chimneys remained long after the roofs had fallen away. The ruins furnished temporary shelters for fishermen in foul weather, and chambers in the chimneys, wherein meats used to be smoked and kept for the spit, were associated with legends of robberies at sea, from the time of the pirates Campbell and Kidd until the end of the days of the privateers.

Solitary, lonely, and gray, these chimneys rose in the clear, keen, silvery air on the bluffs, the decrepit orchards behind them, and a row of white buttonwood, shedding its parchment-like bark before them.

I was sailing one day along the coast of Massachusetts Bay, my eye following the glimmering greenery of groves and orchards and household trees on homeward ways. One of these ancient chimneys broke the curving outline of roofs.

"They used to say that that chimney was haunted by the ghost of a Chinaman," said Sailor John, who was with me. "The people in these parts traded with China in the days of ginseng" — he pronounced the word gin*sang*.

I had read of many kinds of phantoms, but had never before heard of a phantom Chinaman on the New England coast. Ginseng, with its nasal pronunciation — what could that mean?

Old Captain John held the tiller, and looked curiously at the chimney as we passed. There was an osprey's nest in a decay-

ing buttonwood-tree near the chimney, and gray-white ospreys, or fishing-hawks, were wheeling above it and circling toward the sea.

"What is gin*sang?*" I asked of Sailor John.

"Ginsang — didn't you never hear of ginsang? Ginsang grows on the hillsides, in the woods of the West, in Pennsylvania and Virginia. There are patches of it on New England hills. It opened the port of Canton to the world; it is a magic plant, or so it was thought to be in China. The old warehouses along the wharves of Boston used to be stored with it; the Chinese once thought that it would cure all diseases, and make the right kind of a man live forever. It had the 'gift of immortality,' the Chinese said. They exhausted their own supply in their provinces, and sought it from New England ships. Let's anchor, and go and lunch under the orchard trees near the stone chimney. I'll tell you there one of the most curious stories that you ever heard."

We anchored, stretched ourselves under the crooked apple-trees in the shadow of the sturdy smoke-chimney, where Sailor John told me a tale of a New England Thanksgiving dinner which was associated with events that seemed to solve, to my mind, some of the many mysteries of the soul. It furnished a strange chapter of the history of Massachusetts Bay, and held me with eyes fixed on the sea, not only because of its occult soul-analysis, but because it pictured the manner in which superstition opened the way to the China trade, and wrought mental miracles in China, like those which in many ways and under new forms find credence in New England to-day, and it left in my memory a haunting scene of a Thanksgiving dinner.

Barney Post was a strange man — so began the primitive narrative — but he was an honest soul; he meant to do right, but there was an angle in his mind. He was a day-laborer in pleasant weather, and he went fishing on rainy days in sum-

mer. He had a sick wife and a great family of children, and he kept many dogs, as such men who can hardly feed their own families do.

A terrible thing had happened on the white reef that lay just beyond the sandy shore of the little coast town. An English ship from Canton, China, loaded in part with tea for Boston, had been dashed upon the reef in the November gales, and had broken up. The bodies of the sailors had been washed ashore, and among these bodies was a Chinaman.

The sun rose red against black clouds on the morning after the wreck, and the fishermen found the bodies laid out on the sand. They went to Esquire White, the president of the select-men, or town council, to ask him what they should do.

"Bury the English sailors on the hill by the deserted house," said the Esquire, "and lay the Chinaman in the sand and apart from the others; he is a heathen."

Great excitement followed. The graves for the Englishmen were dug, the bodies were lifted to the hillside on boards and put into pine coffins, and the country parson made a prayer on the hill as the earth covered them.

Then the Esquire and the fisher-folk went down to the sand to examine the body of the Chinaman. With them went Barney. The body was a pitiable object, and the sight touched the tender heart of the field-laborer.

"I'll bury him, too, on the hill," said Barney to the Esquire; "on the hill 'apart from the others.'"

"But he is only one of the great world, only as one wave on the ocean," said the Esquire.

"We are all like that, Esquire — one wave; we rise and sink and go. I would want to have my body buried were I to be found dead on any coast."

"But he has no name," said Esquire White.

"Then I will look for no reward."

PAGODA AND VILLAGE ON THE CANAL NEAR CANTON

"He is a heathen: look at his feet and his braid of hair. The sand furnishes a good enough grave for him; let the waves wash over him; it is fate."

"That would never satisfy me *within*," said Barney. "He is one of us — we are all human; we make fate."

Barney lifted the slender body of the stranger upon a board, and he and a negro boy carried it up the hill.

He buried it "apart from the others." But he was not satisfied.

The fisher-folk had placed stones at the graves of the Englishmen. Barney went to Esquire White to ask for his oxen to move a stone.

"Where to?" asked the Esquire.

"The Chinaman's grave — all alone, away from his kin."

"But," said the Esquire, "none of his kin will ever know."

"*He* may know."

"Oh, Barney, you're daft. Suppose the dead do know; he was a heathen; do the heathen dead know?"

"I will work a day for you in the hurry of haying-time if you will let me have the oxen," continued Barney.

"Have your will, Barney."

Barney took the oxen, and placed a tall bowlder at the head of the Chinaman's grave, "apart from the rest." It loomed there over the sea near the great stone chimney. The people talked about it as they rode by, and the fishermen as they passed on the sea.

The Esquire exacted from Barney the promised day's work in haying-time, and jeered at him in regard to the monument that he set up to "nobody from nowhere."

"What satisfaction, Barney," said he, "could it give you to do such a thing as that?"

"The Chinaman knows, and I believe in 'ghost thanks.' We don't do right against the world for nothing. The dead know."

Old Barney had a theory which has always been held in part by Roman Catholics, but which was novel in a farming New England neighborhood. He thought that people who were unable to return favors in this world would do so in another world, or that such, after death, would help those who had helped them, whom they could not repay here. He reasoned that this was the divine law of gratitude, and he called it not "intercession of the saints," or "spirit return," but "ghost thanks." He was not a spiritualist in the common sense, but he found the Scriptures full of promises of the good-will of the spiritual world to unselfish souls, and when one Captain Flanders kept a poor family of sailor's children from the town house, and the captain found two hundred pounds of ambergris off Cape Horn, worth a hundred or more dollars a pound, he thought that he saw the hand of the dead father of the orphans in the captain's good fortune.

His favorite hymn was, "There are angels hovering around," and it was his joy to believe that benevolent people who died poor became "ministering spirits," and rendered "ghost thanks." "Any one who does good without hope of reward will be made rich by blessed company," he used to say. "Every act of sympathy ends in a thanksgiving — the true riches lie in that mine."

He used to sit on the stone wall by the elder blooms, or "blows," and talk with the neighbors who wandered along the way in the shady summer evenings.

"A man with a good heart who is not blessed in himself will be blessed in his children; and if he is not, the unseen world will reward him. I am going to do and do, and be and be, and help and help, and when I die I shall go to my own."

The people laughed at poor old Barney, and said that he was "daft."

Barney had done one thing that could bring him nothing; such things grow; the Fates began to weave.

One day, as the old folks used to tell the story after Thanksgiving dinners, old Barney sat down on the wall at the end of the cow-path that led to the pastures. He kicked the wall with his loose shoes.

I can recollect how the deserted place looked when I was a boy. The old cellar door lay on an embankment among dwarf lilacs and bouncing-bets. There was a hand-stone by the well, and the frame of a grindstone under a black-cherry-tree, where scythes and corn-cutters hung.

On the windy hill, among sailors' graves, grew sweet-fern.

On this November morning of which I am speaking Barney was on his way to the sea meadows to mow thatch for roofing and stable buildings.

He had a son named Alden, with a wide forehead and curls. This boy had followed him, and the two had dinner-pails.

Barney had sat down to rest *before* he had begun to work, with a "Oh, hum! I don't care if I do." What that expression meant none knew. It answered some minor chord in his soul.

"I must have a thinking spell *first*," he used to say.

That day Barney looked down the coast and saw the chimneys smoking with Thanksgiving fires.

Alden too had a "thinking spell," as he sat by his father that morning on the wall. Down the turnpike-road he saw a tall chimney smoking over white gables. His heart had begun to warm with love for Esquire White's little daughter Addie, who went with him to school on the elematis-lined road. The Esquire was to give a Thanksgiving dinner that day; a part of the children who went to the district school were invited to the feast as Addie's "particular friends." He was not invited.

There was an empty room in his heart.

The Esquire, out of pity, had loaned his father money at the time that the "canker rash" came to his family. Three of his

brothers had died. But the Esquire wanted his pay at last. Barney had nothing to pay — but work. So he worked for the Esquire for weeks, and while he did so his own family lived on mush and milk, and he began and ended the day with an "Oh, hum! We can't tell."

Alden thought and thought. It was hard to be so poor. Were there indeed gods in the heaven? If so, would they help him? It was a faith-blinding sight to see his father give thanks at the table — for nothing — and the chimneys around all smoking with feasts.

In the midst of his thinking spell that November morning Barney suddenly turned to Alden, and tapped his long bony fingers on his son's dinner-pail.

"It sounds holler, Alden."

"Never mind, father," said the boy, who was all heart and imagination.

"It is the best that I can do. This is Thanksgiving day, Alden, and your mother slid into my dinner-pail a piece of rye bread spread over with marmalade. Think of her heart, Alden! She won't last long, Alden. I can see the yellow in the leaf before the tree turns color. She put the bread and marmalade into my pail that I might not forget what day it is. Let's change pails, Alden."

The boy uncovered the well-scoured pail and looked into it. There was no marmalade there.

"Here, Alden, this goes to you."

Barney took the choice lunch out of his own pail and put it into Alden's.

"Never mind me, Alden. It don't much matter what I have now — my chance in life is gone. All that is left for me to say is, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' We can't tell. But, Alden, Alden, your eyes stand well apart, which is a good sign. No good intention is ever lost."

Barney had once tried to preach at the candle-light meetings, but had failed.

Then his heart turned to Alden, whose eyes were wide apart, and he used to say: "The good ideals which a father loses will be made up to him in his son. I will be you, some day, Alden."

That morning an extraordinary sight appeared on the sea — a speck of white enlarging on the wide purple bay.

"To China," said Barney.

A ship of nearly one thousand tons, with sails set, was crossing the bay, going out. She was a beautiful sight.

"To China," said the boy. "Father, I never shall forget the bread buttered with marmalade. You gave me your soul in it. I will make you thankful in your old age. I can help you now."

"What is it, Alden? How?"

"What is the most valuable thing that ship is carrying over to China, father?"

"Ginseng. It is worth all the rest of the cargo. It is worth its weight in gold. The merchants exchange it for tea. They could not get into Canton in any other way."

"I've seen ginseng in the hollows among the sarsaparilla," said the boy. "It is rare here."

Here and there in the woodland pastures were half-withered stalks of the magic ginseng, whose roots resembled the human form, which was one of the reasons that the Chinese regarded it as the gift of the gods.

"I can gather ginseng, father."

"But they will not pay much for it here; it is only in Canton that it is worth its weight in gold. But you do pity me, Alden, and I am thankful for you. I tried to do some good in the world, but it was no use; I had a message, but couldn't deliver it; it may be that my desire will pass onward to you. I see life in that way. If a man cannot be what he wants to be himself, it is a great comfort to see his visions fulfilled in his sons.

So life compensates. I have not lost faith. Alden, Alden, I would rather see you a man of name and influence than to be one myself. Don't you ever forget, Alden, what I have said this morning by the old chimney by the sea."

The two went down to the salt meadows, the boy whistling on his way, now and then stopping to uproot a bit of magical ginseng; the herb did grow here as well as in the Alleghenies. He pitied his father; he loved him, and the incident of the marmalade had so filled his soul with a new purpose that he was another Alden now. The currents of life flow silently and unseen.

At noon they returned to the chimney to eat their dinner.

"Father," said the boy, with a nervous resolution, "I will, I will, I will!" He bowed his head as though in a realm of fancy.

"What, Alden? What is it now?"

"I will give you a Thanksgiving dinner some day, and call all the people."

The sun shone fiercely for a fall day.

They climbed up the flue into the chamber into which smoke had once passed to flavor and preserve hams. There were some strange papers there, left by wayfaring sailors. Alden opened one of these; it was full of curious characters, and among them was a rude picture of a Chinese mandarin or merchant.

Alden glanced at it, and, tired of pitching thatch after his father's scythe in the salt meadows, he fell asleep leaning against the wall. His father took the paper and put it into his frock pocket, to examine at some other time.

Suddenly the boy started up, as from another world.

"Father!"

Barney opened his drowsy eyes.

"Father, I've seen something!"

"What have you seen, Alden?"

"A Chinaman — a Chinaman in the chimney. I can see him now."

"I don't see any Chinaman in the chimney, boy. You're going daft."

"I can see him as plainly as I can see you. He is big; he has shoes that turn up at the toes; he has silk robes; he has strings of jewelry — pearls; his hair is roped, and his eyes are like ox-bows. He has something like a breastplate of jewels. He is going out."

"Out where, Alden?"

"He is all fading away. The chimney is haunted, father."

"'Twas the ship going out to China that made you see that, Alden."

"This is more than a dream. I shall see that Chinaman again."

The two climbed down the chimney and went home, Barney looking suspiciously into the elder-bushes by the way.

One day Alden said, "Father, I am going away."

The Fates were at their looms.

"Where, Alden?" asked Barney, with a strange light in his eyes.

"To China, with ginseng."

"Now that you have begun to be a help to me, Alden?"

"You shall not want for Thanksgiving dinners in your old age. I am going to become rich for your sake."

When a boy begins to see the poverty of his home, and to dream dreams, love is likely to be a factor in the case. It was so now. Alden never mentioned the name of Addie, but her face haunted him like the Chinaman's, and the two appeared to him in the same vision.

He left for Boston in a few days, taking with him an old chest that had Chinese characters that had been found among the wreckage of a ship from China.

His father carried him away to the city, in his shaky wagon drawn by old Dobbin, whose harness was all tied up with tow strings and toggles.

They met the Esquire on the way in his fine carryall.

Alden shrunk up in a heap. Addie was with her father.

Esquire White leaned out of the rolled-up curtains.

"Goin' to sea?" said he to Alden.

Alden bobbed his head, which seemed to sink into his body, out of sight.

"But don't you never come back till you can do more credit to your family than your father ever has done! Go 'lang!"

He touched the horse with his whip, and the animal shot ahead of them. Addie's face appeared at the back of the flying vehicle. Alden's head craned. She waved her hand sympathetically. Alden saw that hand when it had gone from sight — he would see it for twenty years.

As Alden looked back toward home for the last time, he saw the old smoke-chimney, and above it the gray stone at the shipwrecked Chinaman's grave. That brought tears to his eyes.

The Fates were making ready to weave; the pattern was set.

So in the Canton packet Alden sailed away with a simple quadrant, a Bowditch navigator, a pea-jacket, and other clothes from the slop-shop, and much ginseng. The ship contained a large quantity of the magical herb in its cargo. Foster's Wharf, India Wharf, and Long Wharf faded away, and Castle William, that guarded the harbor, sunk in the sea.

In Alden's dreams, waking or sleeping, three scenes continually reappeared, — the old chimney, with its smoke-room; the grave of the Chinaman, which his father had made; and the bowery road where Addie had waved her hand from the open curtains at the back of the carriage after her father's withering words.

In the usual way of the young sailor, now sick, now coming to his stomach, with an appetite for salt stuff — pork and pulse — with an accident or two from the spanker, he arrived at the China Sea, and entered that part of the burning tropic world whose river port is Canton. There he learned to weigh teas and pack silver at the hong, or commercial house.

He did more, for his purpose lifted him above the other clerks at the hong. He learned the Chinese commercial language. He came to count in Chinese, and was given the post of a recorder of goods.

He attracted the attention of the Chinese mandarins at the port.

Among the tea merchants at Canton was Hoqua, an officer of great wealth and influence. Hoqua and his sons had the supervision of the American trade for a generation. Hoqua was the soul of honor, a true gentleman, about whom American sea-captains who visited the hong brought wonderful stories to America. He was a lifelong friend of the Boston commercial firm of Russell & Co. Mr. Forbes, a pioneer merchant in Canton, relates that Hoqua one day sent for an American trader whose health and resources had failed, and who owed him $100,000, and said to him: "I hear that you want to go back to America, and have not the money. I am sorry to lose you, but here are your notes cancelled."

Alden heard much of the great Hoqua — of his honesty, his liberality, his riches, his silken robes and jewels. He felt a strange attraction toward him, and longed to see him.

One day he was told by the stevedores that the great tea merchant was approaching the hong on a barge from the river. He rushed to the open doors, which looked out on a multitude of airy bridges and boats.

The barge made its way amid the forests of craft. On the front deck, just outside of a parti-colored canopy, stood a tall form in princely robes.

As Alden's eye fell upon it, his heart stood still. *That* was the very Chinaman whom he had met, or seemed to have met, in the chimney by the sea!

A tremor ran over him. Do the living appear to the living? Are there ghosts of the living? Did ever a Chinese merchant prince appear in a ruined house to a simple country boy half the world away?

The barge approached the hong. He stood there, Hoqua, with robes of lustrous silk and strings of pearls. His sleeves were flowing, his shoes curved upward at the point, and he wore a strange breastplate of jewelled embroidery. There was a serene look in his face, an expression of beneficence, such as is seldom seen among trading-people. All this Alden had seen, or seemed to have seen, before.

The barge touched the bridge at the hong, and Hoqua entered the trading-house, and was received like a prince.

Alden walked about the tall man as one in a muse. He could not restrain his tongue.

"I have met him before," said he, to an English clerk; "or am I going to have the fever?"

"Where?" asked the astonished accountant. "Where have you met Hoqua before?"

"In America!"

"You have gone out of your head this time," said the clerk. "Hoqua was never out of China."

But before him was the Chinaman of the chamber of the chimney — the face, the robes, the jewelled ornament on the breast.

Alden felt of his pulse. It was normal. He went apart by himself to receive the cool winds that flew over the forests of bridges.

The Fates were weaving.

Alden felt the great soul mystery of these events. In the

loneliness of his life he was led to inquire as to the cause that should lead the eidolon of a Chinese mandarin merchant into the visions of an American pasture-boy. His life became haunted. He followed Hoqua.

He stood as near as possible to Hoqua when the merchant was in the hong, often just behind him; he somehow felt that the tall form in silk and strings of jewels was a spiritual acquaintance.

One day, as the two were seated under the same airy canopy, looking out on the glimmering junks in the river harbor, Hoqua suddenly bent his eyes on the young man. Alden saw the glance and felt it, and his knees shook.

"You come from the city called Boston," said Hoqua, in Chinese. "That is half-way around the circle of the world. You never saw any of our people before."

The sailor drew up his shaking knees.

"I once saw a Chinaman in America," he answered. "He was dead."

Hoqua drew himself up in his chair, and lifted his long arms and flowing sleeves with corded ruffles.

"How could that be, my young friend — *dead* — dead?"

The eyes of the two met.

"He was wrecked on a tea-ship in a storm on the coast. My father found his body among the rest."

"Was it an English tea-ship?" asked Hoqua.

"An English tea-ship, bound for Boston," said Alden — "so I was told. It struck the reef in the storm."

Hoqua held up one hand, as if pointing.

"I knew that ship. I saw her when she sailed away with papers for America. I knew that Chinaman, too; his name was Cumwa. He went without leave. He was of my family blood — of my own ancestors' blood. He heard the American sailors tell stories in the hong, and his mind would sail away in

dreams; then he sailed away. He wished to see the other side of the world. This world is not so very large."

Hoqua leaned his arms on his knees, and lifted his hand so that his silk sleeve fell back from his white ruffles, in which were jewels.

"My friend from the other side of the world, what did your father do with the body? The bodies of our people are sacred."

Alden's form grew heroic. His father seemed a grand figure now.

"He buried it in a decent grave on a bluff, and set on it a stone. My father is a man of heart."

The mandarin rose slowly, and towered above the forms of the Chinese who had gathered around him in the pavilion. He spread out both of his great arms over Alden, and said:

"He shall be blessed; your father shall be blessed."

He touched the mystic figures woven of gold threads and jewels on his breast, and said:

"He who befriends a dead body, a Chinaman, shall be blessed of all the spirits of the ancestors of the man who died in solitude. Your father shall be blessed. You shall be blessed. Your father shall be blessed in *you*."

Hoqua moved toward the council-room in the hong. There was a conference of ship-owners there. In an hour he came out again, and said:

"I have purchased your apprenticeship; you are free. Come with me to my plantation on the river."

Alden looked upon Hoqua as a father now, a brother, a kind of god. He rose to follow him. He would have followed him anywhere.

As he was preparing to embark on the barge, a black tempest arose, and, at the breaking of the clouds, some Chinamen came running down to the hong to tell Hoqua that his brother had been killed by the lightning.

COURT IN FRONT OF PRIVATE RESIDENCE OF A WEALTHY CHINAMAN

Darkness and light together came into his face.

"That cannot be! That cannot be! He had eaten ginseng!"

But the brother of Hoqua was dead.

"It was not the true ginseng," said the Chinese doctors when others came to tell Hoqua the dreadful news. "We would give pound for pound in gold for the true ginseng, and let our young friend from Boston, around the shadow of the world, weigh the ginseng," said one of these grave men.

"I have ginseng," said Alden. "It has the true body. Come and see."

He went to his chest in the long storeroom. Hoqua, the doctors, and a company of Chinese merchants followed him. He opened the chest, and held up a forked root that looked like a doll.

Hoqua smelled of the root; he put it to his lips.

"That is the true ginseng," he said. "The gift of gods. Weigh it! weigh it! You shall have its weight in gold."

The Chinaman in the chimney seemed to reappear in Hoqua.

Alden rose up. He felt himself rich. The New England road came back to him. He saw Addie again waving her hand from the curtains at the back of her father's carryall. His heart glowed with a moment of exultation, when suddenly his New England conscience returned. A New Englander is always a New Englander.

"Hoqua," said he, "I will sell the ginseng to you as medicine. It is true ginseng, but no ginseng has immortal life in it. It may cure disease, but it will not make you live forever. I am honest in all my ways; I would not deceive you."

Hoqua's face clouded, then lightened up.

"Your father buried the sailor," said Hoqua. "I see him in you."

The ginseng was weighed, and a fortune was placed to the account of Alden.

"The ancestors of Cumwa are leading you by chains of gold invisible," said Hoqua.

Was this indeed so? queried Alden. Were his father and Hoqua right? Were there indeed "ghost thanks," or only invisible laws? Was there a Hand behind his hand? Were there feet unseen following him?

The Thanksgiving that he had promised his soul, that he would one day make for his father in the old coast town, haunted Alden still.

It rose before him at the Feast of the Lanterns. He was richer now. He could pay his father's debts. He was richer than the Esquire himself. How would he meet Addie? How would Addie meet him? He wrote to his father that fortune favored him, and as soon as he could get released he was coming home, would give him a surprise, and make him a Thanksgiving. He wrote such a letter yearly for seven years, then once, in the same spirit, each two years or more.

Poor old Barney! His wife had died. He had had the lumbago, and gone yearly more and more into debt. The poorhouse door stared him in his face; only Addie stood between him and that. She supplied his wants in several ways. But as often as Barney received a letter from Canton, he carried it around to his neighbors, saying:

"There! What did I tell you, now? It is 'ghost thanks!' 'ghost thanks!' It is all because I gave a grave to the Chinaman. *He* knew!"

The East India Company used to tell stories at the hongs. One of these related to an old merchant named Denman, who had befriended young Benjamin Franklin. This man failed in business in Bristol, England, went to America and made a fortune, and returned to pay his creditors.

He discharged his debts in a novel way. He invited his creditors to a dinner. They came in no very kindly feeling, and

found what he owed them, principal and interest, under their dinner-plates.

Alden had a vision after hearing this story at the hong. He would make a dinner like that for his poor old father some day. It was an easy vision to realize, for he became richer daily. Alden became worth more than £20,000, a fortune at that time, and with his wealth the vision of what he would do for his father and Addie grew.

It was little that was new that Barney could say to Addie, but he one day brought her a very curious picture. It was the Chinese paper that Alden had found in the chimney, and that he had put into his coat pocket. It was that of a giant Chinaman in silk robes, flowing sleeves, and ornament of pearl, with a breastplate like a priest's, or an imitation of one. They looked at it together, and agreed to keep it until Alden should return.

A carriage rolled down the old Indian road, now a turnpike past rowened meadows, azure woods, and stacks of corn.

It stopped at the door of the Esquire.

A serene face stood under the red woodbines as it stopped. It was the Esquire's daughter Addie.

A middle-aged man got down from the carriage, and said to the woman:

"Do you know me now?"

"I do not feel that I have ever parted from you. I have seen this hour in my heart."

"Yours was the one kind hand that waved after me when I went away. It shall be the first one that I wish to take on my return."

He stepped up under the cool shadows of the woodbine, in the warm Indian summer, and took her hand.

"Addie, I want this hand for my own."

"Alden, I want your heart for my own! I wanted it when I waved my hand after you twenty-one years ago."

"Where is your father, Addie?"

"He is dead."

"Where is father?"

"In the old home. I go to see him every day. I would bring him here, but he will not come."

"Does he still believe in 'ghost thanks'?"

"Yes, Alden, he seems to see the prophet's mountain vision, that unseen hosts encamp around those who struggle for good, and they who be 'for us are more than those that be against us.' I have been true to him for his own sake and for your sake. I have loved him for you."

"Oh, Addie, he does not know that I have come home. Let us two be married on Thanksgiving day, which is close at hand, and you shall invite him, and all who have lent him money and befriended him, and so fulfil his dreams. My father has a beautiful soul."

The good people all received notes from Addie, the Esquire's daughter, to take their Thanksgiving meal with her. She seemed to invite more people than the house could hold. What did it mean? There was never heard of such a thing in Cape Village before. The old Esquire had left to her nothing but his farm and a bank account of a thousand or more dollars. The Esquire was not greatly "aforehanded."

A paragraph in the invitation added to the amazement of not a few. It was as follows:

"*If Barney, Alden's father, owes you anything — money, or for service — please send to me your bill on the week before Thanksgiving. His son wishes me to discharge his father's debts.*"

His son? Where was his son?

The people ran from house to house to discuss these strange matters, each one looking up to the chimney on the hill and the gravestone of the Chinaman as he went. Had Alden sent home money to his father?

Some of the neighbors went to old Barney with the strange news, but the old man only shook his head and said:

"I know nothing of it — only here," and he put his hand on his heart. "Is Alden coming home to Thanksgiving?" asked he of his callers.

"She has invited me — Barney — old Barney. I tell you it is 'ghost thanks.' You don't believe in such things. I do. I only believe that two and two make four. The souls of the blessed discharge their debts. All this seems mighty strange. I do not know what to make of it."

Thanksgiving day. The mellow bell in the white steeple rang, and the people gathered from the harvest farms in the church, but did not listen much to the sermon. They were thinking of what was to follow.

Noon. The people filed out of the church and made their way toward the house of the late Esquire.

The old minister led them. He had been invited too — "especially invited."

The people filled the house, but found Addie absent. They asked for her, and were told by the gardener, who managed the farm "on shares," that she had gone after Barney. Then the people walked around and around, and looked up betimes to the old chimney and the tombstone on the hill.

Some sailors came running up the hill and entered the house. They were asked why they had come.

"To the wedding," was the reply.

"What wedding?"

But the parson put his finger on his lips. So they did not answer.

The tables were set and loaded with the usual New England hospitality, and with some dishes that the guests had never seen before. The plates were turned, and cards with the names of the many guests were laid upon them.

At one o'clock the church bell began to ring. This was unusual. Who had told the sexton to ring the bell?

The parson did not seem to be alarmed. He went out in the open field under the great shining elm, and asked the people to follow him. They did so, filled with wonder.

Presently all eyes were turned toward the glimmering path that led through the near woods to old Barney's home.

There was a flutter of white silk; Addie was coming, dressed in white, with a cloud of silk around her. She was leading old Barney, and he, *he* had on a new suit; and behind them walked a man with a firm tread and a noble face, with eyes bent upon the ground.

The people stood silent, and the three came on, brushing away the golden leaves that had fallen in their way as they approached.

The parson met them under the elm, and said to the stranger and to Addie, "Join your two hands."

They did so, and then the parson said some words, and lifted his voice:

"I pronounce you husband and wife. Let us kneel down."

The people fell down on their knees, with streaming eyes, and Barney's form shook, and he said:

"I knew — I knew — I always knew. 'Ghost thanks.'"

The Thanksgiving dinner followed. Each debtor found his bill to old Barney paid as he turned his plate at the table. The wonder grew.

The old parson stood up at last, and made an address to the bride and groom, and asked of the groom, "Do you believe in 'ghost thanks'?"

"No — may my father forgive me — no."

"Then how do you account for your life?"

The people stood silent.

"My father buried an unknown Chinaman. That was the

first step toward my good fortune. He gave me his Thanksgiving dinner out of his dinner-pail one day, and I resolved that I would make for him Thanksgiving dinners in his old age that good people would remember; and I went away to do it, and Addie waved her friendly hand after me. That was my second step. I met Hoqua, the great Chinese merchant, and told him that my father had buried a nameless Chinaman on the New England coast. He gave me his friendship for what my father had done for one of his race. That was all."

"But the vision, the ghost!" said many voices.

"That is easily explained. I saw a picture of Hoqua in a Chinese print as I was falling asleep in the chamber in the chimney, and I had a vivid dream. Here is the picture. Father kept it."

"Alden," said the old man, "do you think that when every good thing that we do is rewarded in this world, as we see it here to-day, that we shall *not* be remembered by those who have passed on to the other side?"

"It may be so, as a matter of spiritual law."

"Oh, don't use such cold words as those, Alden! It is 'ghost thanks.' Look up to the hill, to the chimney, and the gravestone! Alden, look! It is 'ghost thanks' — all 'ghost thanks!' Those that 'are for us are more than those that be against us,' as the Scripture says of the mountain vision. It is good to have friends on the other side. They bring thanksgivings — how, I cannot tell, Alden."

The Fates *had* woven.

Are there "ghost thanks?"

CHAPTER IV.

THE SILENT MYSTERY OF THE FUNG SHUI—ANCESTOR WORSHIP

AH HUE related some stories that at once greatly surprised and also enlightened our intending travellers.

Charles, whose penetrating mind wished to learn all Chinese popular terms that represented what he had not comprehended, said, one evening:

"Ah Hue, what is *Fung Shui?*"

"You have asked me a difficult question, my friend. It is a kind of spiritualism; it is a universal secret belief, but it controls life everywhere in China. There are Buddhists and Taouists in China, and people of many beliefs, but all believe in the power of Fung Shui."

"I have read that it is this belief that interferes with the building of railroads, the running of telegraph lines, and all manner of improvements, but that few English people seem to know what it is."

"It is true. Every district in China has its cults and religious forms. Go among the Buddhists. A friend will meet you and say:

"'Good morning. Amidabha.

"'Have you had your rice? Amidabha.

"'Good-bye. Amidabha.'

"He says 'Amidabha' as a charm to ward off evil, and especially the evil that he thinks may be in a foreign barbarian.

"The believer in Fung Shui is silent, but he would lose everything rather than to interfere with what he believes to be the good influences of Fung Shui.

"An unknown evil happens, the people say to each other 'Fung Shui,' and what does that mean?

"The nutmeg-trees, after being cultivated for years and yielding great fortunes, were blasted.

"'Fung Shui.'

"To one fell great good fortune.

"'Fung Shui.'

"Fung Shui exists everywhere, he is believed to be the cause of all that happens.

"It represents the universal belief that spirits good or evil preside over all the events of life. To have the good-will of spirits is to prosper.

"In order to have the good-will of spirits it is believed that the graves of the dead must be protected, and that there is a protecting influence in the graves of good spirits. The progress of civilization which would disturb graves is a thing of horror. They who would break this divine spell are enemies to the human family — 'foreign devils.'

"The heavens, as the Chinese think, rule the earth through spirits. These spirits of the dead employ all natural powers to exercise good or evil.

"The Chinese believe that the spirits of the dead hover around the living. People draw to themselves spirits of their own kind.

"Hence arose a silent priesthood, Fung Shui men, who claim to know the secrets of the unseen world, and how to lead the spirits of dead ancestors to exercise a happy influence over the living. These men *move graves*. If the dead be not well buried, or if their raised limbs be not suitably cared for, it is believed that they do not exercise their fullest powers for good.

"Hence, the evil of evils is to disturb the grave of a happy soul who exercises good influence over the living. A Fung Shuist would sacrifice a railroad for a grave.

"To live among good, willing spirits in this world is his delight. He feels that his ancestors form an invisible world about him, and he lives so as to meet their approval and cause them to be happy. Do you get a glimpse now of this great, silent, powerful belief that controls the Chinese mind and character?"

"Was this the doctrine of Confucius?" asked Charlie.

"No, this belief is one of the most ancient in China; it arose before Confucius. Confucius taught a system of morals; that we should treat others as though they were ourselves. To him the heavens were God, and to obey the will of our noblest ancestors was our highest duty. He strengthened the ancient and popular belief in seeking the good-will of spiritual powers. Confucius was a philosopher."

"There is some truth in the Chinese view of the spiritual world. Why should not missionaries accept as much of it as is true, and build upon it? Christ did that; he came not to destroy what was true in the Hebrew religion of the past, but to fulfil it."

"I cannot answer you that, my young man. Truth is truth wherever found, and it is the destiny of the light of the truth to grow. The Chinese can learn more from us than we can from them, but we can learn many things from them.

"Enlightenment has many sides, and is a matter of slow growth. Men are studying the truth in everything, and civilization is finding some good everywhere. All travel tends to good, and he who carries into travel a good soul is a missionary. The world grows by those who seek others' good. The missionary spirit tends to good everywhere."

Charlie's next question was one that startled all but Ah Hue, on account of their ignorance.

It was —

"What is the praying-wheel of Tibet?"

To which Ah Hue furnished very interesting information.

THE PRAYING-WHEEL

THE earth turns on its axis, the planets on their axes, and the earth and planets turn around the sun, and the sun himself may be revolving around some other system of gravitating worlds. All are turning; all things move in a circle, and form a ring, emblem of endless existence.

Life itself moves in a circle. To praise the author of all life is to give merit, to pray for righteousness is to gain merit. So say the Buddhists of Tibet and of the neighboring lands of the "roof of the world." There are four hundred million Buddhists in the world, and of these an immense number seek to gain merit by praying-wheels.

One can see and hear the praying-wheels everywhere in these lands, in deserts, on mountains, and on rivers.

An English book has been written on Buddhist praying-wheels.

It shows a like symbolism in all lands; in the book of Ezekiel, and in Egyptian and ancient literature. So said Ah Hue.

What is a praying-wheel? It is a cylinder in which are placed psalms, or paper poems of praise to the Supreme Power.

It may be as large as a tower and need the strength of many lamas to turn it, or like a barrel, when it may be turned by water, but it is usually a small cylinder, such as may be carried about.

When he is resting the lama turns the praying-wheel. In

the morning he praises heaven by turning the praying-wheel with its hymn of praise. In the evening he does the same. When he feels his human needs in temptation or in sickness he turns this wheel. Alone, he keeps it turning — he gathers merit to his soul whenever and wherever he turns his wheel.

A foolish and useless superstition, says the reader. But we are not sure. He lacks in the highest sense the right conception of God because it has not been revealed to him, but his praying-wheel keeps his thoughts on sacred things as far as he may know them. His soul craves worship, and he finds it in the praying-wheel. All things are turning; his prayers must turn with them.

He expects to fill a cycle of destiny, and then he wishes to rise; so he puts his prayer for this higher life into the turning wheel, and prays in this way from youth to age; he begins to turn the wheel as a child, he turns it with his dying hands.

His ancestors turned the wheel. It has become the most sacred thing in his existence to him. He loves to hear it whirl, and its bell tinkle, when it has a bell.

The great lama temples are full of turning wheels.

Some of these wheels are great upright cylinders, having ten thousand prayers or ascriptions of praise. They burr like a factory, and the turning of the wheels are like music — the music of the wheels — the music of the expected higher life.

The Catholic rosary has a somewhat like suggestion; even the Protestant prayer-book may be used like a turning wheel.

The pious in Tibet place these wheels in the currents of the rivers so that they may be continually praying for the progress of his soul. They are hung in trees — the more prayers the greater merit.

It is an interesting sight to see in some desert place a solitary Buddhist turning his wheel in the sunset. He may give it to

the wind to turn, but he listens to the rotary music while he provides his evening meal.

Then he lies down and still listens to the wheel. His thoughts rise far away. He dreams. He fancies that he will be beyond trouble when he is reborn. Is not his wheel turning and gathering merit for him? He will be reborn an angel and beyond the temptations of the body. Is not his merit wheel turning? He will no more hunger or thirst. There will be no more deserts in the bright regions above and beyond. So his wheel turns and turns and sleep falls upon him, and he awakens to hear the wheel still answering his desire for merit. He prepares his simple food for breakfast to the sound of the turning wheel. So his life goes on in prayer.

Some one has said that if a missionary could convince the Asiatic world that Christ was a Buddha, the four hundred millions of Buddhists would be converted on that great day, and all of the followers of Gautama become Christians. This is not true. Yet we may not despise the praying, if we may not make "endless repetitions as the heathen do;" we hear the soul of a human being "travelling and groaning" in the praying-wheel, like Ajax crying for light, like the call of the Islamite in the open chamber of the minaret; the unborn desire of the soul, the spiritual intuition, the irrepressible longing and harp note, is in the praying-wheel.

THE BUDDHIST BIRD—A JATAKA STORY

ONCE upon a time in the days of Brahma-datta, a Buddha came to life again and was born in the form of a bird, and he became a Counsellor Bird.

He made his home in a lofty tree that produced a great amount of sheltering foliage, and dropped this foliage in heaps

of dry leaves every year, and a great number of birds built their nests in the tree.

Then said the Buddha bird:

"What would happen to us, O birds, if the dry leaves on the ground should get on fire?"

And they considered the matter and saw their danger.

There was a wise bird among them, or one so regarded, and the birds told him what the Buddhist bird had said, and he answered them:

"The heaps of dry leaves will never take fire. The Counsellor Bird sees a crocodile in a drop of water."

The tree grew strong, and there were two branches that crossed each other, and rubbed against each other.

Now when the wind blew heavily, these two branches rubbed against each other so violently as to produce heat.

The Counsellor Bird discovered this, and he called the birds together and said:

"O birds, when the wind is high the two branches rub together and produce heat. What would happen were the dry winds to blow high and long? The tree is full of dead leaves and branches, and under it are piles of dry twigs and dead leaves. There is danger that the tree in a dry wind that should blow high and long would take fire. O birds, let us remove our nests."

And the birds again took counsel with the wise bird, and the wise bird said:

"There is no danger here, and this tree is the king of the forest. *He* sees a crocodile in a drop of water."

So the birds said to the Counsellor Bird:

"This is a goodly tree, and there is no danger here, whether the wind blow wet or dry. You see a crocodile in a drop of water."

The Counsellor Bird removed his nest to another tree in a

solitary place, where there were no limbs that rubbed against each other.

Many years passed. The other tree grew old and dry. Great heaps of fallen limbs were piled up under it. The bird colony grew there and nests were multiplied.

At last in the nesting season there came from the desert a high dry wind, and it blew all the day, and the branches of the tree that rubbed against each other creaked.

And the dry wind blew during the night, and the next day it continued to blow.

In the twilight of the second day, it still being dry, a smoke began to rise from the great tree. A little later, and the tree was on fire. Then the birds became frantic. They flew up into the air, crying, "Our nests, our nests! the tree is on fire!"

The tree blazed. It dropped burning wood to the ground, and set on fire the fallen branches and leaves there. Then as the dry wind continued to blow, the whole tree and the forest became enveloped in flames, and the birds perished and their nests were burned up.

But the nest of the Buddha bird in the solitary place was not injured, only the smoke encompassed the tree.

But the wise bird of the great tree escaped, and when the dry wind ceased and the rain began to fall, the wise bird came to see the Buddha bird.

"Our tree is in ruins," said the wise bird, "as you predicted it would be. I thought that you saw a crocodile in a drop of water."

"I did."

"But how do you see these things? A crocodile cannot be in a drop of water — the greater cannot be in the less."

"But a little crocodile may be in a drop of water, and a drop

of water may become a pond. The cause of the fire was long ago in the tree, and the power to produce the fire has ever been in the air. It has been given to me to see the great in the little. I do not argue, I see. I was born a Buddha bird."

CHAPTER V.

CHINA, THE WONDERFUL

THE kingdom celestial! the empire gained power by the arts rather than by arms, that grew from within rather than from without, and sought peace rather than conquest. Manchuria was old in the days of Moses and the Exodus.

Printing came from China, the invention of gunpowder, the wearing of beautiful fabrics of silk, the handicraft of pottery, the beverage of tea. China had a civilization when the now boastful civilized nations were barbarous. She made her law of state and life the principles of the greatest philosopher ever sent to her, — Confucius, — and his teaching was "never to do to another what you would not have done to yourself."

Buddhism swept over her and entered the heart of her vast populations. She began to worship ancestors, and to make the tombs of the virtuous her shrines. She came to the belief that the dead *knew*, and that to please the souls of the departed was to fulfil the highest life.

She did not go forth to invade, but she was invaded. To keep her own peace, she built a wall thirty feet high and twelve thousand miles long, protected by fortress towers.

But the savage Mongols broke in upon her peace; the restless Mohammedan conquerors strewed her plains with ruins and bones, and the fierce Tartars filled her thrones. She sunk again and again, but she rose China. She was true to her own.

We say that she is falling again, but it has happened before.

It is the law of China to be baffled, but to rise again; she arises China, but hardly the same China as before.

Missionaries of noble purpose have gone to her, like Morrison, and have sought to teach her people the principles of the higher life, but the Christian nations have again and again treated her like barbarians, forcing opium upon her, and robbing her of her honest and peaceful products, and so hindered the work of those who would lift her spirit into the light of the Gospel hopes.

She has had splendid rulers, — men who have seen what it was to be noble from the light in their own souls.

Except the teachings of Christ, which are divine and the best for all men, the "powers" have little to carry to her, and their selfishness makes the noble work of the missionary hard.

So she arose in the far past, has been crushed in her pacific isolation, but has arisen, and stood. She accepted Buddhism as a higher teaching; she would probably accept Christianity, were it presented to her after the Christian example of the powers that profess it, as the highest teaching.

Writers and travellers tell the world of her superstitions, and put such travesties in the place of her true life. Most nations have, or have had, superstitions as gross, policies of state as cunning, and as great selfishness and greed. It seems as though the Western world had combined to see only what is grotesque in China, and to grind her like the Tartars beneath their heel.

She appeals to the conscience of humanity, and to help to make China noble and great is to make the Western world Christian in its national policies, so as to give Christian teachers power.

The work done for the Chinese in America has had the true spirit of brotherhood, as has had the work of those missionaries who have gone to the Chinese, and said: "I come to you empty-handed; I seek nothing but the good of the soul."

TYPICAL VIEW ON CANAL OR CREEK

Her population is five times that of the United States. Under an honest Christian civilization, what might not this people become!

Look at her territories, — if her empire beyond the great wall may be so called; Manchuria, which is practically Russian China, Corea, Mongolia, Tibet, Turkestan, the island of Formosa, and her other islands. It is a wonder how these vast empires hold each other so firmly by the hand, as of common blood. The Tartar soldier guards all.

Her magnificent river systems have few equals on earth. Her artificial rivers or canals are as wonderful. The great canal is 650 miles long!

The mountains of Tibet have been called "the roof of the world." Their peaks, many of which are higher than the summits of the Andes, seem like pillars of the sky.

It is a land of agriculture. The emperor opens the vernal year with a "golden" plough.

The Buddhist Chinese are vegetarians. We may say that the lower people eat rats with chop-sticks, but some of our own higher people eat frog legs. The people, as a rule, live on rice, and the sight of an English or an American slaughter-house would be a shocking barbarism to them.

They bind their feet? Yes, many do, — a woman's foot is only about three and one-half inches from heel to toe. The superstition will pass; it is a national crime, but we have had crimes in our own country which China has never had, as slavery.

Their practice of medicine has been empirical? Ginseng is the miracle-working root, but the English physician a hundred years ago resorted to remedies and measures now deemed empirical.

It is a government of an absolute monarch through viceroys and mandarins, and its only constitution is the moral code of

Confucius? Yes; but civilisation has like analogies. She needs a government of the consensus of the people. True. It will slowly come. The dawn of a better day is at hand.

She has polygamy; so have we had, and have put our moral foot upon it.

It is the unwritten law of China that —

I. A nation should be governed by moral agency, and not by force of arms.

II. That the people have a right to overthrow a wicked ruler.

III. That the wisest and best men should be called into the national councils.

IV. That peace should be the attainment of all.

No nation approaches the great population of China which has so given itself to the arts of peace, as to cause little blood to flow. Her best houses are beautiful.

We said in "Traveller Tales of Africa" that England owed it to the good of mankind to have followed the example of the missionary Livingstone in the elevation of the African race. The same is true of China. The missionary Morrison set the true example for a Christian nation to follow, and the Chinese mind, apart from the influence of European commercial polities, is prepared to receive the highest truths of the spiritual life.

There is one point in which Anglo-Saxon and Buddhist teachings agree, — it is that "Righteousness is revelation." The Buddhist monks and the Roman Catholic monks seek righteousness much in the same way, by retirement and the surrender of the pleasures and luxuries of the animal life. The worship of one's noble ancestors ignores the highest worship, but it has a principle of truth.

It is said that the present attitude of the Western world toward China will bring into discredit the honest efforts of Christian missions. No, it will not; the highest truth is destined to be accepted at last by all men, however unworthy may

SAMPANS AND JINRIKISHAS
(Bridge over a creek, China)

be the conduct of some men who profess it. Righteousness is revelation, and the teaching that, "if any man will to do God's will, he shall *know*," is truth that can never be discredited or superseded. False teachers and selfish propagandists will have their day, but the true missionary possesses China and the world. The work that the missions have begun will fill the empire.

Let us attempt to show you how open to conviction of higher truths is the Chinese heart, even when the teaching is mingled with ambition and superstition.

CHAPTER VI.

TAE-PING-WANG, WHO THOUGHT HIMSELF A MESSIAH — A JATAKA STORY

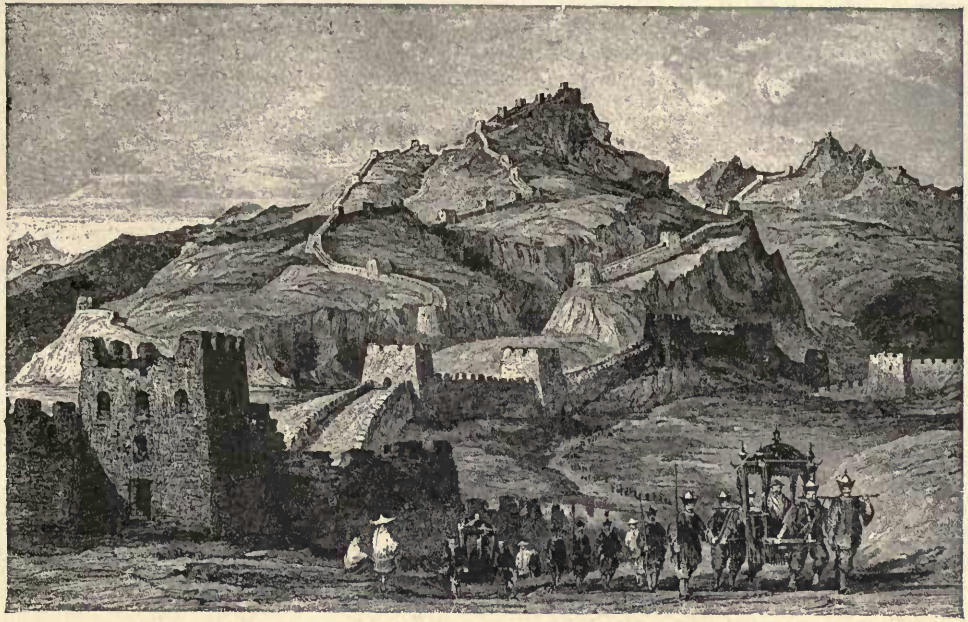
In the middle of the nineteenth century there arose a remarkable character in China, Tae-ping-wang, who read some Christian tracts, and, instead of becoming converted to Christianity, thought himself a Messiah, and went to preach to his own people.

He thought that he had had a vision from God, and the new gospel that he set forth to teach had in it many principles that command respect. He tried to abolish opium smoking, he opposed the slave trade, he decried the wearing of the pigtail and crippling the feet.

He called himself the "king of heaven on earth" or the "Heavenly King." He began to have followers; his faith in himself grew, and he made the mistake of resorting to arms to enforce the authority of his supposed new Messiahship.

He swept over a part of China with a victorious army. The Imperialists rose to put him down as a rebel, which he was, and Charles George Gordon, an English soldier of fortune, was placed in command of the imperial army, with the sanction of Li Hung Chang, the great viceroy.

The career of Gordon in China was one of victory. He came to be called "Chinese Gordon." He carried a walking-stick which the Chinese imperial army believed to be a magic wand. When he waved it there was nothing that could stand against him — so the "ever victorious army" came to believe.



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

The revolt was called the Tae-ping rebellion, and Gordon's men became known as the "ever victorious army," and is so called in popular books.

The rebellion was practically ended with the fall of Soochow. Brave were the rebel wangs, or kings, who defended Soochow. One of these, Moto Wang, led his army without shoes or stockings, and his followers fought "like lions."

The "Heavenly King" fell, but the Tae-ping rebellion, which cost the Tae-pings the lives of ten thousand men, shows what a following a leader who had true spiritual genius and an unselfish purpose might have. Had the great rebel become a Christian and not have appealed to force, he might perhaps have wrought a notable work in China, and placed his name among the immortals. The true friend of China may learn much from the "Tae-ping rebellion," as this uprising was called. The heart of China is open to the teachings of true men.

These facts and thoughts were presented to the club which had been formed under the influence of the Barnards to study China before the family made their journey to the Flowery Kingdom by the new way of Russia.

Ah Hue was asked to relate a Jataka story at each meeting of the club. As he had five hundred Jataka tales from which to select his parables, he never failed to present an illustration in keeping with the subject.

JATAKA STORY — THE ILL WILL OF A QUAIL

THERE was once a good elephant that became a leader of a herd, and he and his herd were friendly to all the world.

But there followed the herd a rogue elephant who bore ill will to all things, and he did mischief continually.

A little quail with a brood, seeing the herd of elephants coming, put up her wing and said to the good elephant:

"Spare my young!"

"I will stand over them," said the good elephant, "until the herd passes by. Not one of them shall harm you."

So he stood over the little quails, and the herd passed by.

"But," he said, "there follows us a rogue elephant. If he should chance along, beware of him."

After a time the rogue elephant chanced along.

The little quail put up her wing, and said:

"Spare my young!"

"Spare your young?" said the rogue elephant. "No, I will kill them and trample them," and he killed the little quails and trampled them into the earth.

"You are a danger to all living things," said the quail. "I will cause your fall that other creatures may be spared."

"You cause my fall, you, you? a little quail!"

The little quail went to the crow.

"The rogue elephant," said she, "has killed my little ones — he kills everything he meets. We must stop this cruelty. There are other quails with innocent little ones."

"How will you destroy the rogue elephant?" asked the crow.

"Do you fall upon his eyebrows and pick out his eyes."

Then the crow fell upon the eyebrows of the rogue elephant and picked out his eyes, and he became blind.

Then the little quail went to the frog and told her story, and said that they must destroy the cruel beast.

"The rogue elephant will thirst," said she. "Go to the mountain path, when you see him coming, and croak at the edge of the precipice. He will think that the edge of the precipice is the margin of a pond, and he will attempt to go down as he will think to drink, and he will fall over and be destroyed."

The frog did as bidden. The sightless elephant was burning

A TARTAR OF THE CHINESE ARMY

with thirst and he knew not where to find water. He listened to hear a frog croak. He heard croakings up the mountain path, and followed the sound.

He came to the edge of the precipice.

"Here is a pond," said he.

He stepped on the edge of the precipice. It fell, and he rolled over the rocks into a deep chasm, and was broken by the fall, and died.

It is well to have the good-will of everything, even a little quail.

CHAPTER VII.

SECRET COREA — THE HERMIT NATION — HOW THEY TRAVEL THERE

Ah Hue had travelled in China extensively; he knew the routes from city to city; he had also visited Corea.

At one of the meetings of the China Study Club, he gave an account of a Corean journey. It was like a tale of a kingdom of mystery.

He said:

"There is one peninsula of China of only about eighty thousand square miles, about which the great world knows little, and whose people know but little about the great world, and desire to know less.

"It is Corea, and the Corean desires above all things not to be discovered, pitied, or helped, but to be left to himself. It is washed by the Sea of Japan, the Yellow Sea, and the Gulf of Pechili, and is a neighbor to Manchuria. The climate is glacial on the north; it rains there in torrents; the forest rivers rush and roar; its chief product is hemp.

"The people attend a great fair held yearly in Manchuria, and I once went into the peninsula with the people returning from the Manchurian fair to the capital of Corea, which is Seoul. The long procession of pilgrims accompanied a mandarin, who was borne on poles by six attendants.

"A guard in rugged clothing attended the caravan, as some local disturbances had occurred in the coast country.

A MANDARIN PAYING A VISIT OF CEREMONY

"Some of the provisions had been carried to the fair in ships, and these ships had been towed by a steam launch or tug, a quiet-looking craft, with a white awning.

"There are some objects of grandeur in the secret land, among them the great gate of Seoul, the ancient city, which towers aloft in a mantle of ancient greenery as on lifted wings.

"The better quarters of Seoul are picturesque, the houses are low, and are constructed of glass and tiles in light fanciful frames.

"The principal street and square of Seoul rises fantastically against the rude and barren mountains. Here may be seen, on the going out or the coming in of a caravan, the characteristics of the forbidden peninsula.

"The palace of the King of Corea in Seoul has a unique beauty, and seems about to rise from the earth. It stands amid fair gardens, and seems more like a fancy or a dream than a real structure.

"The way from Manchuria to Seoul, the capital, is in part by the Yang-Kiang, and the travel on this river is very simple and primitive.

"The horse swims the river by the ferry-boat, with his burden on his back, and the ferry-boat is a simple scow.

"The wayside houses and hostelries are walls covered with bamboo and grasses.

"The journeys of officers of state are performed in palanquins, which make a display of elegance, and are attended by officers and guards in very imposing uniforms and implements of war.

"There are but few English people who travel in Corea, except missionaries and merchants. The journey is perilous outside of the road to the capital, and especially along the mountainsides. Tigers abound in the silent rugged forests, and a tiger spirit in the people makes the foreigner feel how unwelcome he is.

"The official traveller at night is attended by torch-bearers, and by a unique-looking guard at all times. The torch-bearing guards, which sometimes attend funerals, present a ghost-like appearance.

"The guard may be musical, and, if so, will announce the coming and going of a favored guest by a chant that might well inspire terror.

"A Corean bed is an elegant affair, low, and having an air of comfort. It recalls a bed of state in Europe in the middle ages. The screens in a nobleman's house are beautifully decorated.

"A Corean country post-office is one of the simplest conveniences in the world. It is a post or pole, with a mat or basket; the Corean deposits his letter or parcel, and it is collected by the postman or owner; no one seems to steal letters in Corea."

CHAPTER VIII.

MANCHURIA, THE PROVINCE OF DESTINY — GINSENG, THE WONDERFUL HERB THAT HEALED DISEASES AND ARRESTED DEATH

Mr. Barnard loved to study the politics of the world. His son Charles had shared these studies until he was almost as familiar with the current events of Europe, and even of Asia, as with those of his own State.

"He who visits Manchuria," said his father to him one day, "may see the beginning of a new world of thought and action. He who discovered the use of electricity found a new world, as surely as Columbus did. Steam will be outworn in a few decades, if not in a few years.

"I would rather see Russian China than China, and the new parts of the Yellow Sea than any other part of the world. If I cannot live in the future, I can anticipate the future. You may live to see all these world changes that I can only anticipate.

"Not only the steam-engine, but all the vehicles of the past, are likely to follow the stage-coach, with its leather boot for the mail-bag, and strong straps for trunks. The sedan-chairs will disappear from the streets of China; even the voiture will go. Did you ever see a Chinese voiture? Look at this picture of one in the 'Tour de Monde.'

"As great will be the changes on the water-courses. Look again at the Chinese canal-boats in the 'Tour de Monde.' See their great blankets of sails. The dynamo will soon be the impelling power of all work like that."

They studied these curious modes of conveyance, then became merry over something else he had found in the same volume.

"And here," he said, "is an express wagon. What will become of that?"

"That too, Charlie, will have to go."

They studied another picture — it was the beautiful harbor of Vladivostok, lately a sea of silence, now covered with giant steamers and gathering sails. How noble looked that city of the sea, under the Asiatic sky! The flags of the jealous nations hung in the semi-clouded air.

Manchuria was the land of the wonderful ginseng. Centuries ago, as we have shown, this herb was thought not only to have magic properties, to cure sicknesses, and to arrest death, but also to possess the gift of immortality.

It outweighed gold in value, and when the crop was exhausted on the damp lands of Manchuria and Corea, the Chinese sought for it in Virginia and New England, and ships from Boston, loaded with ginseng, unlocked the trade door of China in Canton, as we have sought to illustrate in a story.

The club studied the pictures on Chinese porcelain, especially the mandarin plates of white and blue, which picture the story of the "magic isle," and the persecuted lovers who were changed by the "Spirit of the air" into birds.

They also studied the Chinese toys and images made of jade, the deep green hard substance of which many idols are made. Jade toys and ornaments are common in American stores.

CHAPTER IX.

A VERY STRANGE STORY

Among the people who attended the Chinese studies at the house of Mr. Barnard was an old Boston merchant who had made a small fortune in trading with China in his middle years, and who had known a curious character called Doctor Wintlehouse in his early manhood. At one of the meetings of the club he brought what seemed to be a large green brick.

"I have found what looks to be Chinese characters on this brick," said he to Ah Hue. "I thought that you might be able to read them."

Ah Hue's face took on a peculiar look.

"That is jade," said he. "It is not a brick — it is a prayer-box. Let me open the window and hold it up to a current of air."

Ah Hue opened the window, focussed the box, and a whirring sound came from the box.

"There is a prayer-wheel inside of the jade box," said he. "Some Chinaman used it as a charm against evil spirits. May I ask where you found the jade box?"

"It was found among the ruins of a chimney," said the old tea merchant. "There were several green bricks, as we called them, found in the same place. They were removed from the rubbish of an old chimney, and put into a new one, but they broke."

"This box would never break," said Ah Hue. "It is made

of hard, heavy material, jade — green jade. It must have been a very thin jade to break."

"Let me relate to you the strange tale of this brick. It is associated with a mystery, which it was once said could never be explained after natural laws. Now, I hold that all mysteries somehow follow laws."

He then proceeded to tell the strange tale of

THE JADE BRICK, OR THE HOUSE ON RUMNEY MARSH

"ROMNEY MARSH" they called it, or "Rumney Marsh." It was in the days of Doctor Wintlehouse, who lived there, and we used to visit Boston together.

We had been wandering through Boston streets, and I had been pointing out to my interesting visitor the remains of old Boston, or of Boston town of the last century, that can be seen to-day.

We had been to the place where the old Province House stood, and had found in a narrow alley, just off Washington Street, with its hurrying crowds, a bit of brick and mortar that formed a part of the mansion of the ten royal governors as described in Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales." In connection with the house of bygone grandeur and mysteries, we had spoken of the strange tales of Sir William Phipps, and of the "Province House Indian," the latter a famous vane, now at Ridge Hill Farms, that veered in the air in the days of provincial prosperity.

"Poore purchased the Indian," said my friend, Doctor Wintlehouse, "Ben: Perley Poore. He stocked his rambling house at Ridge Hill Farms with such old New England relics. He had a mind that fed upon the past; that read the new in the

old. Did it ever occur to you, my friend, that boards have souls?"

"What do you mean, Doctor Wintlehouse?"

"Timber of houses, old furniture, pictures, and such things. All material things where families have lived are bodies of the past; they also hold the spirit of the past, like natural telephones. Intense events of family history are impressed upon them.

"If a board in an old house had been struck with a hammer," he continued, "the impression is left upon it. If a secret tragedy had happened in a room, the timber, boards, and furniture in that room receive the impression of it, and reveal it to sensitive natures in vague and mysterious ways, as natural telephones; to supersensitive people, or people in some supersensitive condition of mind, in wakeful hours of the night or in the first coming to consciousness in the early morning, or in the condition of dreams, the active events of the past history of rooms reappears. Ghost stories arise in that way."

"Doctor Wintlehouse," said I, "you interest me. How strange it is that you should introduce to me such a subject as this in a crowded street, when I have in mind a mystery that is giving me some secret trouble, that completely baffles your theory."

"How?"

"I am spending the summer in a new house at Revere on a hill overlooking the sea, and were it an old house I would say that it is the abode of some baleful influence."

He seemed to be at once interested in the subject that I had introduced.

"Doctor, you know what my views are of such phenomena. There never was a ghost in the world. Dead people do not reappear in buttons made in factories, and cloth woven in looms, or in leather shoes, and steeple hats."

I was disposed to accept the doctor's theory, when the very strange experience through which I had been passing came back to my mind.

"Doctor Wintlehouse," said I, "your views may have some force, but I have in my mind now a story to tell you that will make clear to you that these mysteries are merely of the imagination. Doctor, if ever a man lived in a house that could be said to be haunted, I am doing so now. That house is a new one — it was built only last year — my aunt and I are the first people that ever lived there."

"What have you seen there?"

"Doctor, you may think me disordered in mind, but a man with a crooked back, as of another generation, comes to me in my dreams at night. The room grows suddenly light as he comes. It is early morning light that seems to be there, such light as comes in the breaking of a day in June."

"That is not strange. Darkness is full of particles of light. We see with our inner vision — darkness and light are illusions. The soul may have light in darkness. But how does the man look?"

"'Hurry' — he keeps saying — 'I must hurry.' He carries a hammer. There was a picture of a man like him on the old smoke-house wall."

"What does he do?"

"He pounds brick."

"There are no bricks in your room?"

"No, doctor, but this strange being which I nightly see just as I am about to go to sleep, or just as I am waking up, just as I seem to be losing consciousness or to be gaining it again, comes and goes without doors — he appears in the room, he carries with him always a hammer, and he pounds brick.

"Doctor Wintlehouse, I want that you should visit me, and pass a single night in that fresh, pleasant, new room. You are

a student of life. You believe, like Carlyle, that matter is but spirit bodied forth. You hold that the spirit is everything, and all objective life is merely the necessity, the spiritual condition — thought form. If you should not meet with any unusual experience in that new chamber, it will do you good to awake in the morning and see the sun come up over Nahant and the sea. Spend Independence Day with me, and avoid the noise of the city.

"To meet your views, doctor, that spiritual force comes back again, you must have the environment of things that are old. It is old boards, old furniture, old rooms and chimneys, old chests and pictures, that hold the spirit of intense events, and give form to it and reveal it in still hours to sensitive souls. In my house everything seems to be new. Not only does everything seem to be new, but everything is bright there now. It is summer. The hill is green. The sea birds wheel and scream in their joyous life in the clear air. The ocean is a splendor. The sails pass to and fro in clear view. The people are happy in the cottages of the neighborhood. Excursionists come and go. The air ripples with the laughter of the bathers in the surf. You will be likely to have an experience there which will change all your views of life, Doctor Wintlehouse. Will you come?"

"Yes, my good friend, I am an overworked man. My practice among the mentally diseased oppresses me. It is a period of the year when diseases take strange forms and when my patients most test my skill. I have no fear of any manifestations that come from the invisible world. I would not hesitate to sleep in the oldest house of tragedy in Massachusetts — not that I would not feel the influences of the past in the rooms, but because a spirit, whether embodied in the flesh or in a board, can do me no harm. The spiritual world after my view is all around us, and you no more see the substance of the spirit

in living beings than in beings that do not appear to material eyes. I see your form, you see mine; forms come and go — vanish in the light. There may be twice as many spirits as there are forms in this room. Let us go."

We parted at the Mather tomb in the Burying-ground on Copp's Hill, as we were going different ways.

"You will spend the July holidays with me?" I added, as I took his hand in parting.

"Yes, yes, my friend, your story interests me, apart from the fact that I am always happy to be with you. You have ears to hear what I have to say, and I love to think my thoughts to a sensitive and sympathetic soul. Do you know — I believe that good influences adhere to things as well as evil ones? You smile, but I do not doubt that the things handled by St. Paul, as recalled in the Bible, may have a healing influence. Yes, yes, I will come, and I will sleep in the room of mysteries, if you will put me there. It matters not to me what I may see — all outward things are clothing; so is the human body. I will come!"

I sat down on the wall of Copp's Hill Burying-ground, after he had gone toward the ferry.

What were these night visions I had been seeing? Was my mind clear, or had I been subject to hallucinations? If a new house revealed to a supersensitive mind the same phenomena as have so many times been recorded of an old one, then such things must be matters of the imagination alone.

I was mentally disturbed. I went to a lecture in Boston that evening, and returned to my place on the Revere hills, overlooking the sea.

My curious talk with the doctor had not tended to quiet my mind. I approached the house with a secret fear.

My aunt met me at the door. Her unusually calm face wore a perplexed look. I had scarcely been seated when she said:

"Percy, are there any loose bricks in the house?"

"No, aunt; why are you thinking of bricks?"

"Percy, I don't know. It is all very strange — but I have a feeling as of bricks out of place."

Such an answer under other circumstances could have conveyed no meaning to my mind. But I understood the feeling, and it was not without apprehension that I took my light and went, that beautiful summer night, to my room.

I threw myself upon the bed. The strange words of my aunt disturbed me. I had not yet told her of the nightly appearance in my room. This thought gave a darker shade to my apprehensions.

The air was still. The full moon, like a golden night sun, was rising over the waters and dark islands. The revolving lights in the ocean way caught my eye as I sat up in bed and looked through the window.

My room had two windows. One of them commanded a far view of the sea, which, in Boston Harbor, is like a floating city. The other looked down the hill on the lovely villas and green orchards of Revere.

Under the hill was a large, tall-roofed house, black with age, that may still be seen. It is one of the oldest houses in America, and has been often pictured — artists love it, in its solemn decay. It had never been painted; its sides seem about to drop out here and there, but it holds the sturdy old New England character. I think that the house is associated with old-time merrymakings, but not with any tradition of ghost lore. It has great historical interest.

Its green fields and orchards have a tradition. The second battle of the Revolution, under the direction of General Putnam, was fought on Rumney Marsh, and this marsh was a part of that wide acreage of the sea lands that comprised Chelsea, and much of what is now Revere and possibly Winthrop. The

tradition is that the ploughmen have found cannon-balls in the fields. Such a thing would not be unlikely, as the battle was between a small war vessel and a fleet of boats on the British side and General Putnam's soldiers on the American side. Putnam himself brought with him two cannon to the borders of the marshes. He captured the British vessel, and caused her to be burned. In this engagement, of which more might be made in history, the British lost twenty men. The battle of Rumney Marsh took place May 27, 1775. General Putnam gave a curious account of it, in which he told a story of how he waded through the deep mud of the marsh; a story worthy of companionship with his adventure with the wolf.

It is said that the house was used for the storage of arms and ammunition after the fight at Lexington and Concord.

I turned my eyes from the canting sails and revolving light afar to this ancient building. How dark and awesome it looked in the rising moon! The orchards around it were dripping with dew, and glimmered. The serpentine stream at the foot of the gardens and meadows seemed like curves of liquid silver. The chimney rose dark against the moon like the turret of a fortress.

I dreamed of the past. People had settled around Rumney Marsh before Boston was founded. A Kidd tradition was here, and witch tales here had been told that took the coloring of the lonely salt meadows.

The two windows were open. I thought a shadow passed before the sea window, but the room did not become luminous as on previous occasions, when the form with the hammer was about to appear. Suddenly I heard a sound that caused the veins of my ears to throb.

A heavy hammer seemed to strike the bricks of the chimney. A crash, as it seemed, caused the house to tremble and the brick chimney to rattle, as though it were falling from the middle part. What had happened? Had the chimney fallen?

"Percy?"

It was aunt's voice.

"Percy — get up — something is the matter with the bricks in the chimney. I have heard it before — in the daytime. The chimney is not firm; it is settling; it is falling down."

This explanation gave me a sense of relief. It offered a clew to a reasonable solution of the disturbances. The chimney was new — the mortar had not hardened.

"I will go and look," said I, opening the door.

I lighted the lamp. There was an open fireplace in the room, and I went to it, and held the lamp under the flue, and looked up.

There came a whirr of swallows' wings that sent down a shower of dust, but the chimney seemed firm, and no break in it appeared.

"I see nothing," I said to my aunt. "In the morning I will look again."

"I am sorry that we have hired this house for all summer," said she. "Somehow, Percy, I don't seem to be happy here."

The week passed with but slight disturbances. Aunt grew more cheerful, and ordered a clam and fish dinner to be sent from one of the beach houses to the new house on Independence Day.

"If we only had a flag I would hang it out to-morrow," she said, on July the third. "The scene of the second battle of the Revolution ought to be honored on that day with a flag on every house."

"I expect Doctor Wintlehouse to-night," I said; "perhaps we will find some bunting at the beach houses, and will decorate the new house to-morrow. The beaches will be thronged with people all day of the Fourth. There will be fireworks in the evening along the sea."

"It will be dark to-morrow night," said my aunt; "the moon is new. Dark nights do not seem to be so still here as others.

I wish the doctor were here now. Can't we persuade him to spend the summer here?"

There was a very peculiar sound in the room. A hammer seemed to strike a brick, and the bricks to break and fall.

"The same sound," said aunt, with a white face. "There is something wrong with the chimney."

"There is something wrong with our imaginations, aunt. The doctor will set us all right!"

There followed a crash, as if the middle of the chimney had fallen to the ground; as if the middle part of it had fallen out and down.

"We are followed," said my aunt.

"By what?" I asked.

"I do not know — I do wish the doctor would come. Something fell, Percy."

"But where is the something?"

"It fell out and down."

"But it did not harm us, and nothing unusual is to be seen."

"It is very strange," said my aunt. "I do not feel as though I could go about my work again. Oh, Percy, let us go away."

"I am taking the time allotted to the study of China," said the old merchant. "I will tell you the rest of the story on another evening." He turned to Ah Hue and said, "It is very curious."

Ah Hue's face brightened.

"I can see through the mystery," he said. "I think I can. I will say but one thing now — *opium!*"

CHAPTER X.

OPIUM AND OPIUM SMUGGLING

THE suggestion of Ah Hue as the cause of the mystery of the old merchant's strange story led the club to study the opium trade of China.

It was found that the green brick or prayer-wheel was perforated, and it was also learned that the old families on the surf coast had a tradition of two Chinamen who had landed at Boston, come to Rumney Marsh, and who had disappeared, and that a queer old man of doubtful character had disappeared or died soon after.

"Several notable events happened," said Mr. Barnard, "before the opium war, or when China would not allow opium to be entered into China. At that time opium in China was very costly, and volumes have been written about the ways that were taken by the fortune-loving men to smuggle opium into China. Canes, the handles of umbrellas, paddings of limbs and muscles, tops of hats and bonnets, everything that could be used to hide the precious drug, and elude the eye of the mandarin, was employed by the opium smugglers. It would not be stranger than other things that have happened were Ah Hue's solution of the mystery to be true. It is my purpose, as I said, to follow up the mystery in Canton. This comes the nearest to being a ghost story with evidence of any wonder tale that I have ever heard. But all things follow laws. In a tale like this it is only the working of the law that is mysterious."

The beauty of Chinese home life had been vividly described to

the Club, and Ah Hue had made a home in China a lovely thing to the fancy of its members.

The enforcement of opium on China by the British government strongly awoke the indignation of the club.

"It was done under the excuse of the rights of trade," said Mr. Barnard. "No nation has any moral right to trade with that which is ruinous to another nation," he continued; "not more in opium than in slaves."

In the early part of the present century, the Chinese government began to expostulate with the English government against the bringing of opium to the ports of China; the use of opium, being regarded as a crime, had been forbidden by law.

In 1821, the governor of Canton resolved to suppress the traffic in opium, and ordered all ships bringing opium to depart from the port. Thence began a struggle ending in war, in which Great Britain, without respect to Chinese law, compelled the ports of China to receive opium.

One of the events that led up to the war was quite dramatic.

A number of ships, with twenty thousand chests of opium on board, in January, 1839, lay off Canton. The Chinese authorities refused the bringing of the drug into the port. The English merchants protested against this refusal. It was decided that the cargoes should be delivered over to the emperor and sent to him. He destroyed the opium entire. The act was like the throwing overboard of the taxed tea in Boston Harbor.

War followed acts like these, and it ended in compelling the Chinese government to pay for the opium destroyed, and to open five ports to the trade.

The ruinous habit of opium smoking now spread over China, greatly to the injury of Christian missions, as the free use of opium was attributed to the injustice of a Christian country. The religion of a country who would tempt a great people to crime and moral and physical ruin for gain, lost conviction, to

BOUDOIR AND BEDCHAMBER OF A LADY OF RANK

these Chinese, who did not value truth for its own worth, or see that religion in its purity would preclude the use of opium, and of the opium trade.

The most unselfish missionary efforts have had to contend against this wrong-doing on the part of those who have misrepresented its spirit. The act of England has brought the religion of England into discredit among the Chinese viceroys and mandarins. All that may be said against the traffic in opium may also be said of the commerce in intoxicating liquors. A nation has no moral right to traffic in evil, and any nation that allows such traffic does it to its own detriment by the laws of moral gravitation which no human powers can ultimately resist.

THE JADE BRICK (CONTINUED)

AT the next meeting of the club, the old tea merchant continued his strange story. All the members were present at an early hour to hear it. The peculiar mystery of the narrative had interested all, and Ah Hue's word " opium " had intensified their interest.

He took up the narrative thus:

Doctor Wintlehouse came. He was told of the strange sounds that continued to be heard in the chimney.

It was a dark night. It rained gently but steadily. A little past nine o'clock Doctor Wintlehouse went to his room, and I followed him there and left there a well-filled lamp and a box of matches.

He went directly to the fireplace in the chimney, and set down the lamp under the flue. He crawled into the fireplace and looked up the chimney.

" Percy," he said, " has there ever been a fire made here? "

" Not since we have been here."

"Percy, there are black bricks in the chimney — how came they here?"

"I cannot tell, doctor."

"The black bricks are large, such as used to be made a generation ago. Bricklayers do not use such bricks as those now. I can see. The chimney is full of them, old bricks among the new."

In the morning the doctor said:

"I heard a tapping and a click last night — nothing more. Who was the bricklayer?"

"Marvin."

"Let us go and talk with him."

We found Marvin under the trees by the smoke-house.

After some holiday talk, Doctor Wintlehouse spoke to Marvin about the smoke-house, whose ruin was run over by "bouncing Bet."

"They used to say that the smoke-house was haunted," said Marvin. "There were some curious bricks in it taken from the old mill house."

The doctor showed an instant interest.

"Tell me about the bricks," said he.

"It was this way. The mill house became very old, like the one that you may see over yonder, and the owner concluded that it had better come down. So he had the frame taken down, leaving the chimney like a tower. There was a great bulge in the chimney, and the thing looked curious under the moon, and used to frighten people o' nights. The owner, Mr. Maverick, of the Noodle Island Mavericks, he sent for me one day to take down the remains of the chimney, and he said that if I wanted any of the bricks I might have them. I told him that I would like to have enough to build a smoke-house.

"Well, it was this way. When I came to the bulge in the chimney, where the purple bricks were, I found a covert there,

and a little room, and under the floor of the room were some boards, and under the boards, as sure as you are livin', were two anatomies. The little room all tumbled out and down with a crash."

"Two what?" asked the doctor, with the face of a juryman. "Two what, did you say?"

"Two skeletons.

"You see, it was this way: these anatomies had been there for a generation. How it had all happened, no one could tell —there were no doctors about in those days. We kind o' associate dead people with doctors, you know."

The doctor smiled, even in the study of occult mysteries.

"Mr. Marvin, who were these people?"

"The anatomies? No one ever knew. The finding of 'em was a mystery. It scared the women folks around here considerable. No persons had been known to have disappeared in this place. But these two people must have come to the mill house in the flesh, and they left their bones there. There was foul play somewhere, or something was wrong, else their bodies would not have been concealed in that way.

"Something strange happened in connection with these things. People used to speak of it afterward."

"—What?" asked the doctor, all nerves and excitement.

"Well, it was this way: many years before my time there lived in this same house, on the Rumney meadows, a very strange kind of a man. He had a crooked back. He used to wander about the premises nights, as though he was in a great hurry, repairing fences and outbuildings and the mill wheel with a great hammer. His name was Pool. They called him Captain Pool.

"Well, the captain died, and it was this way: the people of the mill used to hear his hammer o' nights, just as it sounded when he was livin'. Now it isn't altogether agreeable to hear

a hammer goin' o' nights. And my old wife here, she's notional, she got a queer idea into her head that made me trouble at one time, — she used to think that she could hear the same Captain Pool pounding on the bricks in the smoke-house, in still nights and stormy weather. She kept dingin' at me to have the smoke-house taken down, and she wouldn't use it any more. So I let it go into decay, but she wanted me to have the bricks sent away. I gave the masons some of them to put into your house over there, under the flue."

We came away. The doctor related the story to my aunt.

"Doctor Wintlehouse," said the latter, "we must move away."

"No," said he, in a decisive tone, "you will never be disturbed again. Mark my words, the house, hereafter, will be perfectly quiet; you will never be disturbed again."

We continued to live in the new house. Nothing troublesome was seen or heard after that Independence Day.

A year passed. I chanced to meet the doctor one day in Lynn.

"You were no more troubled with strange sights and sounds after that day, were you?" he asked, referring to the Fourth of July on Rumney Marsh.

"No. Doctor, how did you bring to an end those mysterious things?"

"By suggestion."

The interest in this strange narrative had become intense.

Ah Hue arose calmly, and said:

"This jade box is a prayer charm.

"The other green bricks were jade, but were thin and hollow. They *broke* in a new chimney.

"The two men whose bodies were found were Chinamen. They came to America on returning ships that had carried out ginseng. They brought money with them. Their purpose was to

fill the thin jade boxes, which you call bricks, with opium, and to return to China under the American flag. Smuggling was severely tried in courts and punished at that time. All the 'bricks,' or boxes, look like charm boxes, or prayer-wheels.

"Now do you wish for a proof of a part of what I say?

"Listen."

He held up the jade box, and said:

"It clicks!"

He turned it to a current of air. There was a whirring sound. Suddenly it clicked.

"This is your hammer stroke," said Ah Hue. "When a wheel has turned a certain number of times, it clicks several times. In a wall of a house, in the night, the click would reverberate and sound loud."

The old merchant lifted his hands, and said:

"I believe there is a cause for everything."

"But," said Ah Hue, "this box is marked with a Canton hong. I once heard a tale of two Chinamen who came to America and never returned. It was a hong tale. Let me have the brick, and when we arrive at Canton, let us try to make this strange story clear."

The old tea merchant gave the jade box to Ah Hue.

"I wish to trace the story of the brick," said Mr. Barnard, "for my own satisfaction."

"And I," said Charlie.

"And I," said Lou, and all.

The interest of the Club in China grew on hearing of these many mysteries. The most interesting studies are these that lead us to an intense desire to learn more.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TRADE CITIES

"I HAVE been planning a rather novel excursion for the boys," said Mr. Barnard to his wife one day. "I wish the boys to visit the old and new trade cities of the world. I have concluded not to go until midsummer, so that we may visit the old Russian fair of Nijni-Novgorod. One meets three nations there at once, as we have been told. I would go by the way of Liverpool, the ship city, with its seven miles of docks, where is the place to study commerce; Antwerp and Holland, Berlin, Moscow, Nijni-Novgorod, and thence to Manchuria, Pekin, Canton, Hong-Kong, and Manila."

"Let Lucy and me go with you," said Mrs. Barnard.

Mr. Barnard looked surprised.

"But this is not a woman's journey; not one for Lucy."

"And why not? Why should not an American girl study geography, and history, and the living world on its own new field? Do you notice what an interest Lucy takes in the Buddhist stories? It would be a history lesson for her to visit Russia and China, — a history lesson of two thousand years.

"Why should I wish to go, do you ask? Well, you know I have been placed on the State Board of Charities, and I wish to see what other cities are doing in the same line of work. I would visit Gheel, where the insane are cared for, by letting them go free. I would see the world of Tolstoi, and, if possible, I would meet Li Hung Chang again. You remember that I pre-

APARTMENT IN A MANDARIN'S HOUSE, NEAR NANKING

sided at a banquet given to him in part by women when he was in New York. He invited me to meet him in China, personally invited me, and promised me that he would show me his plans for the education of the poor."

Lucy had long been talking as though she expected to make this journey — the girl had so read and studied that this new way of travel made other routes seem certain. Liverpool, Gheel, Nijni, the Trans-Siberian R. R., Manchuria, Corea, — she dreamed of all these famous centres of world life, — they were new dreams, or dreams of new suggestions. It was not old Liverpool, or Gheel, or Nijni Novgorod that she most wished to see, but the world's new life in these old centres.

Mr. Barnard was silent. A new field for the education of his whole family, as well as for his own son Charles and for Louis Forbes, opened before him.

"Wife," he said, "I see your plan in its true light. I wish you and Lucy to go with me. You and Lucy are to study charities, and the boys and I, trade. We shall have a most intelligent instructor in Ah Hue-Ling at the great fair, and in the East. We will all go. This, then, shall be our journey — around the world by the great port cities and Russia. We will go to Liverpool on a trade steamer, — one of the ten thousand ton cattle-steamers, — fare, thirty dollars each to Liverpool, not for the sake of economy, but for education."

In midsummer the party left Boston, as they had planned, on one of the colossal freight and cattle steamers. This vessel's service was as good as the best steamers would have been only a few years ago, before the days of the *City of Rome*. Her sleeping-rooms were amidships in a kind of castle, and her table was as substantial as that of a working people's hotel. It was ten days, on an unusually calm sea, before the cattle began to smell land and to low. The ship was very steady — the freight was so

heavy. There was no rolling or pitching; no canting, — the voyage was like a moving hotel of working people on a Sunday.

Liverpool, with Victoria's tower, appeared at last. Here was the city of the oceans. The party took apartments in a sea captains' hotel. Mr. Barnard, Charles, Louis, and Ah Hue went to London and Southampton. Mrs. Barnard and Lucy visited the poet country near Liverpool, — the English Lake District of Cumberland and Westmoreland, where they saw the graves of Wordsworth and Coleridge at Grasmere, and the home of Ruskin at Coneston.

Mrs. Barnard began her studies of the neglected people of the world on the voyage to Liverpool. She visited the stokers on board of the ship, — a class of humanity for whom no one seems to care.

She found an English stoker in the furnace room who had been in the battle of Santiago. He told her a story that went to her heart, and she put it into verse.

THE DEMOCRACY OF HONOR

I.

"They are shouting for Santiago.
Says the Chaplain: 'Saint James is ours!'
Down falls the flag of four hundred years;
Up leaps the flag of a thousand years,
On the old sun-painted towers!
All white as snow, the marines, in a row,
Are cheering the flag as it leaps to the sun;
While, black with soot, *we* stand below,
Young Jack and I, where the west winds blow.
We shovel the coals on the sea:
We shovel the coals, — stoke, stoke; stoke, stoke;

With faces as black as our world of the coals,
And we go to the posts of companionless souls,
And o'er us the mighty ship thunders and rolls
And I think of Jack and he thinks of me!
We shovel the coals on the sea!

II.

"They are shouting for Santiago,
All the white marines in a row;
And my heart leaps out in that right proud shout,
As I stand at the rail below.
On that Sunday morn, when *they* stood by their guns,
I swung the shovel true, —
Stoke, stoke; stoke, stoke; like a man on a rack: —
With a spray of water Jack cooled my back,
And my heart is warm for that deed of Jack.
How strong my muscles grew!
The sea was fever, the sky was fire;
A lightning's message came down the wire
From the engine's brain: 'Stoke, stoke; stoke, stoke!'
And every sinew that word awoke,
As I shovelled the coals on the sea.
How the battle-ship thundered and cleft the main,
And drove on the rocks the ships of Spain,
Like vultures lost in sulphurous rain! —
I shovel the coals on the sea!

III.

"An English stoker from Birkenhead, —
A stoker is all I can be:
The tides will rise and the tides will fall,
And glimmer the lights on the far sea-wall
At Cape Maysi or on the Dee;
But I shovel the coals: stoke, stoke, stoke!
All the windy day on the sea!

And strange feet come and strange feet go,
But no face descends to my furnace, — oh, no! —
To say I am one of the world. Ho! Jack, true Jack!
When my veins ran red you cooled my back,
And I stoked like a tar of the Queen's;
See! angels have caught the flag in the sky!
Hear the shouts of the men, as the ships go by!
Let *us* shout with the white marines;
Let us shout with the *men*, if our hands are black, —
Jack, Jack, we *are* men: — stands the Admiral there,
The winds of Cape Maysi's tide lifting his hair!
The land breeze is free, the freshening tide runs,
He is cheering the men who stood by the guns;
The officers cheer them, — now, Jack, let *us* cheer:
'*Hurrah for the flag of Old Glory unfurled,*
To stand for all nations and welcome the world!'
Shout. Let all the officers hear! —
'*Hurrah and hurrah!*' Say, Jack, do you see
The officers stare? They heard our shout rise!
From the flag to our hands drop the Admiral's eyes!
And, Jack, he is bowing, with hand light and free;
He is bowing to *you*, he is bowing to *me!*
We stood back of the men who stood by the guns,
In the heat that was fiercer than tropical suns;
Were ever two stokers so honored as we!"

IV.

And the ships shouted "Santiago!"
And the flags filled the heavens with flowers
Where down fell the flag of four hundred years,
And up went the flag for a thousand years,
On the old sun-painted towers.
One band then "America" played,
As it passed the new flag of the sun,
And "God Save the Queen" played another,

In the cool of the palms; and Jack took the hand
  Of the stoker; and tears made white
  A line on his face in the sunset light,
As he caught the air of his native land
And said to his sailor brother, —
"*Now*, both of the tunes are one!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE OPIUM SMOKER

LIVERPOOL has one hundred institutions of charity. Such represent the old sailors' hearts, for sailors are all brothers, and all love their comrades of the sea.

Mrs. Barnard visited one of these charities for seafaring men with the captain of the huge traffic ship on which they had crossed the ocean. She then chanced to behold a sight that caused her heart to ache, and to see what the effects of the opium trade had been, not only on the poor, weak, overtempted Chinaman, but upon a young Englishman who, in the China trade, had fallen a slave to the seductive and subtile drug.

They were passing through a ward of incurables when the captain stopped, lifted his hands, and said, "Is it possible?"

A white, gaunt face hid itself in the pillows. Then it turned, and looked at the captain furtively. The lips were white, and the colour of the skin was like tan.

"The doctor says that I cannot live," said the man.

"You have been an adventurer," said the captain; "tell me, in a word, the secret of your life."

"Opium," said the patient. "I learned the habit on a ship which my father commanded. It led me to crime; I wandered over the world trying to break the habit; I became a gambler; I was schooled in crime; I reformed, and now I am going out — pray, when you think of me."

The captain turned away. "I will tell you that man's story

DYEING AND WINDING SILK IN CHINA

on the docks this evening," said he to Mrs. Barnard, "after your family returns. I have seen in him what the demon of opium may do."

That evening the captain entertained the party in a little garden near the docks, when he told the following tale of the son of an English captain of an opium smuggling ship, in the days before the opium war.

THE DEAF AND DUMB MAN

The Recoleta of Buenos Ayres is one of the most beautiful fields of the dead in all the world. It is a city of marble temples, whose doors stand open to reverent feet, — temples whose lights shine before crosses, and of flowers which send out their perfumes before the sculptured altars that coffin the dead. It is one of the few places on earth where the imagination pictures it beautiful to be dead.

I was looking for the tomb of Sarmiento, the great educational President of Argentina, among the checkered streets of glimmering marbles, when I first met the Deaf and Dumb Man. He was tall, and had a fixed, determined look, and was walking alone. There was a yellow color on his face that suggested to me that he was a victim of a destroying habit.

I asked him for direction to the state tomb of Sarmiento. He looked abstracted, his mind was intent elsewhere. He simply said, "*No se, señor*," and walked on. His eyes had fallen full upon me, yet he had evidently not *seen* me, and could not identify me; he passed me as a rolling statue might have been carried by.

Every man has his atmospheric self. This man had; it was one of mystery, and it chilled the balmy air to my inner sense and gave a mental shadow to the sunshine. I stopped and

marked him as he ambled along. I said to myself, that man has become a criminal through opium.

One of the local police of Buenos Ayres crossed the white marbled walks in the city of the dead. The organ in the great funeral church of the cemetery was pouring its music through the half-open windows. I knew that a funeral service was closing. The policeman was wending his way to an open tomb, near which immortelles and living flowers lay in a memorial mound.

The Deaf and Dumb Man caught the sound of the policeman's step. He stopped and whirled around, seemed disturbed by the sight of the officer of the law, when there shot from his eye a gleam of inner light, soul light, astral light, wannish, stealthy, furtive. This inward light is usually only seen in a side glance. I saw it, and I was sure that there was a consciousness of wrong, I believed of crime, in the man's heart. And yet, behind the life mystery, conscience lived.

The bell tolled amid the waving trees in the bright clear sun. Plumed horses and a grand funeral car bore a body from the odorous church to the white cemetery, and I lost sight of the Deaf and Dumb Man. But the half-lurid gleam of soul light, that only a soul discolored by evil could cast, haunted me. I had seen the Deaf and Dumb Man, but he had not seen me except as a something passing by. I would know him elsewhere in the world; he would be certain not to recognize me.

I met the man again. It was at a missionary prayer-meeting in Buenos Ayres. He was not the same man as before. There was an elevated look in his face which held me. His features seemed to be lighted up by some beneficent mood, like an inwardly lighted vase of alabaster. The sinister look was gone. He was speaking; his subject was "Christian Growth." The more earnest he became, the more luminous was his face. He

beamed upon his hearers as he ended with a quotation from San Martin, —

> *"Seras lo que debes ser*
> *Y sino, no seras nada,"* —

which may be translated, "Thou must be that which thou oughtest to be, and without that thou shalt be nothing."

The lights in the little hall where he had been speaking went out. He stood at the door. I stopped near him and watched him there.

The streets were flowing with tides of the people. Saloons glittered, and over the way was a gambling-hall, through whose dusky atmospheres were drifting the enchantments of the haunting airs of old Italian operas.

He spoke to me and said:

"It is a gay night that they have over there."

His face changed. The spiritual look vanished, and a dark shadow as of a suffusion of black blood seemed to obliterate the transfiguration. Another spirit looked from his eyes; had I seen him only at that moment I would have suspected him of being a very dangerous adventurer or gambler.

He watched the lights in the hall, heard the music of "How so Fair," and the blood in his face grew darker. The face I had seen in the Recoleta came back again, — dark, brooding, deep, and evil.

It was all as if a good angel had gone out of the heart of life, and an evil one had taken its place and looked out of the windows of the eyes upon the world. I could see that some strange conflict was going on within him. He shuffled away, the dark spirit in his face. Then he turned and looked back, his face lighter again:

"*Vaya V con Deos*," he said (Go you with God).

I felt that I had met two men, — not a Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, but a man led at times by high ideals, and at times

yielding to some hereditary evil. Buenos Ayres at that time was a sorry school for a man like that. His face was capable of being fashioned to the mood of his soul; some persons' are.

As distinctly as I had marked him at this second meeting, he had not as yet seen me so as to take me into his consciousness. He would never recognise me again on account of speaking to him in the white graveyard, or of my meeting him in the shadow.

Had I met a very mysterious criminal, or had I had a glimpse of the struggle of a soul?

There was one low Chinese resort in the city. I saw this man of mystery going toward it. In China, the keeper of such a place would have been condemned by a mardarin to the bamboo or rack.

I was at Southampton waiting to sail for New York on one of the ocean palaces. It was late in summer, and I lingered about the docks and the old ivied city walls for several days, waiting for the American flag to rise over the consulate and announce the arrival of the steamer on which I had booked to sail. I went to the Isle of Wight, to Osborne House, to Farringford, Ventnor, and the Charities.

On returning to my hotel one evening, I found an American party of tourists who were booked to sail on the same steamer as myself. Among them was a very beautiful and light-hearted girl named Antoinette Aubey, whose brother had been a companion of mine at a mercantile school.

She greeted me heartily.

"So you are here," said she, "and I am glad to meet you, for now I will have a friend."

"I am glad to meet the sister of one with whom I have shared happy hours," said I. "I am waiting for the flag to rise over the consulate."

CHINESE PUNISHMENT OF THE RACK

"It is there now," she said. "We received a despatch of the coming of the ship a few hours ago in London. But the ship is not to sail until day after to-morrow. Our party is going to Netley Abbey to-morrow. Will you join us?"

"I should be glad to go with you to see the poetic old ruin of which I have seen many pictures."

"I shall be glad to have your friendship on the return voyage," she continued. "My brother arranged this trip for me, — I have been to Geneva, — and he put me into the keeping of the captain of the steamer, whom he knew. This captain, whose name is Wright, is a very fatherly, silent man, and he kept saying something to me on the outward voyage that has haunted me. It is this, 'Make no acquaintances with strangers.' The words may seem commonplace enough to you as I quote them, but if you were to hear him utter them, slowly, as if they had some strange import, you would not wonder that I repeat them. As we were being tugged out of New York, he left the wheel-house, and came and stood by me on the deck and said: 'You are an American girl, and free-spirited; you are travelling alone; make no acquaintances with strangers.' I thanked him, for my brother had asked him to give me needed advice. But he treated me like a child.

"I was ill at sea for a couple of days; then my spirits returned, and I mingled freely with the other passengers, and made friends of everybody without other than a passenger-list introduction.

"One night the captain passed me on deck. He lifted his hat. I looked for him to smile, but his face was serious. He looked me full in the face and said: 'Miss Aubey, you are going abroad for the first time; the world is new to you; make no intimate acquaintances with strangers on shipboard without coming to me. Pardon me, I have seen more of the world than

you, and have had more experience. Your brother asked me to be a father to you.'

"He was as a father to me. He gave me a place at his table. He advised me in regard to my trip to the Continent, and when he parted from me at the window of the wheel-house, he said: 'I feel a little concern for you; make no intimate acquaintances with strangers.'

"Those words, 'a little concern,' haunt me. I am careful about my conduct, or try to be. You know what my life has been, a prudent one. The church circle has been my society, and I worked in the rescue missions without a thought of harm. I have been making the acquaintance of strangers since I left Vassar, and I never so much as thought of danger. Do you think that the fatherly captain thought me wanting in judgment?"

"He is an English captain, I am told, and such men are noted for being very discerning. They see perils that do not come from sea. Your brother placed you wisely."

The party went to Netley Abbey the following day, and I accompanied them.

On the evening after our return, I went out to walk along the wharves where the giant steamers lay. I strolled along a pleasure-ground by the water, under some great trees where were cannon which had been in the Indian service. It was twilight, and a dark orange hue rippled on Southampton Water. I sat down on one of the benches under the trees, listened to the mellow bells of ancient churches, saw the lights twinkling in the red air over the dark groves of Cowes, when an extraordinary incident occurred.

A tall man approached the place where I was sitting, talking gaily to two women. The voice startled me. I had heard it but once before. It uttered but three words. These were, "*No se, señor.*" He was too gay to notice me, but as he passed me two men came running up behind him. They were working

men with dinner-pails. But their hurried steps seemed to awaken the man's suspicion. He turned his head to the side, saw that he was not being followed designedly, and as he faced to the front again there was the same gleam that I had seen in the Recoleta. It was the person whom I have chosen to call in advance the Deaf and Dumb Man.

He passed on, talking gaily. I have seldom heard a more ready tongue in a public place. "Ready," I say.

The flag hung over the consulate limp in the rising mist which the hot August sun was beginning to burn. The ship was to sail at eight o'clock in the morning. I went on board early, and sat down on the deck and watched for the people who were to come on board.

I recall reading again and again an inscription on the high roof of a mercantile house facing the docks. It was, "On this place Canute rebuked the vanity of his courtiers by ordering back the sea." I was picturing the scene of this old history lesson in my fancy. I could see the king sitting down on his throne, which had been placed at the edge of the tide, lifting his sceptre and giving the royal order, the sea rising steadily in great throbs, and —

When suddenly a sight caught my eye that caused the vision of King Canute to vanish.

Among the people coming on board was a man with a pitiable face. He was tall, spare, white. He halted on the way to look around. It was the Deaf and Dumb Man. As he turned to look around, there was the same suspicious soul gleam in his eye that I had seen before. The pitiable expression in his face seemed to me to be simulated, as of one who would invite sympathy for some hidden purpose.

He was alone — yet was he? He seemed to desire to appear solitary. I had seen him twice before, or so I suspected. He had looked upon me, but had not *seen* me, and I felt sure that

he would not recognize me now. As I was sitting there the ship bell rang, the last whistles blew, with a short, hollow sound, and the captain came upon deck and greeted me. At this point Antoinette appeared with a flow of spirits that made her look more beautiful than I had ever seen her.

"Captain," she said, "I have found my good brother's friend in our party. So there is now no need of your saying to me, 'Make no acquaintance with strangers.' It was good of you to caution me against that, though it did make me feel childish — Heaven forgive me."

"You are safe now with your brother's friend," said the captain, and he went to the wheel-house. There was a slow, mighty movement under us; the sea palace, now glittering with a full flood of sunlight, moved out toward the ocean, and the world was lost, or seemed to be.

Presently the Deaf and Dumb Man came upon deck, solitary as though he knew no one, and took a seat alone, but near us. He had put on a pair of gold-bowed spectacles with slightly colored glass of a purplish hue.

"Brother Paul allowed me a thousand dollars for this journey," said Antoinette to me, with a kind of sober merriment. "I have not spent half of it, — what do you think of that for the first foreign outing for an American girl? I purchased for him a dinner plate that will play soft enchanting music when you lift it up. I ought to spend some of the money left over in the steerage, as a gift of gratitude."

The Deaf and Dumb Man seemed to be listening. I noticed the listening attitude, for we do not hear wholly with our ears.

"But I did indulge in one extravagance," she continued. "I had some money of my own which I put aside long ago for jewels, when I should see such as met my ideal. I saw such an ideal in London. A necklace of diamonds and rubies. I shall never tell any one what I paid for it. But now I have a

confession to make to you and I want you to honor me for it. I—"

I gave the happy-eyed girl a glance.

"*He* is not listening," she said, in a subdued tone. "He is deaf and dumb."

"How do you know?" I asked, in a low, continuous tone.

"A woman asked the clerk to answer the man's questions by signs and said, 'He is deaf and dumb.' I was waiting for my key, and the polite clerk said, 'Pardon, lady, let me attend to the wants of the deaf and dumb man.' So it is all right. I was about to say that I am going to pass the necklace through the custom-house honestly. I am not going to wear it under lace on my neck, and say, 'Nothing dutiable.' I am going to carry an honest soul, as clear as my beautiful, beautiful diamonds are, all the way through life."

The Deaf and Dumb Man sat like a statue, with a far-away look. I could feel that he had been listening. We feel the truth of things.

The white wings of sea-gulls curved and dipped laterally around us, in the blazing air. I accompanied Antoinette to the captain's table. It was Saturday.

"They have asked me to sing at the service to-morrow," said Antoinette to the captain. "I think I will give them the plain hymn, 'For those in peril on the sea.' If the weather is fair I am going down to the steerage to sing to that forlorn company. It makes my heart melt to look at them. I have some crown pieces put aside for the mothers of babies."

"I make no objection since your brother's friend is with you. You are one of those noble American girls that I admire, only —only a little lacking in prudence; English girls may have too much prudence, but it is on the safe side."

The next morning the sun rose glorious from the ocean. There was an open sea, of purple waves, and a sky that was as

an oversea of gold. There were services in the cabin. Antoinette sang the usual hymn, and afterward "Lead, Kindly Light."

She then started to go to the steerage.

"Shall I go with you?" I asked.

"No; that would look as though I thought I needed protection, and would spoil my songs to ears spiritual. You may listen to me upon deck."

An old Scotch minister conducted the service in the steerage, and Antoinette surprised all the passengers on the deck by singing the simplest of old "revival" Scottish melodies:

"My brother, I wish you well,
My brother, I wish you well.
When my Lord calls I hope I shall
Be mentioned in the promised land."

She turned to a mother who wore a handkerchief over her head, and sang with a superb tenderness:

"My sister, I wish you well."

Then she bent her eyes on a little company of boys and girls, and sang:

"Little children, I wish you well."

Her voice filled the air. The deck passengers crowded forward to listen. Even the white gulls seemed to move slowly on their wings as they passed by.

I found my admiration for this noble girl burning into love. She won the hearts of all on shipboard at that hour. Even a stoker's coal-black face bore marks of a stream of tears.

That evening the red moon came up in a vapory horizon as the sun went down as in a sea of liquid gold.

The saloon passengers began to promenade on the deck. I

walked with Antoinette in the merry round and round. All the passengers joined in the procession, except the Deaf and Dumb Man.

I sat down at last, and Antoinette left me. I began to talk with a friend, when presently a sight met my eyes that turned my thoughts into confusion. The promenade was still going on, and Antoinette was promenading with the Deaf and Dumb Man.

Round and round they went, now appearing, now disappearing.

When she returned to me at last, I gasped:

"Who introduced you to your new friend?"

"He introduced himself. He put his finger on his lips as I passed him by, and gave me, oh, such a pitiful look! I bowed to him — I pitied him — so lonely, away from friends, and no one to recognize him! As I bowed he rose up and bent his arm. I took it — you would not have had me turn away from a deaf and dumb man?"

I can give no description or analysis of my thoughts at that hour. The conduct of Antoinette in kindly breaking the loneliness of the Deaf and Dumb Man seemed to fill all hearts with a new admiration. She was the most popular young lady on the ship after that.

The weather continued beautiful. Night after night the promenade was renewed, and as often the Deaf and Dumb Man offered his arm to Antoinette, and it was accepted. My suspicions that the man was a pretender grew, but were they true, or had my eyes deceived me? I distrust suspicious people. I questioned myself if I were not suspicious. I was not sure that this was the man I had seen in Buenos Ayres and on the esplanade of Southampton Water.

The common admonition to young travellers, "Make no acquaintance with strangers," admits of qualification. Some of

the most lasting friendships are made with fellow travellers who have taken the view that one's country is the world, and one's countrymen all mankind.

Was this man deaf and dumb? Had my eyes and ears deceived me? If he were not deaf and dumb why was he seeking to make such a false impression? What could have been his secret schooling in habit that had led him up to such a strange deception?

After a few days of serene weather the sky became leaden, and high winds blew, and the seas rolled high. The promenades were discontinued, and the men housed themselves in the smoking-room and amused themselves by novel reading and cards.

On the fifth day out an incident occurred that startled me beyond measure. The Deaf and Dumb Man spent his time much in the smoking-room, at first unsocially and silently, but very observingly. On this day he made signs to a gentleman of a large and long purse that he desired to have a game of cards with him. A game followed, and the Deaf and Dumb Man was easily beaten.

The latter desired to play again. Another game was played with a like result. Then the Deaf and Dumb Man desired to play for money. Notwithstanding the unwritten law against gambling on shipboard, the rich passenger, from a love of excitement, agreed to the proposal. The Deaf and Dumb Man won, but when the game was ended, his opponent leaped to his feet, exclaiming:

"I never will have anything more to do with *you;* you cheated, and I understand your trick perfectly. You are *not* a gentleman, and I do not believe that you are deaf and dumb. I shall report you to the captain."

I could see by the expression of the Deaf and Dumb Man's face that he understood every word. My heart turned sick.

PUNISHMENT OF THE BAMBOO

I went out on deck. The sea was raging; but I found Antoinette sitting outside enveloped in ample wraps. She was a very good sailor. She welcomed me in her usual light-hearted way. I sat down beside her.

"Something is *bothering* me," I said.

"The sea?" she asked.

"No, not the sea; the Deaf and Dumb Man."

"What do you mean? Of all people in the world, a deaf and dumb man should give people little concern."

"Something has happened in the smoking-room, something serious, which shows that he is not a gentleman."

She gasped and turned pale.

"But he is deaf and dumb."

"How do you know?" I gave her a searching look.

"Can you tell me what his misconduct was in the smoking-room?"

I answered, firmly:

"He cheated at cards. I believe him to be a gambler."

She gasped again, and a very anxious look came into her face. I could see her mingling thoughts of doubt and fear.

We sat in silence. We were not ill, but there are times of heavy seas when one who is not ill desires to be quiet. Such was the case with us both, and each had a dark problem in mind about which we were not prepared to speak with definite judgment.

In an hour or two the captain passed us. He stopped with a shadow on his face, and said, after the English way:

"Nasty weather. You face the winds bravely, Miss Aubey, but let me say once more, and take my meaning, won't you? 'Make no intimate acquaintances with strangers!'"

Antoinette burst into tears. She shivered. She rose with a quivering lip, and said:

"Help me down to my room! I am *afraid*."

I did what she had asked, and left her there. The next day she did not appear upon deck. It was a day of rough, rolling seas, and not a woman appeared at the table. Many men were absent from the table, among them the Deaf and Dumb Man.

I felt almost sure that this strange character was the same man whom I had met in the Recoleta of Buenos Ayres, and on the promenade of Southampton Water. I suspected him to be a gambler, and worse, a man whose methods tended to crime.

On the day before landing Antoinette sent for me. Her face had lost its glow and confidence.

"If my brother should not come down to the ship to meet me, will you see me from the boat to my home?"

"Certainly. I should have offered to do so."

A cowering look came into her face, — a look that had grown out of intense suffering, and she said:

"I am afraid."

"Of whom?" I asked.

"Oh, you must know. It has all come to me, — what a strange risk I took. I was so thoughtless. The captain meant much when he spoke to me the last time. He is world-wise."

I could see that her solitude in her room had been haunted by terror.

We heard the chimes of Trinity on the next morning in the mist. The ship was soon at the dock after a fair voyage of seven days. There were shouted orders and ringing of bells.

Just before landing Antoinette sent for me again.

"Will you see that the Deaf and Dumb Man leaves the ship before I come up on deck? I never wish to see him again, and I will wait for you to accompany me, unless my brother should come."

Just then there was a warm, hearty hand laid upon my shoulder. It was the expected brother — Paul.

"I am all right now," said Antoinette, "and we will not speak again now of the incidents of the voyage."

We three went to the saloon, and talked rapidly. I saw the Deaf and Dumb Man pass out on the gangplank. As he did so, he looked behind, and his eyes rested upon us. He turned his head away when he saw that I had observed him, and as he did so there shot from his eye the same strange *gleam* that had raised my suspicions in the cemetery of Buenos Ayres, and the former question in my inner consciousness came back again.

It was busy noon when we left the ship. Antoinette was placed in a hack by her brother, and he and I took another hack for a business place. Antoinette was to go to her home, and her brother and I were to dine with her at home in the evening. Her father was dead, but her mother and son continued to live in the up-town house that had been willed to them. Mr. Aubey had been president of the Union Bank.

Paul Aubey and I returned to the Aubey home early in the evening, full of anticipations of meeting a joyful mother and daughter.

The door of the mansion seemed to open itself as we hurried up the steps. Mrs. Aubey stood in the hall, and her first greeting was one that struck terror to our hearts:

"Where is Antoinette?"

"Isn't she here?" asked Paul, in an excited tone. "She left the boat for home at noon. I gave the hackman our number, and she intended to come directly home. She must have changed her mind, or — something must have happened." The last words caused my heart to sink.

He stood there in the shadow of the hall, thinking. Then he turned his eye to me, and said:

"Can you imagine anything to have happened? The hackman was a stupid-looking fellow, but he had a good hack —

No. 501. I paid him as I left him. I had the ready change." Mrs. Aubey began to tremble.

"This is very strange," said she. "Antoinette would not have been likely to have stopped upon the way, certainly not five hours."

She turned to me. My heart struggled to break.

"Can you imagine what has happened to my girl — I am worried about her. My mind has been unsettled in thinking about her all the afternoon. Antoinette is in trouble; I can feel it."

"Something happened to cause her to change her mind," said Paul. "We will sit down and wait. She will come soon."

We entered the parlor, and sat down in silence for a time.

"She arrived safely and was well," said Paul to his mother. "Don't worry; she will make it all clear when she comes back. Many things are likely to happen after a voyage."

The bell of the great mahogany clock struck seven. Antoinette had not returned. The light of the orange sky was fading in the windows. The gray night was coming on.

"Had Antoinette any particular friends on board the ship?" asked Mrs. Aubey, "any outside of her own party?"

I felt the nerves of my upper lip quiver.

"Only one," I answered.

"Who was that friend?" she asked, anxiously.

"He was a deaf and dumb man."

"That was nothing."

Anxiety grew with the lighting of the lamps, and the falling of the shadows.

Eight o'clock. Antoinette had not returned.

"I will find hack 501," said Paul, starting up. "You remain with mother." He went out.

The clock struck nine. Paul came back.

"I have found the hack and the hackman," he said.

"What did *he* tell you?" asked Mrs. Aubey, in a tension of nerves.

"He told me a strange story — I cannot understand it. He said that he was hailed just after starting by a fine-looking gentleman, who said:

"'The lady in the carriage is a friend of mine. Stop!'

"He stopped, and the gentleman entered the carriage and greeted the lady. As the gentleman did so, he said, 'Drive to *Union Bank*.' He left the gentleman and Antoinette on the steps of the Union Bank. The gentleman dismissed the hack. I feel certain that the hackman's story was true; he had the honest tone when he told his story."

Mrs. Aubey and Paul turned to me, and I never passed a more dreadful hour than that under the depression of their questions, each of which suggested some new alarm.

"Did any gentleman take a special interest in Antoinette on the voyage?" asked Paul.

"No one but the Deaf and Dumb Man."

"Was he deaf and dumb? *That* man could talk — the one that the hackman described."

"I do not know."

"Do — not — know — that implies suspicion. What attention did the Deaf and Dumb Man pay her?"

"She promenaded with him on deck on the evenings of pleasant days."

"But *you* were on board. Why did she accept *his* attentions?"

"She pitied him because he was lonely, deaf and dumb."

"It begins to look dark," said he.

Mrs. Aubey began to cry hysterically.

"Had you any reasons to believe that that man was not honest?"

I could feel my nerves creep and shrink as this direct question was put to me. What could I say?

"I did have suspicions that he might not be what he seemed to be. But I could not caution Antoinette about a man of whose character I could not be quite certain. When the rough weather came, she kept her room, and there her acquaintance with the Deaf and Dumb Man seemed to end."

The mother went into the hall, leaving Paul and me alone.

"I want you now to open your heart honestly and fully to me," said Paul. "What do you believe to have been the fate of my sister? Has she eloped with that man?"

"Never! It would have been impossible."

"I agree with you there."

He began again:

"Why did she get out with that man at the bank?"

"He asked her to identify him there that he might cash a draft or a check, or some like transaction."

He thought of this theory. I could feel his nerves quiver.

"But I have been to the bank clerks and cashiers. They have seen no such person. They would have known her at once."

"That was an excuse that he made. The man knew the neighborhood of Union Bank; he knew that your father had been president of that bank. He made some new excuse on the steps of the bank, caused your sister to step aside, and robbed her."

"But why does she not return?"

"Do you read the papers? People sink into oblivion in such ways as that every week. We might almost believe that some people vanish. They are seen full of life, honor, promise, and in an hour they are gone, no one knows how or where. I shall never, never forget the good old English captain's advice to poor Antoinette, 'Make no intimate acquaintance with strangers.' People do not as often disappear in English ports as in New York."

As we were talking there was a timid ring at the door. Mrs. Aubey flew to answer the bell. The door opened, and a strange sound in the hall startled us. There was uttered a cry —

"Oh, mother!"

It was Antoinette.

Paul and I rose up, and stood like statues. She sunk down into the nearest chair.

"Every word that I will tell you is true," said she, with nervous earnestness.

"We shall all believe you," said Paul, "your every word."

"*He* asked me, *he* entreated me, *he* influenced me by some strange power to step into a doorway near the bank to explain a paper to me. I did not wish to go — he drew me by an unseen power. I did not intend to ever meet him again. I did not wish to step round to the doorway, or to see his papers, or to identify him, or anything; I shook with terror. But he forced me to obey his will as by an invisible influence. I dared not disobey this will. I stepped into the doorway; he took out a paper with a seal to explain, when the *floor moved up*. I felt myself rising as if by an unseen power. The floor stopped. Then he seized my arm and led me away through some dark passage, I knew not where. I was dumb.

"He robbed me, but he told me that if I would trust him I should not be harmed. He said that he would never forget my singing in the steerage.

"He closed the door of a close windowless room upon me. I remained there some hours. Then he came for me, and led me to the same platform. It was night, and the floor moved down. You can never imagine my horror at that moment when the floor moved up. I can never recover from that moment of horror. My brain burns now!"

Her mother clasped her, saying:

"You are our own again."

"But the wing of my life is broken. I shall never recover from the shock that I received *when that floor moved up.*"

The case was secretly given to the police. But the accomplices of the crime were never found. No one seemed to be able to explain the secret that caused the elevator to move up at the will of a *stranger*. The man who operated the secret elevator could not be found; but rooms that had been occupied at the top of the house were never claimed again by its former occupants.

This part of the story is brought back to me often by the accounts of sudden and mysterious disappearances of people in great cities, as recorded in the daily papers. Behind many of these disappearances there is always some strange history, and the key to the mystery is not often found.

Would I ever again meet this dark-souled man, who carried with him a gleam of light, who was by nature and association a criminal, but whose soul, somehow, through the gift of some good ancestor, perhaps, was still in struggle?

Some years after these strange occurrences, I was in Montreal. Spring was lighting up Mont Royal, and the St. Lawrence was flowing free again.

There was street preaching in one of the squares of the city evenings, and I went to the place one shadowy, red twilight, attracted by the singing.

The preacher on this occasion drew crowds by his fervor. As soon as he rose up, I saw something familiar in his face. It held me, and the impression grew. The speaker was none other than the Deaf and Dumb Man.

His face lighted up again. I listened spellbound at his discourse, wondering whether he was led by an angel or a devil; whether I should report him to the police, or offer him my hand.

The last words of his discourse led me to decide to leave him in silence, for a time, until I could better consider the case.

AN ITINERANT DOCTOR AT TIEN-TSIN

The words were these:

"I have been a man of evil thoughts, devil-haunted, and I have done dark deeds, and I would be a hypocrite did I not make this confession to you. But the love of doing good has overcome a secret inborn desire to do evil. I have shut my soul forever to the evil spirit that for years overcame me; my temptations have gone, and what I have done any man can do."

That man I have met again to-day. I found him dying in the hospital. He told me the secret of his life in one word. You may guess what that one word is. Opium!

JADE BOXES

ANOTHER curious adventure happened in Liverpool.

In an old East India Museum Charles Barnard and Louis Forbes found many interesting things. They returned to the collection several times, it being very near their hotel.

One day the two boys came running to the hotel to call Ah Hue.

"We have found something strange," said both. "Ah Hue, return with us."

The three went to the musty museum, and the boys led Ah Hue to a dingy apartment over which were the words, "Opium Smuggler Tools."

They led him to a cabinet, which was filled with odd inventions.

"There," said they, "are boxes of jade, — hollow, green boxes, — but they have no label."

Ah Hue looked through the glass silently. He at last said:

"They have no labels, but they form a part of 'Opium Smugglers' Tools.' They are like those that were built into the new chimney, are they not?"

"Yes, of the same kind. This is very curious. Let me call Mr. Barnard."

Charles ran for his father. Mrs. Barnard and Lucy followed Ah Hue back to the museum, and gazed in wonder on the green jade boxes.

Lucy seemed to be the most interested of all the party.

"Oh, Ah Hue," she said, "you are right — I know that you are right in regard to the mystery — you see. What do you say now?"

"I am surprised to meet these jade boxes in Liverpool, but I expected to find such things in the old hong museum in Canton. I think we will find such boxes there, and that I can trace such devices through the records of the old mandarins to your own neighborhood in Boston. The mandarins are accountable for the known history of people who disappear."

The boys again and again visited Rochedale, the great coöperative city. It is not far from Liverpool. There working people have bank accounts, and the successful experiment in coöperation became a permanent industrial life. They there studied the history of the Rochedale pioneers.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SILKS OF ANTWERP — THE TOWN WHERE THE INSANE GO FREE — THE KINDERPLATZ

"We are going to the country of silks," said Mr. Barnard to the boys. "We must stop at Antwerp, and study the silk and lace manufactured by the way."

Antwerp (French Anvers — *on ver*), the commercial city of Belgium on the Scheldt, is a city to which a young industrial student should go. Belgium stands for fabrics, and her great factories hum with life, invention, and enterprise.

So the party found rooms under the "lace tower" of the great cathedral where chimes of bells play four times an hour night and day, and keep the blue sky perpetually filled with music like songs of angels.

Here Mrs. Barnard and Lucy visited the pictures of Rubens and the charities, while Mr. Barnard, Ah Hue, and the boys studied the silk fabrics and the way of making them. Ah Hue was a most helpful companion here; he knew the Chinese methods of silk manufacture well, and he was as much of a student as the others.

Ah Hue related the methods of cultivating silk and preparing it for the market in China. It was a good place to begin this instruction here among the Belgian silk-factories.

"China," said he, "is the land of the mulberry-tree. The world wears the product of the leaves of the tree as it drinks the leaves of the tea plant.

"The silkworms of China are the manufacturers of the choice

fabrics of the world; they are fed on mulberry leaves, to spin cocoons and to die, and the great looms take up their work, and we wear it." The party visited many beautiful town halls and buildings of trade in the industrial Kingdom, among them the hotels de Ville in Brussels and Ghent.

Mrs. Barnard, as a member of the Board of Visitors to the State Charities in Massachusetts, found much to interest her here. She visited Gheel, near Antwerp, where the insane go free.

Here she was told a story by a traveller which she never would forget, for it revealed to her one of the best of the world's methods of caring for the insane poor.

A STRANGE TALE OF GHEEL

GHEEL, near Antwerp, is one of the ancient miracle-places of the Catholic Church in Europe. It has a shrine at which for centuries insane people have been reputed to be cured. Whatever may be the facts or the superstitions in such cases, modern science has wrought what one might claim to be miracles there in the treatment of nervous diseases, for when Belgium, always alert in social reforms, wished to make an experiment of caring for her insane poor by giving them the freedom of the open air and the fields, she chose Gheel as the place where the trial of the new method should be made. Here her Department of Charitable Institutions has reversed most of the methods of the past in the care of nervous patients by placing such invalids in small boarding-houses in the wide, open, sea-cooled country, and giving them their freedom under sympathetic supervision. The experiment of the Belgian government, at first held to be perilous, has proved as successful as its purpose was beneficent; it is one of the merciful miracles of modern science, whose influence seems destined to fill the world. The streets of Gheel,

worn for a thousand years by the footsteps of unhappy pilgrims, are now visited by the philanthropic investigators of all lands, who study the most merciful ways of treating the most pitiable of human afflictions.

Gheel is a green oasis of crofters' cottages, in a wide sea of sand called the Campine. Its attractive features are its great churches, its ever-turning, castle-like windmills, and its bright and rippling linden-trees.

The lindens of Gheel! What broken spirits have walked under their long, cool shadows, — an empress; a prince; men of rank, crushed by care; men of genius and intellectual power; people separated from their families; people with no families and few friends; Belgium's insane poor; the trembling epileptic; the outcast, who has been made what he is by the strange conduct of long, slow invasion of mental disease, — all reduced to a common level in the sympathy of their sorrow. Gheel has been a miracle-place for the healing of the insane for so many centuries that one recalls with a heart-throb the long procession of these pilgrims of hope and fear as one sits down on the gray, mossy walls under the avenue of lindens, an avenue that stretches far, far away in the green garden of the sandy Campine.

I shall never forget a tale of mental suffering and of relief through a new imagination that was told me by a Swiss-English physician as we sat down on the long low stone wall under the lindens of Gheel.

My interest in Gheel had been curiously awakened. I was travelling from Geneva to Antwerp with a medical friend who had made a long study of the morbid manifestations of nervous disease. An asylum seemed to fly by the swift car window, and it left in my mind the shadow of its wing.

"Is it true," I asked my friend, "that there is a town in Belgium where thousands of insane or nervously afflicted people

are allowed to roam free, and where the farm folk for many miles are employed in boarding them and caring for them?"

"You mean Gheel in the Campine, the place where Belgium has made a new experiment in the care and treatment of her insane poor,—the old miracle-place of St. Dymphnea. Yes," he continued, "it is true that some two or more thousand nervous patients are so cared for there in the freedom of the open air. I myself once sent there a patient whose case was the strangest I have ever known. I will tell you the curious story some day; it is a mystery of the imagination, and one that so touched my heart and awakened my curiosity that it has never ceased to haunt me."

The green, sunny fields and bowery towns of Belgium were moving past us like an unrolling picture. We had been together to the battle-field of Waterloo, had visited the famous well of Hogomont, so vividly described in "Les Misérables," and had been to the place of the orchard where Napoleon I., a fugitive and all alone, had spent an hour in reflection after the red twilight on that field which had decided his destiny and the lines of the map of Europe. What an hour to the suddenly fallen emperor that must have been! What thoughts, what feelings must have come to him in that orchard, in the twilight after the sunburst and clouds, when the god shrunk into the man! I had shared the imaginations of the place with my friend the doctor.

He continued to answer my question, as he saw that I was so greatly interested.

"Gheel in the Campine, or open-sea country," he said, "is a place of wide horizons, of green gardens and fields, where the arms of the great windmills are always going. It is situated some twenty-six miles from Antwerp, in the province of Antwerp. Its titular saint is the Princess Dymphnea, who was slain by her father, an ancient King of Ireland, for her virtuous

RICE SELLERS AT A CHINESE MILITARY STATION

conduct there, at whose death or martyrdom deranged people were said to have been restored to health. A shrine arose there to commemorate this supposed miraculous healing. It is now a very beautiful church, with a long history, — a place of prayers for the recovery of the insane, full of legendary lore.

"St. Dymphnea's tomb became a place of pilgrimages for the healing of deranged folk. The patients used to undergo a kind of novitiate in a house near the church, or that formed a part of it, before they entered the mausoleum.

"The town now is a state hospital, some thirty miles in circumference, where the patients are treated in cottage boarding-houses, and where wonderful cures are reported to have been wrought. You have heard the story of the Miller of Gheel?"

"No, doctor, I never so much as heard the name of Gheel before. Who was the miller?"

"He is represented as a kind of Belgian 'Wise Man of Gotham;' he set up two windmills in the same lot, and he reflected that there would not be wind enough in one lot for two windmills, and so he had one of the mills removed.

"The strange thing about Gheel is," he continued, "that most of the patients become harmless there. As the open-air hospital is now conducted, it is one of the most successful experiments in mental healing that has ever been made."

I became intensely interested. "How, my friend, do you account for this result?" I asked, with a nervous curiosity.

"By suggestion, in part. Gheel makes for the patients a new imagination. The insane folk believe that they will be harmless there, and they are harmless. It is a new imagination that helps to heal in mental disease. The atmosphere of the place is quiet, and is haunted with legends of wonderful recovery. 'I am a little deranged,' said a prince who was being treated there, 'but the quiet here helps me.' The quiet that helps one there is not only that of the air, fields, gardens, and linden-trees, but

of the hope in all faces. The afflicted people are sent there to recover, and many of them do either recover or come to have a more hopeful imagination."

I began to dream of all that the doctor had told me about Gheel as we passed along toward Antwerp, the sunny villas and the open fields still flying past us. The partial failure of mental powers accounts for so many things that are strange and sad in life that I have long felt, though not myself a physician, a most sympathetic interest in what relates to the help and healing of the insane.

While I was thus dreaming, the doctor said to me, "Gheel is a 'commune,' a 'kindergarten,' for those who have become children again. It leads the imagination into free air and fields."

A "commune" — a "kindergarten." I recalled the old New England traditions of tying those whose wills became weak, and nerves unbalanced and irresponsive, to bedposts and staples; of such as rattled their chains on the approach of friends, and whose cries and moans made wakeful nights in lonely houses, until merciful death brought the healing of silence; of suicides who, on account of their disease, were buried in lots apart from the common villages of the dead, and upon whose graves in old England, if not in New, the ignorant cast stones with looks of terror. "I am going to be mad," said poor George III., "and I wish that I were dead." But death did not come; he came to live at last in a padded room, and Waterloo passed and he knew it not. As said poor Charles Lamb, —

> "for ills like these
> Christ is the only cure: say less than this,
> And say it to the winds."

There is no experience in life, however hard or sad, that one may not glorify by a noble sympathy. Charles Lamb was a

better man for the loving care that he bestowed upon his periodically insane sister; he saw life with a clearer vision for this experience, and it imparted to his genius and wit the grace and tone of a beautiful charity that was the love of the world.

"It is not mental hypnotism," I said to the doctor; "it is the power of the human heart that has made a healing fountain of Gheel."

The high tower of Antwerp cathedral began to rise in the blue air — the "lace tower," whose chimes never cease — the crown of glory of the land and sea. We were in the city of Rubens soon, and the next day the doctor met me in the hotel reading-room, and said:

"Where shall we go — to the Rubens collection?"

"It is a lovely day; let us go to Gheel."

"To confirm your view that the wonder one may observe there is the result of sympathetic faith in human nature, and not of hypnotism?" said he. "We will go."

It was a lovely day, and the country was most beautiful along our way. I never saw a more restful level landscape. There is a vivid, lustrous greenness in the low countries of Belgium and Holland that, except in England, is seldom to be seen elsewhere in the world, — a greenness that leads to the semicircle of the embanked sea, where everything gleams, glows, and glistens. Red poppies, like those one sees in early summer on the battle-field of Waterloo, sprinkle the airy verdure. Everywhere were blooming gardens, and picturesque peasant women at work in them. At a little distance from the city giant windmills began to appear, antique, castle-like structures, with great arms that seemed to be putting to flight some invading foe. On the level landscape, and in the clear bright air, near and far, they always attracted and delighted the eye.

The conductor on guard cried out, "Gheel!" I looked out.

"Where?" I asked.

There was spread out before us much the same broad green landscape, bright sunlight, and windmills. We passed from the car to the platform. In the distance two great churches arose, one of them seemingly in the fields. They looked like cathedrals from which the city had vanished.

Quiet? We recalled the prince who sought the influences of the place some ten or more years ago, and said to a friend whom he met there, "I am a little deranged, but the quiet here helps me." There is something pathetic in the condition of one who thus understood so well his own case, and whose apprehensions must have been that he would lose control of self. His view of Gheel will be shared at once by the nervous visitor. The quiet is atmospheric — it can be felt. It is hypnotic.

The people who left the cars walked leisurely along the blooming sidewalk of a winding road. A *hôte*, as a host is called, or one who boards the paying patients, came down to the depot to meet some one who was being treated there. A *nourricier*, as a cottager who cares for the poor is called, appeared there also in a peasant frock, and went away alone. There were dog-carts in the road; there are these cheerful carts, in which three dogs do the work of a horse, everywhere in Gheel. The peasants peddle their milk and vegetables in these picturesque vehicles. The patients ride in them.

I followed the doctor, who followed the people.

We came at last to a little town like a place in a German story-book. The houses were old, the streets clean and simple; the square was like that of "Old Antwerp" as exhibited at last year's exposition, or in 1894. Over all, like a mountain, loomed the old church.

The door of the church was open to the sun. The doctor went in, and I followed him. It was a vision: the great crucifix hanging from the arch over the resplendent altar; the fine carvings of the Stations of the Cross; the pulpit borne up by

cherubs; the pictures, decorations, and the harmony of the whole. I could have remained there for hours in the silence of such a beautiful revelation.

"We will now go to the hospital village," said the doctor.

"Where?"

I saw no hospital — nothing that would remind one of such an institution. But the hospital there is not an institution; it is a place, a village, a hamlet.

We turned a corner at last, when there came to view a vision as lovely as that in the church. It was an arch formed by a mile or more of linden-trees. The vista was a long, cool shadow in the broad fields of the sun. On one side of this avenue was the hospital, a little village of neat brick houses, and on the other side houses of the farm folk, with thatched or straw-covered roofs, with green moss about the roomy chimneys.

We stopped, for the scene was a charm. Then the shadow of the place came into my mind. Think of the anxiety, the suffering, the flickering hopes, the long hours of despair, the sleepless nights, the thoughts of loved ones, the heart pain at the neglect of the world, the longings for life, the longings for death that does not come, that this old bowery town has seen!

"Doctor," I asked, "what is the best preventive against a diseased mind?"

"The habit of self-control in youth," he answered.

"And what is the cure?"

"A new imagination in a free life like that you may find here. Nearly all of the methods of treatment of the insane in the past have been a mistake."

Two patients passed by us. One had a cheerful face, the other seemed to be the ghost of a life. The doctor directed my attention to them.

"At Gheel," he said, "a patient who is recovering is given the charge of one who is disordered and depressed. The method

gives to one responsibility, and to the other hope; it helps both."

A little woman came ambling by with a fantastic handkerchief over her head. She seemed to be in the realm of the imagination. She stopped and dropped a curtsey.

"Have you lost your way?" she asked.

"I never was here before," I replied.

"Always keep your way when you have it, and you will never get lost." She dropped another curtsey and said: "Trouble dwells in houses. I live out-of-doors; it is good for my head. I should be well enough if I hadn't any head." She added, "Some people think that I do not know much, and I rather guess that they are not much mistaken." She had evidently used one word too many. She looked happy and ambled away.

More pleasing scenes were coming into view. The peasants were returning from some market in dog-carts. The little dogs were perfect pictures of the happiness of helpful industry.

We entered a small neat brick house, and there met Doctor Peeters, the superintendent of the Commune, who speaks English well.

"Gheel," said Doctor Peeters to us, evidently intending the information for me, "is an open establishment without walls, without gates, or any instruments of force. The patients who come here are examined, and their cases are studied in the hospital cottages; they are then sent out into the Commune, each district of which is under a medical inspector. A large number of these patients think that they are persecuted, and the *nourriciers*, or farm people who board them, have learned such control as to dispel such illusions from their minds. It is not intended that a harsh, censorious word should be spoken at Gheel."

"Nagging keeps fresh the sore of the mind," said my friend the Swiss doctor. "Let us go out into the roads of the Commune."

KITE-FLYING IN CHINA ON THE NINTH DAY OF NINTH MOON

The doctor led the way, and bidding good-bye to Doctor Peeters, I followed him. We passed by green gardens and vine-shaded doors. We became tired at last, and sat down on a wall under the trees, near which the fans of a giant windmill were circling in the bright clear air.

"Doctor, you said that you once sent a patient here, and that the case was a very strange one."

"Her name was Lucia Van Ness," said the doctor. "I will tell you her story, for the scene of her last hours has never ceased to impress me.

"Lucia Van Ness was a beautiful French peasant girl. She lived near Geneva, Switzerland, in the little town of Voltaire-Ferney, near the château that contains the heart of Voltaire, and whose garden commands a glorious view of Mt. Blanc. Her mother was a widow, and the girl grew up among the peasantry, and attracted attention wherever she went by her singular beauty and grace. She was very devoted to her mother, and won the love of all people by her wit, sympathy, and charity; and yet she was peculiar. There were times when she seemed to be absent from herself, to lose the consciousness of things around her, and to live in a dream. When her mother spoke to her in these moods, she would start up and say, 'Oh, mother, where was I? I have been away.'

"An English gentleman, a wealthy bachelor of a worthy family, took a villa or château that overlooked Lake Leman, at a place near to the widow's cottage. His name was Cyril. He was possessed of a fine face and manner; was very susceptible, amiable, and generous; and he won the affection of the French and Swiss peasants. He liked to make picnics for these people on Mt. Salève and in the wood overlooking the junction of the Arve and the Rhone, and at one of these picnics he chanced to meet Lucia Van Ness; and, delighted with her fresh beauty and amiable simplicity, he showed her much attention. The girl

immediately fell madly in love with him, and from that time her only thought seemed to be how she might see him or meet him. She would loiter about his gates to see him pass out in his carriage, and to receive the kindly recognition that he gave to those whom he knew. Her earnest face began to haunt him in his thoughts of companionship as no other ever had done. She used to go with her old mother on sunny afternoons to Voltaire's Garden, which was open to the public, and sit on the seats that commanded the magnificent mountain view. Cyril once met her there, and they passed together through the long covered arbor, among the ivies and myrtles, and curious outlooks to the vistas cut in the hedge walls.

"Her soul in that walk appealed to him. She became the vision of his love. He came to feel that his happiness in life was at the mercy of this simple and beautiful French girl, and one day he came to her cottage and said to the widow:

"'I wish to see your daughter alone this evening, and to pay her the greatest honor that a man can offer to a woman. Have I your consent?'

"'I would not deny my daughter a crown,' said the old French lady, overwhelmed with surprise.

"That night he declared his love to Lucia. She received such a shock of joy that she fell at his feet, saying:

"'This is too much! I only wish that I could die for you. I have no will but yours.'

"The wedding was planned. It was to take place in one of the churches in Geneva; and Cyril was so pleased with the spirit of his bride that he wished to make the event a notable one. He bestowed upon the girl the most beautiful presents. But it was observed that she had not been herself since the shock of joy that followed the young man's avowal of his love. There were times that she seemed to forget who she was; to

lose, as it were, her identity; and to recover from the state of mental absence as from a trance or dream.

"The wedding-day came. The little village was like a holiday, all the peasant folk were so happy, and the simple French women were so proud of the bride. The bells rang out, and all hearts beat with the bells. The church doors opened, and a crowd filled the church amid pealing music and strewings of flowers.

"Cyril's coach waited at the door of the cottage, and in it the bridegroom watched for that door to open under the vines. It did not open, but the bells rang on. The bridegroom's face was framed in the coach door.

"A man, at last, who had come out of a back door, appeared in the hedge rows.

"'Why does she not come?' gasped Cyril.

"'It is awful!' said the man.

"'What is awful?' asked Cyril, with white face, leaping out of the coach.

"'Haven't they told you?' said the man.

"'They have told me nothing. For God's sake, what has happened?'

"'*She* has gone mad.'

"So it was. When the bells were filling the streets with joy, and she did not appear, they had forced open the door of her room, and her mother had found her there on her bed, lying in a heap, her bridal dress and veil and flowers wrapped around her. She lifted her hands and cried:

"'My brain burns; I cannot bear it! This is too much. Let me die!'

"Presently she knew no one, not even her mother.

"There was no wedding. The bells ceased ringing. The news of what had happened stopped the joyous pulse-beat of every heart. People looked into each other's faces. There were

tears in many eyes. The people all gathered in the street before the door.

"Cyril rushed into the house. She did not know him. The old mother fell into his arms. He pressed her to his bosom, and said:

"'I am a man of honor, and be she mad or sane, I will marry her. She will be better soon. Oh, my Lucia, that this should come to thee!'

"She recovered slowly. Cyril became her nurse, and he privately married her.

"They were happy for some years, when she became strange at times, and people saw that a shadow was coming. She became jealous of Cyril without cause, and her love turned into hatred. She for a time avoided him, and refused to speak to him, and she then made an attempt to take his life.

"What was he to do?

"He brought the case to me.

"'Let me take her to Gheel,' I said, 'the Belgian miracle-town, and find a place there with some experienced *hôte* where she would have rest and quiet in the wide, still country, and pure open air.'

"'Yes, but she can have quiet and good air in the Alpine valleys.'

"'Her imagination is disordered,' I said. 'Gheel corrects the imagination beyond any place that I ever knew.'

"'How is that?' he asked.

"'The open air, as I said, the plain, nourishing food, the atmosphere of hope and sympathy, the religious faith, the sight of restored people, all favorably affect the deranged fancy. That is the place for her. Let me take her away.'

"I brought her here. She talked constantly about the cruelty and tyranny of her husband on the way.

"Lucia's cloud began to lift at Gheel. But, as it did so, she

seemed to have forgotten Cyril. He visited her, but she received him as a stranger. She recalled that she had had a husband, but she did not associate him with Cyril.

"Her mother died in these dark days, but she seemed to have forgotten that she had had a mother. Thus a year passed.

"'Did you ever know a case like mine?' she would ask, pitifully, when there came to her a dim consciousness that she was a patient here.

"There was a case at Gheel that somewhat resembled hers, and as soon as this patient began to recover, I saw in the experience a ray of hope for her. The woman was called Annie.

"I placed poor Lucia under the charge of this woman, who had been subject to like illusions. As soon as they met, Lucia seemed to become cheerful. I noted the change, and sent for Cyril.

"I recall the meeting well. Cyril came to Gheel, and following my directions he sat down upon the bank under the lindens at her hour for a walk.

"The old beauty had come back to her face. It was early summer, and the birds were singing in the fields, and she herself approached us that day humming some scrap of a song.

"As she came up to us she stopped. She spoke to me in a very cheerful way; then looked Cyril full in the face, and said: 'I seem to have met you somewhere before. I have seen you in my *dreams*.'

"'I have come here hoping to meet you,' said Cyril. 'Do you not know me?'

"She stepped back; her eyes swam with tears.

"'Then you do pity me, don't you?'

"'Yes, Lucia.'

"'And you will undertake my case?'

"'Yes. What case, Lucia?'

"'You will protect me from him, from *him*. I do not seem

to remember now; from him who was my enemy. They used to say that he was my husband, or something like that, but he was not; he never was. I feel sure that you will protect me. Will you come and see me at the cottage?'

"The two went back to the cottage hand in hand. They talked long and lovingly together, and as they parted, she said to me:

"'I am happy again. This man has promised to be my protector.'

"Day after day Cyril went to see her, and many were the long walks that they took under the lindens.

"One day I met her, and she touched my arm and said:

"'Doctor, I have a secret to tell you. It makes me so happy. *I am engaged.*'

"'Engaged? To whom?'

"'To Cyril! It is a good engagement. He has a true heart, and if there be a heaven, it was paved in gold for such as he.'

"'He is a true man,' said I.

"'Yes, he is a true man,' she added. 'And he will be good to me.'

"'He surely will.'

"'May I go away with him?'

"'You may. That would be a wise thing to do. I know Cyril. He will always be good to you. I am glad that you are going away together.'

"Cyril had courted his wife again, and had again received from her the promise of her love.

"I honor the man who is true to his wife under all conditions and circumstances in such a case of irresponsible mental affliction, who suffers from her and with her, and whose heart never forgets the vow at the altar. His experience will ennoble his life, and make the vista of it an everlasting support for his own infirmities.

" Cyril called in a priest one day, and he joined the hands of the two, and blessed them, and told them that they were husband and wife.

" Ten years of happiness passed in this newly wedded love, and then the poor woman withered, and one day she lay dying.

"' Cyril, I am nearing the gates. I have been looking out on the Alpine glow; it is the last time. I had a husband once, before you. My mind became weak, and a darkness came into it; I was not myself — I did not treat him well. It hurts me now to think of it. I did not treat him well. He was good to me, but I was not myself.'

"' Lucia, what was his name?'

"' His name was — I have tried to remember his name. It comes to me now. His name was Cyril — like yours. He lived on the borders of Lake Leman, near Geneva. I loved him. We used to walk together in the garden of Voltaire-Ferney. Did you ever know him?'

"' Yes, Lucia, I know him well.'

"' Cyril, come here. I did not treat him well — I was not myself. You do pity me, don't you? Could you find him and send him to me? Is he near?'

"' Yes, Lucia?'

"' Then go, Cyril, go. Send him to me. I want to tell him that I was not myself, that there came a great darkness upon me, and I was lost in life. I can die easy then. God knows that I have done the best I could in life! You do pity me?'

" He left the room. As he was going out, she said:

"' Send him alone.'

" He presently returned. She put out her hands.

"' You are Cyril, my old husband long gone. I can see that you are. Do you remember the picnic on the Salève, and the garden, and the lake?'

"' Yes, Lucia, I remember them well.'

"'The bells rung. We did not marry then; but you were true. You loved and pitied me. I turned against you — my mind lost its power. I was tempted, and I did not know. You will forgive me, won't you?'

"'It was all overlooked long ago. There was nothing to forgive. You were sick.'

"'Go and call Cyril.'

"He went out, and came back again.

"'He has forgiven me, and now I forgive everybody; and may God forgive me! I am going; I feel life leaving me. You have been true to me. He was true, and you have been true, and I did the best I could in the darkness. Go and call Cyril again. I want to see you both. You both have been true.'

"He left her, and presently returned, and stood in the door.

"'You are Cyril. Both of you are Cyril? I see now; both of you are Cyril, and you have been true! Oh, this is too much! I am too happy to bear it; I do not deserve such happiness as this. I am going fast.' Her face brightened. 'Cyril, do you remember Gheel?'

"'Yes, Lucia, and the gardens and the fields and the windmills.'

"'And the linden-trees. I was healed at Gheel; only my memory was not left right. Do you know what it was that healed me? It was Annie's hand. *She* had been like me, and she could feel for me. In cases like mine it is sympathy that saves. You brought Annie to me.

"'How serene and happy I was when healing came and I used to walk under the linden-trees! I can hear the winds there now, and the ripple of the leaves, and all the birds singing.

"'I can feel Annie's hand still. Let me take yours. I am faint; I am going now. Take me by the hand once more. The bells are ringing; there will be no disappointment there, where I am going.'

"She breathed feebly.

"'Cyril, I can feel your hand. It — is — growing — dark, but I can feel your hand, and you have led me all the way in the sunlight and in the shadow. Your heart is beating in your hand, and, Cyril, oh, Cyril, I am so happy in the shadow, your — hand — has — been — true.'

"They carried her body back to the little village on Lake Leman, and the old French bell that had rung out for her wedding tolled forty times; and the peasants stripped the roses from their gardens and covered with them the new earth of her grave."

The story told among the lindens of Gheel that whispered of hope in the green garden of the sands of the sea had for my ears this simple interpretation: the power of the human heart to make a better imagination is one of the most transforming influences of life. This is the lever of uplifting hands everywhere, and this is one of the secrets of the miracles of beautiful Gheel in the Campine.

In the German towns Mrs. Barnard and Lucy stopped to visit the kindergarten schools. Mrs. Barnard had helped to fill Boston with sand gardens for children, and she wished to see the German Kinderplatz. Such visits delayed the way to Russia, to which the boys were impatient to go.

"Why are we spending so much time at play gardens?" asked Charles of his father and mother, at Berlin.

His father gave him a very definite answer.

"Because," said he, "primary-school education is the foundation of national character. Your mother and Lucy in Germany are studying what is best in the new system of education."

Mrs. Barnard related some incidents which revealed to the boys the value of the German children's gardens.

"'Primary-school education is the foundation of national character,' said Sarmiento, President of the Argentina Republic and the great apostle of South American development by the means of North American Normal Schools. He had read the works of Horace Mann, and he saw the possibilities of South America in the vision that arose in the study of these works. He was sent to the United States as Argentine minister while his philosophical opinions were forming. Here he enjoyed the friendship of Charles Sumner, and came to the conclusion that the States owed their force of progress to their school system.

"That the great Argentine was right in his view of the influence and value of the primary school is the opinion of all clear observers. The republic of childhood is the republic of young manhood, and that is the republic of the age and of the future. But Sarmiento saw that something was yet needed in our admirable school system; that memory education alone does not really educate. 'Memory education,' in effect, said Pestalozzi, 'is nothing but instruction.' The education of the heart and conscience must come first in true primary-school education. This Sarmiento saw, and the North American primary school in South America has been replaced in Buenos Ayres, Santiago, and Callao by the beginnings of kindergarten education, which seeks to put the principles of the Sermon on the Mount of Beatitudes into the conduct of the child; to model the child to live, rather than to get a living, for he who lives rightly will get a living.

"Dom Pedro of Brazil saw education in the same light, and took with him from New York a company of kindergarten teachers, with whom he hoped to begin a new education in Brazil, founded on character-building principles.

"After the fall of Prussia before Napoleon I., Queen Louisa saw the educational needs of the empire on the Rhine. The king said in her hearing: 'We must have a new education to

CHINESE COLOR-BEARER.

make a new generation of men.' 'Let me send a company of students to Pestalozzi at Yverdon,' said the queen. Pestalozzi's institute under the Jura, in the great old castle overlooking the purple Neuchatel, made character-building the first work of the teacher. The queen sent the students. Two generations passed. Napoleon III. went down before Prussia, and philosophers said, 'It was Pestalozzi who did it!'

"People to-day are everywhere saying, in regard to our present stage of national development: 'We must have a new education to make a new generation of men.' Memory education alone does not educate. Our old system of primary school education was modelled after the administration of a kingdom rather than a republic. As a rule, old-time primary schools were absolute monarchies. The child was not developed; he was merely taught to obey, or else to feel the rod.

"A change in primary-school education, after the visions of Queen Louisa, Cousin, Sarmiento, Dom Pedro, and of noble Elizabeth Peabody, is making its influence felt in every American city and town. The new education bears the belittling name of 'kindergarten,' but it has for its basis the deepest and most beneficent principles of philosophy. The name 'kindergarten' used to stand for a play school in the popular imagination; it now represents the Pestalozzian-Froebel philosophy, which must become a controlling influence in our system of education, if the republic is to have character and live. The kindergarten principle of education is one of the most important topics that can engage the public mind; the hopes of the new age are in it. It is to lead a Kindergarten Age.

"This education has character, not accomplishments and money-making, for its end. Its method is to 'learn by doing.' The happiest moment in a child's life is that in which it says, 'See what I have made!' or, 'See what I have made for you!' To create things for the happiness of others is the true child

life, and so the playground is made to train the soul for true-hearted living. The individuality of the pupil is made sacred to the teacher, and each child is developed after his own gift, as though there were no other child in the world. Boston once had twenty-seven kindergarten schools — charities. These schools became a part of the public school system and multiplied. The mere charitable kindergartens in that city are now largely sustained by the churches; the city controls the others; and one may to-day see there sand gardens provided by the school board for the children of the poor, and kindergarten rooms filled, in some places, largely with Jewish children, sustained by churches that have awakened to the new needs of the age.

"There are reasons why an American traveller should study kindergarten in Germany. People should seek for the best methods of helping human needs in every country in order to perfect them in their own country. I shall study the beginnings of kindergarten in China."

"Kindergartens in China!" exclaimed Lucy. "Are there such schools there? If China could be filled with kindergartens what would be their influence?"

"Look at Switzerland," said Mrs. Barnard.

"Switzerland, in which republics and schools were born, presents a model in this rapidly developing system of education. She claims to owe her happy social condition to her school principles and methods. In Switzerland all children are educated for the protection of the character of the state. The Swiss republic has made perpetual treaties of peace with the European powers, so that revenues which otherwise might go to standing armies might be used for educational purposes. She gives the veto power to the people. The republic has abolished capital punishment, and put the restraints of reformation in place of the gallows. In some cases, she pensions her faithful

teachers. She is the true children's land. Out of some eighty-five thousand heads of families, about sixty-five thousand own property. The republic claims that these favorable conditions are due to her schools.

"These schools teach equality. This is no unimportant lesson at the present time. Gladstone advocated the cause of Afghanistan and of South Africa against England, on the ground that the British Empire could not afford to break the law of equal rights. This teaching lies at the foundation of the stability of all Christian countries."

She added: "I believe that missionary work in China in the near future will take the form of the kindergarten school."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GREAT ASIAN TEA FAIR OF NIJNI-NOVGOROD

Our tourists to the industrial centres went to Hamburg, an easy journey by rail, and thence to Moscow, another easy journey. Here they were in the city of tragic histories and jewels and bells. Here, even in summer, the sun shone cold, like the light in the jewels. They visited the splendid churches, the famous Kremlin, and then went out of the old capital by rail to attend the gatherings from all Asia at the great fair-ground at Nijni-Novgorod.

Edna Dean Proctor says in a spirited poem on the Fair:

"Now, by the Tower of Babel,
Was ever such a crowd!"

The great Asian fair, here on the banks of the Volga, has been held for centuries. It opens in mid-summer, and may gather here a million people in a season. One may find all Asia here, in representatives, but especially China, India, and Tartar Russia.

"Here stalk Siberian hunters,
There tents a Kirgis clan
By mournful-eyed Armenians
From wave-girt Astrakan,
And Russ and Pole and Tartar,
And mounted Cossack proud!
Now, by the Tower of Babel,
Was ever such a crowd!"

The party stopped at the Hotel Russie, a mile or more from the streets of the fair. These streets were once the variety store of Asia.

The people came here in clans and travelling companies of bartering traders.

In midsummer the caravans from China and the Oxus could be seen swaying over the ocean-like plains toward the lower Novgorod of the Volga. A thousand camels came. Boats from hundreds of towns and many provinces crowded the Volga. There was one place where a student from the West could see Asia in miniature — it was here.

China sent here her choicest teas — "caravan teas." Tea was the greatest of all the commodities of the fair. It was also the luxury of the fair.

"Russian tea" — how is it made? A few choice tea leaves and a bit of lemon constitute the beverage. It is drunk while nibbling a lump of hard sugar, held in the hand, and is taken in this way very slowly.

China, in old days, may be said to have "unloaded" her teas at Nijni. Here were streets of tea shops, and "story-telling hongs," where tea was tasted for the market, before general distribution. Here was the trading-place for furs, from wolf skins to sables. The poor hunter bartered his furs for fabrics and teas.

Nights here were full of festivities, — dancing girls, gypsies, jugglers, and entertainers of all kinds made a vast vaudeville under the moon and stars.

Ah Hue was at home here. He began his interesting instructions by explaining to the Barnards and Louis the choice teas, how they were grown, cured, packed, and conveyed by caravan, and the "brick tea," a coarse and cheap brand, which was pressed hard into "bricks," and sold at a low cost to poor people.

TEA

THE cultivation of tea extends over more than a thousand years, and half the world drinks it. Its origin is ascribed to a pious Buddhist who sacrificed his beard, threw it upon the ground, where it sprung up and produced a plant which would bring joy to the heart. The plant is really a cultivated wild shrub and evergreen, some three to five feet high. It has pretty flowers, and black and green tea may be made from the leaves of the same plant. It is a hardy plant of exuberant growth.

Tea meets some yet unknown need of the human system, and its use is becoming universal.

An early Chinese writer has said all that is known in favor of the use of tea:

"It tempers the spirits, harmonises the mind, dispels lassitude, relieves fatigue, awakens thought, prevents drowsiness, refreshes the body, and clears the perceptive faculties."

These things, if true, must make the herb indeed a benefaction, and may well commend it to the poets, as it has done, and make it worthy of a silver porringer. The claims may, perhaps, be summed up in a single sentence, — tea contains tannin.

In 1677, the East India Company began to import tea to England. The herb, as a beverage, grew in favor, and the profits of the trade in value.

China consumes some two hundred million pounds of tea annually, and yet is waking up from her long quiet. The use of tea in England and her colonies, in Russia and in the United States, grows with the populations of these countries. There is not likely to arise any substitute for it, and while the world drinks it, China can hardly fail to prosper in supplying the common need. Her silk trade may fail or be superseded, but never her tea.

Henry Charles Sirr, M. A., in his great work on China and the Chinese, presents the curious facts that underlie the process of tea curing — the secret of the process by which the leaves of this common shrub are made to affect the human system in all lands so agreeably.

The delightful flavor of tea is the result of art.

Of this art, Mr. Sirr says in easy descriptive language:

"The leaves of the tea-plant, when newly gathered, do not in the least resemble the dry leaves, either in odor or flavor; they have not either a sharp, aromatic, or bitter taste. Their highly prized qualities of pleasant taste and delightful odor, which they afterward exhibit, are the effects of roasting, by which the leaves are dried, and of manipulation. We need not be surprised at the effect produced by roasting upon the tea-leaves, as every one knows that unroasted coffee possesses naught of the agreeable aroma for which it is peculiar after having undergone the process.

"Had a certain writer, formerly the East Indian Company's tea-taster at Canton, been aware of the various modes of preparing the leaves, he would not have expressed his astonishment how any one, who had been in China, and who had only seen the different infusions of green and black tea, can consider both kinds of tea the leaves of one and the same plant. Let any one take a number of leaves of various sorts of tea, as they come to us in trade, soften them in hot water, and lay them side by side, and he will be convinced that there are not any distinguishing characteristics between the various kinds of black and green teas. But, although we think that it is clearly established that all kinds of tea are prepared from the same species of Thea, yet these various teas are grown and prepared each one in a particular district. In one we find the green, in another the black, in a third the tea is found in almost a globular form, and in a fourth it is a little curled; just like the vine, which is almost

everywhere the same species, from which is produced such an infinite variety of wines, all differing in flavor and bouquet.

THE STORY OF TEA

"THE flower of the tea-shrub is white, composed of five leaves, and in shape is similar to the rose, and the berry resembles a small, moist nut. There are four gatherings of the black tea. The first is in early spring, when the young, delicate, and succulent leaves are plucked, from which the Pekoe tea is made. The second takes place about the 20th of April, when the leaves are large, which produces fragrant, full-flavored tea. The third is about the 6th of June, after the leaves have shot out anew; this tea has little smell, is weak in flavor, and of a very dark color. The fourth takes place after the summer solstice, and another crop of leaves has sprung forth, and this tea is coarse in smell, but of a lighter color than the last.

"Green teas, known in Europe, grow in the south of the province of Kiang-Nan, and may be classed, according to Mr. Ball, under the heads of Hyson and Singlo, the former being only the same shrub improved by cultivation and soil, taken from the high grounds and planted in the valleys round the embankment of fields, and manured, and now designated 'hill' and 'garden' teas. There are two gatherings of the leaves of the green teas, one between the middle of April and the first of May, and the other at the summer solstice. The tea is rendered superior by being roasted immediately after the gathering, and previous exposure to the atmosphere or the sun is very injurious. Those which cannot be thus treated are, therefore, lightly spread over a brick floor, or, if this is not practicable, they are placed upon shaded stands, in bamboo trays; in the

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latter case, a woman constantly examines the trays, and if she observes any indication of their heating or turning yellow, they must be instantly turned.

"The *kuo*, used for roasting Hyson tea, is also a thin, cast-iron vessel; the inside is bright from friction. It is much deeper than that formerly described, being ten inches in depth, and is set five inches below the level of the brickwork. It has several flat protuberances, answering the purpose of handles, by which it is built into the brickwork. Its diameter is sixteen inches. A wood fire is lighted beneath, and the *kuo* is made nearly red-hot, half a pound of leaves is thrown in, and the steam which arises is considerable. A crackling noise is heard on their being thrown into the *kuo*, the workman keeping them constantly stirred with his hand, the heat obliging him to change hands repeatedly. After each turn he raises the leaves half a foot above the stove, shaking them on his hand; this is continued almost as long as the operator can bear the heat. He finally turns them three or four times round the vessel, collects them in a heap, and throws them into a basket held by a man at his side. Any leaves remaining in the *kuo* are instantly removed with a damp cloth.

"The leaves are then rolled, as described in the same process for black tea, the balls are then shaken out, and the workmen manipulate the leaves, rolling them between their hands by drawing the right hand over the left, using a little pressure, thereby causing the leaves to twist regularly the same way. After this, having been spread on sieves, they are carried into a cooling room. If they cannot be immediately re-roasted, they must be turned in the sieves to prevent them from becoming yellow, but the sooner they are roasted after the rolling, the better.

"It is rather a curious fact, nevertheless a *true bill*, that in China good tea can rarely, if ever, be purchased by retail; in

short, unless you are lucky enough to have a friend among the merchants, who will procure a small chest of tea for you, the infusion or decoction made from the trash too often sold retail in China, under the denomination of tea, will be neither refreshing to the frame nor pleasant to the palate, and you may wish in vain, in the tea country, for a good cup of tea, wishing *that you may get it.* The finest and most delicious teas are never exported, being of too expensive a character, as the value of these teas is calculated by an equal weight of silver; thus a catty of tea is sold for a catty of silver.[1] These teas are usually bought by the mandarins and wealthy, either for their own consumption, or for *cum-shaws* (presents). Some of this tea was presented to us, and the delicious flavor and aroma of the same is deeply engraved or engrafted on the tablets of our mental organization, and the heart of our memory.

"Many of the mandarins and wealthy are as curious in their collection of teas as our connoisseurs of the juice of the grape are in their cellars of wine. The amateur of tea will feel as much pride, and derive as much pleasure from the commendation of a judicious friend, who has tasted his various teas, as an Englishman would experience after producing his various wines, and receiving the praises of a good judge. Notwithstanding this national taste for teas, a Chinaman is by no means a member of the temperance society, as all we have come across have a great partiality for liquors, more especially cherry brandy, which is the favorite tipple of a Chinaman, belong he to what class he may; of this beverage, a Chinaman will imbibe an incredibly large quantity in a very small space of time.

"The mode of making tea in China is similar to that by which coffee is made in Turkey, namely, by putting the ingredient into the vessel from which it is to be drank. The tea-leaves are put into a small cup or bowl, which has a lid or cover, boil-

[1] A catty is about one pound and a quarter.

ing water is poured over it, and instantly covered, to prevent the escape of the aroma. In about five minutes, they consider the infusion as complete, and drink the tea without the addition of either milk or sugar. The bowl, or cup, is usually placed in a small filigree silver stand, somewhat the shape of a boat. These stands, or saucers, are frequently most beautifully and curiously enamelled, or chased; the lid of the bowl is used as a spoon, the tea being sipped from it after it has been dipped out of the cup."

The above description suggests that the tea habit may lead to the use of stronger beverages. But this subject, important as it is, we must leave to the sociologist.

CHAPTER XV.

A DESERT INN

THERE was an immense tea-shop or "hong" at Nijni, at which traders from all countries used to gather. It was a tea-drinking, story-telling place, and there the party were wont to come on sunny afternoons and early evenings, and there some curious stories of a light and amusing kind were told. One of these was by an old English traveller and trader.

A TALE OF THE CARAVAN TEA

AN inn stood on the verge of the Desert of Gobi. It was near a town where caravans rested. The caravans carried teas into Russia, and returned with money, and the innkeeper became rich, and was a collector of the customs, and everything that he touched seemed to turn into gold. He was a Jew, and was called Jocobi. He was somewhat avaricious, and his avarice grew with his gains.

The place was called the Caravansary of Jocobi the Jew.

It grew in size. It was at first a walled house with beaten floors, where the post riders could throw down their mail-bags and lie down in their blankets and rest after a dust storm.

Jocobi spread white tents around it, and made a walled garden there.

Queer people lodged there, wanderers, fakirs, Buddhist priests, people with arms, bows, exiles from Russia, outcasts from Siberia,

China, and India, strange Tartars of whom no one seemed to know. Such people came with the night and went with the day. They were as worlds to themselves.

But for whatever service he rendered these people of the fierce sun and the dust storms, Jocobi made large charges, and his clayey walls and white tents enlarged.

I once made a contract with some English people to take them over the desert. It was in the days of the Caravan Tea.

There had arisen an opinion in England that caravan teas, or those brought to near posts by caravans, were better than those shipped from Canton or Hong Kong. So the people of wealth and luxury were willing to pay liberal prices for them. The name sounded well; it created a great expectation by suggestion.

These Englishmen were seeking a way to export teas by caravans, to be sold in English markets at large profits.

So we set out from purple Pekin and came to the Desert Inn.

I had never met Jocobi before, and I found him all smiles, and a very spirit of accommodation. He said:

"Hospitality, thy name is the Desert Inn. It makes my heart light to offer the hospitality of mine inn to the English. The people of the white isle, old Albion, are a great people; they appreciate hospitality; my best mats are yours; you shall be feasted here, and shall drink caravan teas, made in the cup by Boabditti."

Then he called, "Boabditti!"

A man with a dark visage, all bows and smiles, appeared.

"You will make for these English merchants caravan tea."

Boabditti soon reappeared. He brought in cups of steaming tea. They filled the great room with fragrance, as they were set down on little tables about the place.

Next Jocobi offered the choicest cigars, imported from Havana in the blue Antilles, — the finest in all the world.

Figs were brought.

"These came from Smyrna," said Jocobi; "I furnish no others to travellers who come here from the West. I only offer my best to travellers from the West. Great and renowned is the hospitality of the Desert Inn. The traveller, he wrap his cloak about him in the dark storm of the desert, but heaven herself wraps her divine mantle about him when he sinks down to rest in the Desert Inn. Jocobi, he haf a heart for the comfort of all mankind."

The supper was ample for a desert inn.

"I serves chops for Englishmen," said Jocobi. "The Buddhist he no eats flesh, but I know what it is that the Englishmen like, and I put my whole heart to serve the people after their habit. I eats sheep myself."

Wines, — he served the finest to those of the party who used wines.

"There are no wines in all the East so fine as those at the Desert Inn," said he, "and nothing is too good for the Englishmen from the throne of the seas."

His divans were covered with choice silks, and his mats were deftly woven, and were picture parables.

"We have not met in all the world greater hospitality than here," said one of the Englishmen on the next morning, when coffee filled the dining-room with fragrance. "I should like to stay here for a week."

There was a New Englander in the party of five. He asked a question that presented a new thought to the Englishmen among all this boundless Oriental hospitality.

"I wonder what the Jocobi will charge us," asked he.

"Probably nothing," said one of the Englishmen. "This inn must stand for hospitality, and the Jew is rich. What arrangement did you make with him?" asked he of me.

"None," said I. "The way that he met us, with outstretched

arms and salams, took away my senses. I will ask him for his bill for tea, breakfast, and lodging, saying that we will leave the place before noon."

So I went to his desk, and he pondered with uplifted finger.

"I have been thinking," said he.

He continued to think, and set down items and thought again.

"Caravan tea," he said, "that caravan tea costs money."

"All tea is caravan tea here," said I.

"Not unless it is going to England," said he.

I saw the difference.

He at last came to me with his bill.

"I should be lof (loath) to charge the gentlemen from the West anything, but all of the foods I have furnished are very expensive. Each little item represents, it does, the best that the world can afford. I haf here charged you a sovereign apiece for some little figs, but they came from the gardens of a palace, by Smyrna's far waters. The ship that brought them cost money, and the pilot was drowned. And the sheeps, they came from England, in cans, in boxes, and they are the sheeps of the lord of the isle. It is much I haf to charge you for them. I get such things for hospitality. I serve the world, not for mine own self, but for hospitality. I gif Englishmen my best. I honor and love the English."

"How much is your bill?" I asked.

"It am twenty pound, just that for the sake of hospitality. That is a moderate charge, a very moderate charge, considering what you have had; the caravans, the ships, the sheeps of the English lord, and all."

"An hundred dollars for supper, breakfast, and lodging for six people!" exclaimed the New Englander. "I won't pay it — or my part of it. This is outrageous."

"A clear swindle," said one of the Englishmen. "I will not pay my part of it. I will appeal to the judge."

"You will appeal to the judge?" said Jocobi. "Well, then, appeal to the judge. I am agreed."

"I will appeal to the judge," said another Englishman.

"Very well," and Jocobi began to laugh. "You will appeal to the judge." He sat down.

"Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho! well, that makes me shake — it is so comical — you will appeal to the judge!"

"Yes, you desert villain," said Englishman number two.

"He, he, ho! — that makes me laugh. You will appeal to the judge!"

"Yes," said Englishman number one, a portly man, and the leader of the party of travellers, "I will appeal to the judge, and he shall let the law take its course. You are a desert robber. I will go to the judge now."

"Well, go — ha, ha, ha! — ho, ho! — go."

The portly Englishman began to turn around in perplexity. Then he turned to Jocobi.

"Will you submit the case to the judge?"

"Jocobi will submit the case to the judge. He loves justice."

"Will you go with us to the judge?"

"I will go with you."

"Is he a just man?"

"He is a just man — he will see that Jocobi has his pay for spreading out all the best that the world affords before his guests. He knows the value of caravan teas, and figs from Smyrna, and wines that are forty years old. He is a just man, and he will render you justice, and —"

"Are you sure?"

"I am sure."

"Well, we will submit the case to him."

"That is good — so will I, and you will abide by his decision?"

"We will abide by his decision," said the portly Englishman.

"Come, let us go. How far shall we have to go? Is it very far to the judge?"

"No very far," said Jocobi.

"Where is the judge's office?" asked the portly Englishman.

"It is here."

"In the Desert Inn?"

"In the Desert Inn."

"What is the judge's name?"

"Jocobi."

"Not you?"

"The same. The Viceroy he seeks for a just judge for the desert. So he finds me here, and he makes me judge. I have decided your case already: it is one twenty pounds for the choicest service on earth — caravans, ships, sheeps; it is benevolence — it is hospitality. I serve the world. You will pay me the one hundred dollar. So decides the judge, and you said that you would abide by his decision."

The twenty pounds were paid, and I received a lesson which I have never forgotten, but have often turned to good advantage in life.

At Nijni Mrs. Barnard obtained a glimpse of the great empire of the Czar. She admired the Czar for the peace efforts that he had made. A tradition of the imperial family came to her at Moscow, and she gave it to verse.

THE WHITE CZARS THREE

I.

ALEXANDER I.

Alexander, Czar of the Russias,
To the princes of Vladimir's Halls:
"O princes, my mantle hangs heavy,
And to you my conscience calls.
To the golden tombs and hollow
Soon Death will summon me;
Go, — free the serf from bondage,
And the world from carnage free!"

To the golden tombs and hollow,
To the dusty tombs and cold,
They bore the Czar, "The Blessed,"
'Mid lamps of burning gold.
But thoughts of high suggestion
Are impearled in deeds sublime,
And words of conscience ever
Burn into stars of time!

II.

ALEXANDER II.

It was midnight on the Finland,
And o'er the wastes of snow,
From the crystal sky of Winter
The lamps of God hung low.
A sea of ice was the Neva,
In the white light of the stars,
And it locked in its arms of silence
The city of the Czars.

The palace was wrapped in shadow,
And, dark in the starlit space,
The monolith rose before it
From its battle-trophied base,

And the cross that crowned the column
Seemed reaching to the stars
O'er the white streets, hushed in silence,
Round the palace of the Czars.

The chapel's mullioned windows
Are flushed with a sudden light;
Who comes to the shadowy altar
In the silence of the night?
What prince with a deep heart burden
Approaches the jewelled shrine?
'Tis thy son, O Nicholas, faithful
To thy visioned thought divine!

In that still church strains celestial,
Like Bethlehem's, fill his ears,
And the mystic words, "Good tidings"
And "Peace on Earth" he hears.
The priests hear not the voices
As the golden lamps low swing,
But kneel by the muffled stranger,
In whose prayers the angels sing.

'Tis the Czar, whose word in the morning
Shall make the Russias free,
From the Neva to the Ural,
From the Steppe to the winter sea;
Who speaks, and a thousand steeples
Ring freedom to every man, —
From the serf on the white Ladoga,
To the fisher of Astrachan.

The morn sets its crowns of rubies
In snows of turret and spire,
And far shines the sea of Finland,
Its crystal plains mingled with fire.
Ring, bells on the Neva and Volga,
Ye bells of the Caspian Sea:
For a Voice in the morning aurora
Has set the Russias free!

III.

NICHOLAS II.

The martyr, Alexander ;
  The nobles bear his bier
Down the golden tombs and hollow
  Of the Halls of Vladimir !
Still over war-spent Europe
  War holds her sullen reign,
And sink in purple oceans
  The shattered ships of Spain.

A trump rends the air of the Norlands ;
  It rings from the Baltic clear ;
It rises in white auroras
  O'er the halls of Vladimir.
The Aryan race it summons
  The world from war to free !
Who blows Heaven's victor trumpets?
  The last of the White Czars three !

The last Czar heard the call in the heavens
  And God's own trumpet took,
And filled all the lands with its music,
  And the fortressed nations shook ;
Then sunk on his throne, glory-smitten,
  His work in the call but begun,
But thy ukase, Seer of the Finland,
  Shall follow the march of the sun !

For each thought of high suggestion
  Is impearled in deeds sublime ;
The words of conscience ever
  Burn into stars of time ;
And the silver trump that sounded
  In the white auroras forth,
The world to peace shall waken,
  O messenger of the North!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SIBERIAN RAILROAD—THE NEW WAY AROUND THE WORLD

After a week or more at Lower Novgorod, during the gathering for the opening of the Fair, our tourists prepared to go to Stretinsk, on their way to Manchuria, Corea, and Pekin.

The journey by rail, as arranged at Moscow, would be from Moscow to Stretinsk, with Yaman Tau, Omsk, Tomsk, Krasnoyarsk, and Irkutsk by the way. At Stretinsk, the party would take the steamer for the Amoor, and would proceed by the Amoor to Khabarovka, and thence by rail to Vladivostok. The fare from Moscow, first-class, would be 183 roubles, a rouble, or ruble, having the value of about fifty-seven cents in our coin, or one hundred copper copecks in Russian coin.

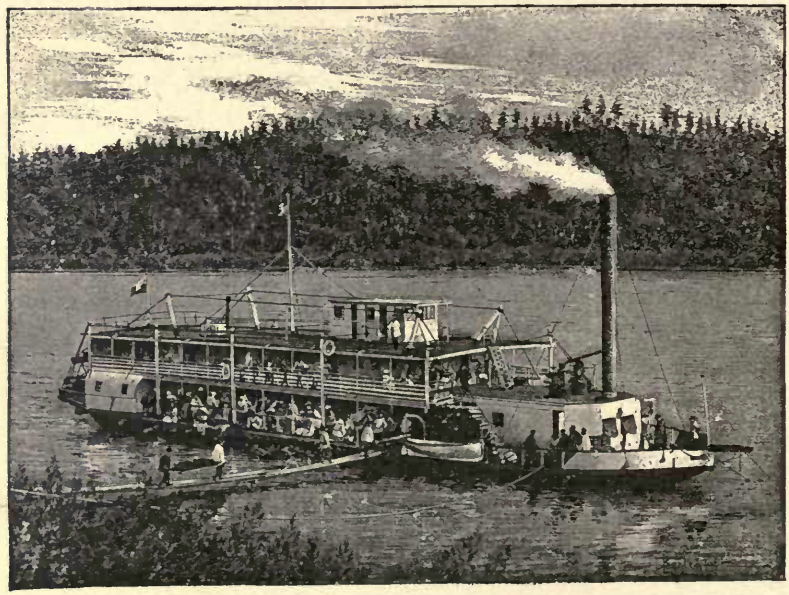
The second-class service, which is nearly as good as the first-class, would be considerably less. The trip of six thousand miles might be accomplished by this route for thirty dollars. The cost of living would be some three roubles a day, or less.

Vladivostok, metropolis of the northeast of the Russian Chinese world, is leaping into life, and should there ever again be naval contests in the world, it would seem likely they may be on the Sea of Japan or on the Yellow Sea. The scenery around the rising city is very noble, and our tourists had seen pictures of the place. The city has a rival in Port Arthur, not far distant, on the Yellow Sea.

The log-house villages along the railroad route are alive with hucksters, who offer bottles of milk for ten copecks (less than

ten cents), and hard-boiled eggs for less than ten cents a dozen, fried fish at low prices, black bread, and innocent beer. Many of these people are vegetarians, and some of them are dissenters from the Greek Church. In summer, flowers are offered for sale.

The better class of cars have sleeping-berths, or seats so



STEAMER ON THE AMOOR

constructed that they can be turned into "sleepers." The hard nine days' journey is made very comfortable, even in second-class travel. The third-class travel is rather hard, the fare being only about fourteen dollars.

The nine days' travel would have been weary, especially to Lucy, but the little girl asked Ah Hue for jataka, or other Oriental tales, and his store of such stories seemed to be end-

less. He told many of them to Lucy in these gray distances, where everything seemed the same, but the other English and American travellers listened to them in the little parlor on wheels.

THE MONEY POT, OR DON'T BURY YOUR GOLD IN ANOTHER MAN'S WOOD

THERE was an old landholder who had a girl wife and a son by a former marriage. He had married the girl because he was lonely; she looked up to him as a father, but was fond of young people, and after a time he became jealous of her association with those of her own age, and reasoned:

"As soon as I am dead she will marry a young man, and my gold will go to make some boor to live in luxury. This shall not be. I will bury my gold and leave nothing but my land on which my girl wife can live. Why should I leave her more?"

So he took with him a trusty slave, and went out to bury his gold in a money pot, and he said to his slave:

"I shall not hide the money in my own wood, but in my neighbor's wood. They might find it in my own wood."

So he went into the wood of his neighbor, who was also his friend, and buried his gold under a lusty tree, where was a hard rock.

And he said to his slave:

"My trusty servant, you have been true to me, and the noblest thing that can be said of any man is that he has a true heart. I want my young son to have my gold, and I would not have my young wife spend it on a second husband. You shall keep the secret of the treasure. When I am gone, and my son becomes of age, take my son here, and show him the place of the money pot, and tell him I loved him and was wise in providing for him."

So they buried the money under the spreading tree at the foot of the high, hard rock.

The old landholder died, and they searched for his gold, but could not find it, and the girl wife married again, and the old man's son became as a common servant to the new husband.

The former wife began to question the slave in regard to the old man's gold.

"It must be hidden on the place, and you must guess where it is," said she.

"If it be hidden on this place, I do not know where it is."

The son grew up and became of age, but the old man's friend and neighbor had died, and the wood and tree and the rock had been sold, and the new landholder of the place was a very testy man, but he had a legal mind, and they made him a judge.

One day the slave said to the old man's son:

"You are now of age, and I have a secret to tell you, — a secret that your father confided to me. I am going to take you to the place where he buried his gold in a money pot. It shall now be yours."

The old slave and the young man went to the wood with a spade, but the girl wife, who was a woman now, saw them going away together, each with a spade, and she followed them at a distance. She had long believed that the slave knew where the treasure was hidden.

She saw them go to the great tree in the wood, and begin to dig at the foot of the great rock. Then she came upon them like a fury.

"I have found you out," she cried. "The treasure was buried here to keep it from me. This shall not be. I will go back and call my husband. The treasure is mine. I will have justice, justice; I have been wronged, and the wrong should be righted."

So she went for her husband, and he came running to the place with a spade. He quickly found the money pot.

"It belongs to the son," said the slave.

"It belongs to me," said the wife.

"It belongs to my wife," said the husband, "and I will defend her rights with my life."

"Touch not the money pot," said the wife. "I will go and call the owner of the land; he is a judge, and he shall give judgment in the matter. Stay where you are by the rock."

The three awaited her return. She came back with the judge, the owner of the wood. The latter sat down on the rock under the tree to hear the case.

The slave said:

"My master buried the money pot here for the use of his son when he should become of age. He entrusted the secret to me."

The wife said: "The property of my husband was mine. He hid the treasure away from me and defrauded me. Now to whom does the gold belong?"

"To the owner of the land," said the judge. "It is mine."

The wife shrieked.

"He should not have buried his gold in another man's wood," said she.

"But the slave has been faithful, so I will divide the treasure with him."

The wife shrieked again.

"Never entrust to another man's estate what you should keep for yourself," said she.

The judge kept the treasure for a time, then divided it with the slave, and the slave divided his part of the treasure with the son.

The slave became wise and a counsellor. Among the wise things that he used to say was:

"Never bury your gold in another man's land, — we can never tell what may happen. The changes of life are many. Never fool yourself."

JATAKA STORY — THE ALARMED HARE

THERE was once a little hare who borrowed trouble. He sat under the sacred trees and thought much of the dangers of life. One day he thought this thought:

"If the earth were to fall, what would become of me?"

The thought greatly troubled him, when there dropped a mango from the tree.

"The earth is falling!" he said. "I will go and alarm the world."

He scampered off, and met another hare.

"Run," he said, "run for your life; the earth is falling!"

"Where is it falling?" asked the hare.

"I feel it, — run, run!"

The hare scampered after him, and they said to other hares:

"The earth is breaking up, — run!"

The hares all ran and told a hundred thousand hares, which all ran, crying out:

"The earth is falling, — run!"

The deer in the forest meadow saw them running, and threw up their heads, and asked:

"What is it?"

And when they heard that the earth was caving in, they ran after the hares, a hundred thousand of them.

The elks saw them all running.

"What is it?" they asked.

"The earth is caving in," said the deer, "run for your lives!"

Then the elks followed the hares and deer, and they all met the tigers.

"What is it?" asked the tigers.

"The earth is going down," said the elks. "Run!"

Then the tigers all ran after the nervous little hares, and

they told the lions that the earth was all breaking up, as by an earthquake, and the lions ran after the tigers.

The lions told the elephants that there had been a great earthquake, and that the earth was all breaking up and caving in.

The elephants trumpeted, and ran. They met the rhinocerosses at the river, and called:

"The earthquake, the earthquake! Run!"

The rhinocerosses wallowed out of the slimy rivers, and waddled after the rest.

They all ran and ran, until they had no breath left, and then fell over each other in a desert plain.

In the red morning the rhinocerosses asked:

"Who heard the earthquake?"

"The elephants know all about it," said the lions.

The elephants were asked.

"The lions know."

But the lions said: "The tigers know."

The tigers said:

"The elks know."

The elks said:

"The deer know."

The deer said:

"The hares know."

The hares said:

"The little hare knows."

The little hare said:

"The tree told me, and warned me to flee."

Then the animals wondered greatly why they had all run, and a wise elephant said:

"Let us all go back to the tree."

They all went back to the tree, a long journey, since they had run so far. And they found there a Bodhisatta (one who

is becoming a Buddha by rebirth), and they asked him about the earthquake, but he only said:

"I saw a mango fall, and this little hare jumped and ran."

Then said the little hare:

"If it were not an earthquake, it was a twig that shook, when the mango fell. Something stirred, — I am sure of that, — and it is best to run when anything stirs. One can never tell what is going to happen."

Among the strange people here were Kurds from the region of Mt. Ararat and the Tigris. These people live in tents, and had brought their tents with them.

There is but one place where the earliest people of the world gather — that is Nijni. One may see there the descendants of the paternal races of mankind. To take the hand of a Kurd seems like meeting an Adam or an Abraham. One now may sometimes meet these people on the cars.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE AMOOR — MANCHURIA, THE PROVINCE OF DESTINY

Look upon the map of Asia; you may have occasion to do so many times in the next twenty years. So study it now. You will find on the west coast an outline like New England. Look at the Chinese Empire as far as the great wall. What lies between it and Asiatic Siberia? Mongolia and Manchuria, and the Desert of Gobi.

Perhaps you know but little about this part of the world. Is there much to be known? Much. From these mountain-walled desert lands have gone the cyclone armies that swept the world. The Huns who toppled Rome gathered fire here as from a single spark. Here were the fields of Timur, or Tamaline. Here the Tartar chiefs grew and gathered force until they swept down on China, captured Pekin, and occupied the throne as the Manchu dynasty.

Mongolia? It includes the active history of Indo-Chinese, the Tibetans, and Tartars — the great nomadic people of the world. These nomads founded the Median Empire; they flourished before Nineveh; they wandered. They may have been exiles who founded the American cities on the Pacific coast — we cannot tell.

They founded China — two thousand years before the Christian era. They were the Scythians, the Huns. Where they went was terror, desolations. Genges-Khan, one of their chiefs, conquered almost all Asia. His family held China and Russia. They founded the great Mogul empire at Delhi.

The empires of the Mongols broke asunder. For a time Turkey was the glory of the race, and afterward became the shame of the East.

Their religion is Buddhism, and it embraces some five hundred millions, or almost half of the human race.

The dissolving empires of the Mongolians now face two new powers — steam and electricity. Science has proved their sacred books untrue, and yet there is some truth in their teachings so far as relates to hidden powers and the transcendental will of the soul. The unseen life force is all they claim, and we may not limit its exercise.

Christianity is the supreme teaching of the world, and the old Mongol empire must accept the highest teaching, or else it must fail and fall.

The Greek cross rises over it all, the crescent pales, and the simple gospel of obedience to the laws of life inborn in the soul is the end of all.

On the map, as I said, you will find an outline like the New England coast; not only that, but like the United States along the Atlantic coast from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. You may outline Florida there.

Our tourists approached this coast by the Amoor. Look at the Amoor River on the map. It was once a river of destiny; it may be so again.

Our travellers found themselves on a huge, rude boat churning a river whose traditions are as old as Abraham. They were in the world of the first migrations.

There were great ice-breaking machines on the boat in winter, said to be of New England invention. The summer service was comfortable, but everything about the river, the woods, and mountains seemed chill and old and strange.

They came, after some days' journey, in which they were in peril of running aground, to the world's new city — VLADIVOSTOK.

HEAVY SAILBOAT ON THE AMOOR

They were now in China, without the wall. They were in the region between the once two empires, the mighty deserts out of which the conquering races came that desolated the luxurious world.

Let us here give you a picture of the relations of Russia and China in the old times — the days of the mighty wall which our tourists were now approaching.

THE MAGICIAN IN FIREWORK

In 1719 an embassy was sent from Russia to the Emperor of China, and made the journey from St. Petersburg to Pekin. The ambassadors were accompanied by an English physician, John Bell. They bore presents, and the Emperor of China desired to entertain them in a way that would impress them with the glory of his empire.

It was the Emperor Kamhi, who had brought to perfection the art of fireworks, an art which had been known in China almost since the discovery of gunpowder and printing, or for two thousand years.

The Emperor Kamhi prepared to cause the heavens to blaze with unwonted splendor during the long series of receptions that awaited the embassy.

It was the time of Peter I., Czar of all the Russias. At this time few foreigners passed the wall of China, and for the Chinese emperor to receive an embassy from a neighboring country was a matter of moment and significance.

The Russian embassy was received in pomp. Pekin was like a fairy-land when it came; feasts were spread amid hangings of banners and bannerets of crimson, green, and gold; bells rang, gongs sounded, and wonder-working magicians filled the evenings with delight. Kites trailed the air; floating dragons and men

seated on birds. One banquet was followed by another, and the choicest foods and wines were served in golden dishes.

Presents were exchanged, and those of Kamhi displayed wonderful art.

But the nights of astonishment were deferred until the new moon of the New Year.

Kamhi had wrought miracles in fire in the face of the heavens. He had studied the arts of the firework makers, and had caused the roof of the heavens to respond to his fancies.

The night of the new moon of the New Year came. Pekin dressed for the festival of fire which was to thrill the Russian ambassadors. Those nights of wonder were graphically described by Doctor Bell.

The festival was to be continued from the new moon to the full moon, when it would reach its height.

The embassy were invited to be guests at the imperial palace on the 29th of January, when the moon would be at its full. They were to be lodged in a pavilion of a garden, on a canal. On the 30th the court and grandees assembled, and the emperor appeared in person, and ascended his throne amid the adoration of a glittering and awestruck assembly.

The emperor called for the principal Russian ambassador.

"I hear," he said, "that in your country, when you drink to the czar's health, you break your glasses. I approve of the tribute to health, but I do not comprehend what you mean by the breaking of the glasses."

It signified probably that the person of the ruler was so sacred that the same glasses ought not to be used twice in celebrating his health.

Sports followed, Tartar wrestlers. The emperor was an old man and had a tender heart, and he caused the wrestlers and combatants to be separated when they became brutal and bloody.

The next night came the glory of the fireworks.

Doctor Bell thus describes the scene in old English:

"About five of the clock a ſignal was given for beginning to play off the fireworks, by a rocket let fly from the gallery where the emperor ſat; and, in the ſpace of a few minutes, many thouſand lanthorns were lighted. Theſe lanthorns were made of paper of different colours, red, blue, green, and yellow, and hung on poſts about six feet high, ſcattered over all the garden, which exhibited a very pleaſant proſpect to the eye.

"Another ſignal was then given for playing off the rockets. They ſprung upward to a prodigious height, and fell down in figures of ſtars, diſplaying a great variety of different colours. The rockets were accompanied with what I ſhall call crackers, for want of a more proper name. Their exploſion reſembled the reports of many guns, fired at certain intervals, and exhibited a view of many charming colours and forms of fire. Theſe, with a few fireworks of different kinds, intermixed, continued for the ſpace of three hours.

"Oppoſite to the gallery where the emperor ſat was ſuſpended a large round veſſel, about twenty feet in diameter, between two poſts about thirty feet high. A rocket ſent from the gallery lighted a match hanging from the veſſel, which immediately cauſed the bottom of it to drop down with a loud noiſe. Then fell out a lattice, or grate-work, all on fire, and hung between the veſſel and the ground, burning furiouſly, in various colours. This continued for ten minutes, and really exhibited a moſt curious ſight. It ſeems, this lattice-work was compoſed of materials that immediately kindled, on being exposed to the air, for no perſon was ſeen near the machine.

"This grate-work being extinguiſhed, there appeared a lighted match, hanging from the middle of the veſſel, and burning up to it. As ſoon as the fire reached the veſſel, thirty fair paper lanthorns of various colours, dropped from it, and hung in a

ftraight line below one another, between it and the ground, which immediately catched fire of themfelves, and formed a beautiful and well-proportioned column of parti-colored light. After this, fell out about ten or twelve pillars of the fame form, but of a leffer fize; thefe alfo took fire as foon as they dropped. This fcene continued till the number of one thoufand lanthorns fell from the veffel, which diminifhed every time, till the laft were very fmall. I muft confefs this prefented a delightful object to the fpectators.

"I could not help being furprifed at the ingenuity of the artift, in crouding fuch a number of lanthorns into fo fmall and fimple a machine as this feemed to be; and, at the fame time, with fo much order, that all of them dropped and kindled of themfelves, with equal regularity, as if he had let them fall from his hand; for not even one of them was extinguifhed by accident, or in the leaft entangled by another. This concluded the firft day's entertainment.

"The 31ft, in the evening, we returned to court; where was opened a new fcene of fireworks, which continued, with great variety, till ten o'clock at night. The 1ft of February, we went again to court; where the fireworks were refumed in many different, well-executed defigns. What pleafed me moft was a fmall mount, raifed in the middle of the garden, from which fprung a ftream of white and blue fire, in imitation of water. The top of the mount contained a cavity, in fhape of a large urn, from which the fire rofe to a prodigious height.

"Oppofite to the gallery, where the emperor fat, were erected three large frames, about thirty feet high each. On one was a monftrous figure of a dragon; on the fecond, a man on horfeback; and the third prefented an elephant, with a human figure on his back. All thefe were compofed of a deep blue fire, and were interwoven with vines and grapes, hanging about on all fides of white, red, and blue fire.

"Befide thefe, there were exhibited, on this occafion, many other ingenious defigns of fireworks, which far furpaffed anything of the kind I ever faw, though I have been prefent at performances of this nature, exhibited at St. Peterfburgh, by the beft artifts in Europe. Befide the art difplayed in the contrivance and figure, thefe works furnifhed, in particular, a wonderful variety of moft beautiful colours, far exceeding my ability to defcribe. I muft confefs, they greatly outdid my expectations, and even common fame, which feldom leffens things of this nature.

"The following day the emperor gave the ambaffador a private audience, and enquired how he liked the diverfions and fireworks. On this occafion, the emperor repeated what has been already obferved concerning the antiquity of illuminations compofed of gunpowder; and added, that, although fireworks had been known in China for more than two thoufand years, he himfelf had made many improvements upon them, and brought them to their prefent perfection."

The sights upon the shores of the Amoor revealed to the Barnards a new world, though Ah Hue saw in it a very ancient civilization. On one side of the river were Chinese settlements here and there, and, in all the way from Stretinsk, were seen groups of people belonging to the hardy Siberian tribes. The people of these cold countries look healthy and prosperous: they have character. How is it that the peasantry of Northern Europe, Canada, and Siberia present such a noble appearance as compared with the ragged peons of the palm lands of the tropics? They live on the crops of the short seasons, hard wheat, buckwheat; by the small profits of millet, flax, and furs; and yet they dress comfortably, are robust, live long, and are prosperous and happy. It is the inner life that makes the man, and these people have virtue and an uplifting religious faith.

Let us look at some of these Siberian tribes, and especially at the women and children.

At the landings one meets, as at the railway stations, sellers of many little luxuries. One of these travelling restaurants, if we may so call the class, sells fried cakes of many kinds, containing fruits or meats. These victualers make the roads of the country cheerful by their wanderings, and are welcome objects by the way.

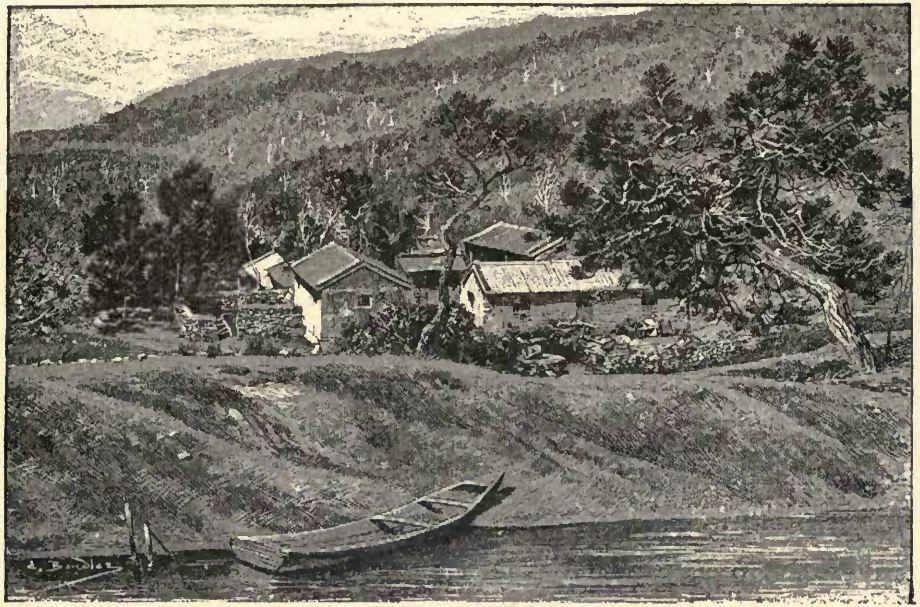
There are to be seen the golden domes of Russian churches in many of the towns; churches with jewelled lamps and shrines, and with music as enchanting as an imagined hymn of the angels. On the Chinese side of the river, or the side where Russia makes a concession of Chinese settlements, an occasional temple is seen, and among them, at Ssen-Thia-Ts'oune, the decaying temple of the God of War, it being an ancient military place.

One of the sights upon the river which most delighted Lucy was the little rugged dogs that came towing boats up tributary streams.

Can one row a boat against a current with one oar, and that without lifting the oar?

Yes, one may do almost anything if one know how. One may travel on the water without sail, oars, or rudder, if one will let the current bear him; if he trust the current in the way he is going.

But the Manchurian boatman travels against the current, holding one oar or paddle in his hand. He attaches two stout dogs by a long cord to his little craft, and they dig their feet into the shore, and tug and strain and bear him along against the current, while he sits in his boat, seeming to be scowing backward. The current rolls swift and heavy against him, he uses his paddle as a rudder, the boat breasts the tide, and the little dogs dig on, at times straining every muscle, and yet seeming to be happy to do the work.



A CHINESE FARM ON THE AMOOR

Our tourists had now passed Siberia, and yet had not seen the Siberia of their imaginations.

Siberia! One sees in the word a picture of tyranny, injustice, and misery. One hears the winds blow cold at the sound of that word, and conjures up prison-houses in mines, chained convict miners, and dismal processions of wretches travelling farther and farther into the snow. It was so, but thanks to the much good that there is in the heart of the czar, the Siberia of old, like serfdom, has been practically abolished.

Siberia is one and a half times larger than Europe, and is 5,600 miles long from northeast to southwest. It in part consists of swamps, moorlands and flats, vast forests, hard hills, mines, and great regions of snow-baffling evergreens. To the north, it is frozen more than half the year, and some steppes have, on the average, but few huts to the square mile.

The great districts of Tomsk and the Amoor River are very fertile. Here are the granaries of Northern Europe. The Trans-Siberian Railroad will make them more prosperous than before; cities will enlarge, and the great river systems be clouded with steam.

Over Mongolia, rise the Altai Mountains, and the great Lake Baikal covers, with its sunny expanse, a large portion of Eastern Siberia.

Here are the wolfish sledge-dogs, the reindeer, the Arctic fox, and white bear, the sable, wolf, marten, and wild sheep. In the regions of almost endless winter, the dogs answer for horses, and make merry the sledges.

On the Amoor the Tunguses are of Tartar origin, as are the Manchus of the Amoor territories, whence the reigning family of China is descended.

In 1845, the left bank of the Amoor became Russian, and near the mouth of the river the Russians have founded a town named Nicholajevsk.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DEATH LAMASARY, OR THE HUMAN GOD AND THE "PRAYER-FLAGS"

Ah Hue was as entertaining on the Amoor as on the palace train.

It was a strange tale that Ah Hue next told, — strange, yet no detail of it exceeds the truth of frequent occurrences in Ourga, the China city of the Lama, the Mecca of Kootoota, the boy-god.

"I was travelling with a caravan that was transporting tea into Russia, by the usual way of Ourga, Irkoutsk, and Tomsk. A speck of gold shone upon the horizon. The horsemen turned and exclaimed, 'Ourga.' The speck was the burning gold of a pinnacle. The horsemen dashed on, and I followed them. The palaces of the Holy City arose in view. Here was the supposed abode of a living god. Around it were spread white tents. Here came people from deserts, from towns, from far Manchuria, to look upon the features of the young Lama, the boy-god, which is deemed to be the greatest event that glorifies human life. They are pilgrims of the soul; to see the face of the Mongolian god, and to die in the chambers of the Lamasary is in their view to be wafted away to the regions of eternal light and bliss.

"Pilgrims come from Manchuria, nine hundred miles away, and cross deserts afoot and alone for hundreds of miles, to see the face divine, praying all the way.

"There are two living deities of Mongol Buddhism, — the Lama of Tibet and the Lama of Ourga; so Ourga, the Mongolian capital, is the second sacred city in the world.

"The Lama lives in the privacy of his palaces, and only on rare occasions is his face to be seen by the faithful. He is worshipped as a god, — the Grand Lama of Mongolia, like the Grand Lama of Tibet.

"Ancient Buddhism knows no worship of God, but only the adoration of the saints, so Mongolian Lamaism is saint worship.

"The trinity of doctrine in Lamarism is, (1) I take my refuge in Buddha. (2) I take my refuge in law. (3) I take my refuge among the saints. Ourga is the city of the saints.

"The Lamas are believed to be reincarnations of Buddha, or the Buddha principles. The Lama Bible consists of one hundred books, the study of which is confined to the sacred places.

"The temples rose before us like great shadows in the red sunset. The prayer-flags waved in the air, and sickening odors were perceptible as the light faded; they came from the city of the dead, where bodies are continually exposed to the flocks of birds in the air.

"We came to the gate of the Russian consulate. Beggars swarmed about us. We rang the bell. A Cossack appeared, and we received a hospitable welcome from the consul.

"I went out into the dusky streets before the light faded, where I met a hungry pilgrim, a man past middle age, and the most remarkable-looking human being that I ever saw.

"He asked for food.

"'I have travelled a thousand miles,' he said, 'praying in all the deserts. I want food to strengthen me before I fall down before the great image.'

"'Why have you come?' I asked.

"He answered only, 'My soul.'

"His famished face had a radiance in it, — a soul light, — like a lamp in a vase of alabaster.

"I gave him money; I could not give him food. The air was full of bells, and I returned to the consulate.

"As the city cooled, the odor in the air became dreadful.

"'It comes,' said the consul, 'from the city of the dead; there have been many pilgrims here of late; they come to die, and they perish in the sacred chambers, after they have prostrated themselves before the great image of Buddha.'

"Ourga contains the colossal image of the world. It stands in a dim temple, and rises like a mountain over the shadows of the place of adoration. Its hands are the size of a man's body, or larger, and its face is most beautiful and serene.

"In the morning the air seemed purer. I went to visit the temple of the Great Buddha.

"The image of the god filled me with wonder. How was it made? What human art fashioned it?

"The huge temple had no windows. It was a cavern of shadows.

"A few oil-lamps made the colossus visible. It was hung about with prayer-flags of crimson and gold. The dark walls were full of gilt or golden idols, protected by glass.

"At the foot of the great idol was the throne of the boy-god.

"Priests came in to relight the lamps. As the light brightened, we looked up, and high in air shone his Serenity, but the face of the Beautiful was in shadow.

"Ourga is a city of silence, save when the bells ring, and the gongs sound, and the trumpets peal for service.

"The bells were ringing, as I passed out into the morning street.

"I met the pilgrim there whom I had seen in the twilight.

"He rushed past me, an excited glow on his face. He was going into the temple to prostrate himself before the colossal image.

"Birds were wheeling in the air. They formed a cloud over a spot a little distance from the temple. Now and then some of them seemed to drop down from the sky.

"I resolved to go to the Place of the Dead, — the Golgotha. It was just outside of the city. So I took a view of the Lama's palace, where flutter prayer-flags, and lit a cigar for safety against the pestilential vapors, and went to the hillside, where the dead were carried to become the food of the dogs and the vultures.

"The sight was the most horrible that can fill the imagination. It was a place of human bones and of decaying corpses. The pilgrims who fall sick here are taken to the Death Lamasary, and are not doctored, but prepared for death. As soon as they die, their bodies are taken to this open field, and left to the beasts and the birds.

"The field of the dead haunted me. I went to the palace of the Lama the next morning, and returned to the field. Another morning I went to it again, when I beheld a sight that still haunts my soul.

"The poor pilgrim, whom I had twice met, had died in the silent chambers, and had been robed in a blue frock and taken to the field. The birds were gathering about him, and one of them had already broken his face. He was bleeding. *He was not dead.*

"The birds were alighting above the field on other partly eaten bodies. The air seemed putrid. My first impulse was to hasten away, but no, I had helped this poor pilgrim of the deserts who had made a long and perilous journey for the sake of his soul, and I must do so again. The fact that he had made the journey for his soul's sake, showed me that he had moral worth, — that there was something noble, almost divine, in him.

"I would keep the birds away from his body until help arrived.

"I am not a smoker, but I again lighted a cigar and breathed the fumes to avoid the odor of the decaying bodies.

"Help came at last. A procession of priests were bringing

another body to the field. I could see them coming from the mid-desert city of hovels and palaces, with prayer-flags waving in the air.

"The body of the pilgrim at last moved — it turned.

"I called to it:

"'Pilgrim!'

"Again:

"'Friend! Pilgrim of the desert!'

"He opened his eyes.

"'You —' he said, 'this same world. I heard your voice — I hoped that this world was the other. Now I must arise, and go on my journey again. I am still a pilgrim here, — but I have prayed to Buddha, and my morning will come.'

"He arose and followed me into the city.

"There was a great sound of whirring wheels as we entered the city, for it was a saint's day. The wheels were prayers. The Mongolians had set in motion the wheels that contained the printed prayers that they would have answered. Every one has prayer-wheels there, and many carry them about with them.

"The Lama was in the palace, and not at his summer-house in the hills, where he lives much of the year. He was going to the temple that day to sit on the throne at the feet of Buddha, but he was on his way through a secret passage. I tried to enter the temple, but in vain.

"And here was a common man just like all other men, of whom superstition had made a god. Bells rang, gongs sounded, prayer-wheels whirled, prayer-banners waved in the tainted air. Men fell prostrate in the dark temple before the Lama; it was all a delusion, and yet —

"It was not a delusion that the poor pilgrim of the desert had been willing to surrender every worldly comfort, to thirst, hunger in the deserts, to leave friends, and all pursuits of gold and a name, to suffer every imaginable pain for the sake of the

purification of his soul. His moral life rose over every other consideration: to become a worthy ancestor was his highest ambition, and to gain what was noble, pure, and true was the hope of his soul. He was ignorant, but a Washington, a Lincoln, a Gladstone, a San Martin, or the Admirable Crichton may have had no higher thought or more sincere worth. From his point of view he did his utmost to be worthy of immortality."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NEW PARTS OF THE WORLD

Look again on the map at the beginning of this volume, a map that will remind you of the East Atlantic coast, with the Amoor for the St. Lawrence and Corea for Florida.

You will see there:

Alexandrevsk,

Vladivostok,

Yuene-Sane.

Look again on old maps: you will not find them.

These ports are on the way to Pekin, around ancient Corea.

Yet in the daily papers you will see these names frequently. Out of the world, a new world seems to be rising there.

Our tourists resolved to go to Pekin by way of these new ports. Thence they would go to Tonquin, and return to Hong-kong.

Mr. Barnard wished to return to America from Hong Kong, by the way of some Pacific port and Panama, so as to complete what would be some day, either by way of the Nicaragua or Panama Canal, the new way around the world. He also desired to visit the Atlantic coast of South America, and to see the rapidly building South American railroad from Guiaquil to Quito, over the foot-hills of Chimborazo, where Church painted the "Heart of the Andes." The beginning of travel in new ways, to see new things, opened as it were a new world to him.

Would you learn how the party travelled on the lordly Amour, or Amoor, and have a clear view of the manner of travel? Yes,

GHILIAKS

— well, pictures can do for you what the pen cannot do as well.

Founded in 1850, Nicholaievesk is situated on the Amoor. There may be seen the Ghiliak fishermen, whose boats in full sail look like huge butterflies.

The Ghiliaks are a rude, simple race. The bear is their god. They raise young bears in all their villages. On their fête-days they take one of these bears in a cage and carry it from door to door, as a god about to be sacrificed, and to be sent as a messenger to their departed friends in the unseen world.

The people pray to the bear-god. They tell him what they would have him say to their departed friends after he is sacrificed. They give him messages to bear to the dead.

After the procession is over they fall upon him and kill him. Then they eat the sacrifice, and adore the remains. A Chinese or Japanese print curiously illustrates this story of the rude fishermen of the Amoor. We reproduce it on a subsequent page.

CHAPTER XX.

THE COREA GINSENG

COREA, or "the Corea," is the peninsula of mystery, but is also the land of missions. She has been inhospitable to travellers, and has forbidden the schemes of explorers. Catholic missionaries have found their way into the country, and remained there, but such have written little about it for the public eye. We owe to a single book by Père Ch. Dallet, "The History of the English in Corea," the popular view of the hermit nation.

The word Corea seems to mean the calm, or "the morning calm," and is pronounced Co-rl by the natives.

It is a land of mountains. Peaks lean everywhere over the "morning calm" of the sea and land. It is also a land of forests and streams, and its climate has the strenuous chill of Northern China.

There rice and wheat grow together, and flowers of beautiful hues abound, most of which are scentless. Tobacco and cotton were introduced there from Japan, and all the fruits of northern climates grow freely.

It is a land of ginseng (panox), the herb or root of Oriental superstition, which is supposed to have magic power over all diseases, and to possess the gift of immortal life.

This gift must be effective in some unseen way, and that after death, if the claim were true, for no one who has used it, however freely, has continued to live beyond the allotted age.

The root of ginseng takes the form of the human body, like the wooden image of a man. This form is supposed to have

suggested its magical properties. It grows in Manchuria, and when the product became exhausted in China, the northern countries and even American forests were searched for it, as we have illustrated, and it was literally worth its weight in gold. A delicate root has been known to bring £17, or nearly ninety dollars, in the Chinese market.

This root, as we have already shown, opened the gates of Canton to New England ships.

We should know more about this product which has had such an important influence in historic events.

"The ginseng," says a Manchurian commissioner of customs, "loves moisture and the densest of forests which cling to the slopes of the hills. It nestles in recesses which the rays of the sun have never penetrated, and which are as pathless now as in the days of the Golden Tartars.

"The Manchurian ginseng consists of a stem, from which the leaves spring, of a centre root (trunk), and of two roots branching off from the centre root (arms). The stem resembles the head and neck of a man, and the side roots, arms; the main root represents the body, and a fork, which the main root frequently forms, legs.

"The value of the root is increased by its age, and the age is determined by rings.

"The collection of ginseng used to be in the hands of some forty merchants, who obtained concessions from the Tartars to gather it. The merchants employed outlaws to gather the herb, which became scarce."

Corea is a land of tigers, — the cat-tiger, small, but cunning and destructive. This animal pursued the ginseng collectors in former times.

The climate is hot in summer.

The Coreans came from the Mongol race. They are short, compact, strong, and apathetic, and are brave when roused to

war. For two thousand years the Coreans have been conspicuous in the Chinese armies.

The Corean women are slaves in their own houses. In girlhood, their husbands are selected for them, without any choice of their own. The husband and wife do not see each other's faces before the veil of the bride is lifted. The bride does not talk to her husband until after marriage. The Corean mothers are very fond of their children, and find the chief delight of their life in the nursery. They adopt the children of others, even when they have many of their own. They are natural kindergartners, and a charm indeed is the home garden in the peninsular kingdom.

The Coreans worship their ancestors in robes of white. Confucianism is the state religion, influenced by Buddhism.

It is a land of tiled roofs, small but picturesque brick houses, and earthen floors.

The officials dress in white silk. Many people wear horsehair hats. All wear long hair.

Trade as a rule is conducted by barter. There is no considerable coinage. The Coreans are a home people in all their desires and habits.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE HOUSE SPIRITS OF COREA

THE real religion of Corea is Spiritualism. We do not mean any modern form of Spiritualism, but the simple belief that good people draw around them good spirits, and evil people evil ones, and that many, or most, of the acts of life are influenced by good or evil spirits, and suggestions secretly made to the soul by spirits.

The Buddhism of Corea has yielded to this universal belief. The Coreans believe that a universe of invisible spirits surrounds them. These are called dæmons, but the word does not imply demons, but good spirits as well as bad.

You will not wonder that Ah Hue listened to the story of the "House on Rumney Marsh" with intense interest. We cannot say whether or not there is any truth in Doctor Wintlehouse's theory that places are affected by the kind of people that inhabit them, but such is the universal belief in Corea. A house of bad associations there would be torn down.

The belief of a world peopled by spirits who can produce sickness and suggest evil has caused a strange kind of doctors to flourish in the hermit land, who are called Exorcists. These doctors claim to have inner sight, to be able to control good spirits and bad, and to compel them to depart from those whom they are tormenting. A book of Isabella Bird Bishop contains chapters devoted to this strange superstition, and the doctors to which it has given rise. The belief in such spiritual influences and their control is known as Shamanism.

Shamanism is reputed to be more than four thousand years old; it is studied as a science, and it has its guilds and government directions.

It is considered a good fortune to be born blind in Corea. The blind child is supposed to possess clear spiritual sight, and to be able to baffle the wiles of evil spirits.

These occult doctors are called Pan-Sa. There is a Pan-Sa guild in Sione that is maintained by the government.

The Shamans select dwelling-places, houses, places for graves. They heal the sick, whose sickness is supposed to be caused by evil spirits, propitiate revengeful spirits, and avert the influence of spirits that cause crimes, suicides, and abnormal acts. The fees for this service are high. It is said that Corea spends some two millions and a half dollars annually for this relief, which is simply an influence on the perverted imagination.

In all cases of insanity and nervous disease, the Pan-Sa doctor is called. The latter brings with him a rod, and this rod shakes in answer to his questions in regard to the case. A good spirit is summoned to drive out the evil one, who is believed to be possessing the patient. The struggle is often thought to be long and severe. In some cases, the evil spirit is compelled to enter a bottle, and is bottled up and cast away. Woe be to him who sets him free again.

The missionaries in Sione have done something toward breaking the force of the great superstition. They are preparing the way for science, and a more enlightened conception of things that arise from natural causes.

Shamanism prevails on the Amoor and in Manchuria, as well as in the peninsula of Corea and its fantastic capital.

We look upon the victims of such superstitions with pity, but how do they regard us?

Let us quote from one of their school text-books:

A DEVOTEE CONSULTING THE STICKS OF FATE

"How grand and glorious is the Empire of China. The grandest men in the world have all come from her.

"Europe is too far away from the centre of things. Hence her people appear like beasts and birds, and her languages are like the chipperings of the fowls of the air."

The cities and towns of both Corea and China present two street or court scenes that awaken the curiosity of the visitor. One is the doctor, with magic remedies like ginseng, who draws around him a credulous crowd; and the other the magician, who consults the "sticks of fate." The latter sticks, like the tipping table, answer his questions by occult signs, which he is supposed to understand.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CAPITAL OF THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE— MYSTERIES

NANKIN, the ancient capital of China, declined under political changes, and Pekin, the North City, became the capital in 1421. Then arose Tien-tsin, the port of Pekin.

Pekin is a city of fantastic fancies, upbuilt by superstition, and the queerest place in all the world. The Sacred City is here, into which it is death to enter.

The outer walls are some sixty feet high and nearly as thick; piles of vegetation to the eye, but crumbling and decaying. They enclose a million or more inhabitants, and there dwell the embassies of various nations, and there are English, American, and Continental missions.

Our travellers came to the Holy City at sunset. There was heard a great sounding of gongs at the guard-houses, and unearthly cries rent the air when one of the nine gates of the city, that they were about to enter, closed.

Mr. Barnard protested against being kept outside of the walls during the night.

"Did you not hear the gongs?" said the guard.

Night came on, and the city grew luminous. The stars came out, and there was silence at last, and under the moon the great shadow of a wall.

They entered the city in the morning after sunrise. It looked to them like a great fair; there were crimson and gold everywhere, dust, dirt, fantastic balconies, and waving banners.

Mr. Barnard wished to hold his nose, for the air was full of bad smells, and there were also sights and scenes to which he would gladly have closed his eyes.

Clouds of dust arose. Mr. Barnard complained of it to Ah Hue.

"It is a disinfectant," said Ah Hue; "it makes the people healthy."

They were taken to a hotel where were English-speaking servants. They then went to the old place of English embassy. The buildings were like a palace on the Imperial Canal. Indeed, it was once a palace. The entrance was gorgeous in the extreme, — airy pavilions, carved roofs and cornices, pillars of crimson and gold. The rooms within had an atmosphere of a world of fables, — dimly lighted apartments of Oriental luxuries, inscriptions, vases, odors of flowers. They afterward went to the American legation.

They found all the streets much alike.

"What is to be seen in the Forbidden City?" asked practical Charles of an English-speaking servant at the hotel.

"The brother of the Sun and Moon."

"How does he look?"

"Just like me, if I had a mandarin's dress on."

"Is that all?"

"All, just folks, bobbing about, or lying around in silk and gold."

"Why is it closed against foreigners?"

"So that they may not know that there is nothing there."

There is nothing in a mystery in these flowery lands, and yet there the very air is mystery.

Their first mystery was the sight of a Chinese funeral. They went out and found the streets full of people — "was there ever such a crowd?"

Mandarins in palanquins, or sedan-chairs; soldiers on horseback in gay colors, looking like flying men; Tartar ladies under

silk canopies, with bells; camels, and men from the desert; water-carriers and sellers of fruit, chow-chow, and ice, all covered with dust.

There was a ringing of bells, a clashing of cymbals, and a great noise everywhere, when suddenly over all there came a hush.

A funeral procession was approaching, that of a mandarin, or some public functionary. It was led by mourners in white, or in white robes gray with dust. The catafalque, or hearse, approached, surrounded by ghostly forms strewing flowers and burning incense.

The procession stopped. Large white sheets were spread upon the ground, mourners fell down on their faces on them, and beat their heads on the ground.

How helpless they looked, thus beating the earth, and what a parable of life it seemed!

The dead mandarin's horse was led before the coffin, and a wax image of the mandarin himself was borne beside it.

The coffin was of immense size.

The "followers" followed, and the wax image seemed to lead them to the place of burial. There were many prostrations along the way, the mourners falling down on the white cloths spread for them upon the earth, and beating their heads on the ground.

The Chinese do not bury dead bodies in the earth; they set down the coffin, and throw a covering of earth over it, and so it remains on the top of the ground to become a mound of flowers. The earth is renewed if it fall away. The dead are blanketed with earth, which turns into flowers; the burial-place, or sleeping-place, is one of mounds, not graves. The sun, the stars, the night, and all seem *near* the sleeper. The burial impresses some travellers as less barbarous than in civilized countries.

There is nothing in the Sacred City, as has of late been found; but the savage old empress, the young emperor's aunt, was held as a sacred being when she resided there. No one might look upon her, whose relatives were the sun and moon and all the hosts of the sky. She was suspected of the gravest crimes that belong to mortal weakness, but that did not seem to dim her celestial splendor. When she gave a reception to ministers of state, — the "foreign barbarians," — she stood behind a screen. Vulgar eyes might not behold her who shone with the sun and moon.

But one day a stupendous event happened; it should, according to traditions, have clouded the earth. She became greatly excited in talking over possibly some court gossip when standing behind the sacred screen.

In her excitement, she forgot that she was the sister of the planets, and in bobbing up and down to enforce her opinions, she showed the top of her head above the screen.

That was a sight that this world had never witnessed before. It made a profound impression on the court and emperor. But the sun and moon, unheeding, passed on just the same.

THE WONDER OF PEKIN — THE SONG OF TEA, THE TARTAR FAIR, AND WHISTLING PIGEONS

Pekin, the Celestial City, the abode of the Son of Heaven, contains in its lively population and sleepy palaces, eight hundred thousand or more beggars. It has a king of beggars, and many of these beggars are thieves.

A queer old story used to be related of the manner of housing these beggars. As they were accustomed to steal bed-clothing, a great covering, one could not call it a coverlet, was prepared for them, an immense bedspread. This sea of cloth was pro-

vided with slits for the noses of the sleepers. How comfortable it must have been! But then rats, the scavenger birds, the bugs; a beggar in those days must have regarded his nose as a very precious article!

Of course Pekin has an old-clothes market full of inquisitive and curious people, and silk markets where fabrics shine in the purified morning air. Here, too, are pawn-shops full of unaccountable things.

There are two Pekins, the Chinese and the Tartar; we might say three Pekins, as the Purple City of the Son of Heaven is a city by itself; or four Pekins, as a Christian city is growing up within the ancient walls, a city of schools and chapels, and high cult. The Methodist Mission has schools for Western education, an institution which has become a power in China. The medical Christian missions are also a progressive power. These are all Western windows open to the light.

The Tartar City is remarkable for its fairs. What a crowd gathers at the Tartar fairs, and what things for sale do they find in this great world market!

There may be found porcelains and fans and banners on which are printed, or wrought, or dyed, or engraved, the famous emperor-poet Kienlung's Praise of Tea:

"The leaves of mei-hoa are lovely,
Sweetly scented those of fo-choea,
But place the tripod upon the fire,
The gentle and slow-burning fire,
A tripod of ancient form,
A tripod of ancient colors,
Then fill the urn with water,
With water of melted snows,
Let the water gently seethe
Until it whiten a fish,
Until it would redden a crab.

Pour the water into a cup,
A cup of the earth of yae,
Pour it upon the tender leaves,
The tea-tree's sacred leaves,
Let it rest until mists arise,
When the mists shall turn to clouds,
When the clouds shall float away,
Then sip the fragrant tea.
Sip the tea, oh, happy moments,
It will drive away disquietude,
The five causes of unrest.
You may joy to taste its flower,
You may feel its hidden power,
But in song, or voice of music
What you feel and find your joy
You never can express,
No chord or harp or lyre
Can voice tranquilly the praise of tea!"

The best of the popular fairs is held near the great Confucian Temple. Here may be seen the beflowered gentry in embroidered satins, and crowds of fakirs as well. Here is a kind of bird market. The bird lovers carry their birds on perches, on open hoops or rings, and on poles.

And here offered for sale are some of the queerest things ever seen in any market — fighting crickets, gamey little things, to be taken away in cages.

Here comes the quack doctor with his ginseng, his magic herbs, his occult and wonder-working pills. He has dragon blood in precious parcels. Here jujube paste may be found in perfection.

Here may be found the pigeon whistle, which belongs to fairyland. It has been hung upon the bird, and as the bird flies against the air, it sings like a nightingale. This toy surpasses all the other toys of the world — hang one on a raven, and how he would fly singing away, to his own great astonishment, and

the surprise of all the other singing birds of the air. The kites and the crakes, as multiform as they are, cannot surpass the pigeons who carry with them these æolean harps which are useful as well as magic-working — they are carriers, and bear aerial music with their messages, which are sometimes matters of business, but sometimes those of the heart.

The sky of Pekin in fair time is full of wonders. Kites and musical pigeons by day, and fire-dragons and firework surprises by night. There is no city like Pekin in all the world.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DOWAGER — A QUEEN "AN" INDEED

THE Empress Dowager of China is, in a worldly-wise sense, the shrewdest woman in Europe, or the one "man in China," as she has been called. Full of cunning, craft, and vanity, she over-rode all opposition to her sovereignty; she placed herself on the Dragon Throne, and although China has a legitimate empress, Queen Tsze Hsi An holds the keys of the royal palaces. The Sister of the Sun and Moon has no thought of stepping down and out — not she. When the guardianship of the baby Emperor Tunychik was left to a board of regents, an imperial decree raised his mother to the position of empress, and the two empresses entered Pekin together, the royal boy resting in his own mother's arms. The two empresses reigned together during the little emperor's minority.

The young heir was married in great splendor in 1872, at the age of seventeen.

The young emperor died mysteriously, and his wife Ahluta followed him to the royal abode of their ancestors as mysteriously, and Kwangsa, a four-year-old boy, was declared emperor by the two empresses, especially by "An," the superfluous dowager.

She claimed that she was not only his aunt, but his stepmother, although the emperor had died long before this adopted son was born. That did not matter to the dowager. She found a way to hold the Dragon Throne.

The Queen Anne of England was a woman, and, like Victoria,

held in high esteem, but all the religions of China hold women as inferior.

But the gods did not matter, "An" sat on the Dragon Throne the imperial despot, despite the laws of the celestial kingdom above or below. She struck off the heads of the princes who opposed her; ignorant of affairs of state, she bowed the mighty empire to her will, and compelled armies to carry out her capricious fancies.

Her Audacity scattered her enemies like dust, prince and priest.

GHILIAK FISHING-BOATS

When the young emperor had reached the age of sixteen, her Audacity, his aunt and "stepmother," set herself to choose for him a wife. He had been brought up in slavery to the etiquette of the Purple City and the Temple of Heaven. He seems to have fallen in love, and to have desired to choose him a wife, but what were his choice and affections?

And this is how the imperial "An" chose a wife for him.

She summoned the beautiful girls of the noble Manchurian families before her.

First three hundred beauties.

She reduced these candidates to thirty.

Then to ten.

She studied the case two years.

She chose Yehonola.

Who was Yehonola?

The daughter of the empress regent's own brother.

This kept things in the family as of old. The emperor seems to have been indifferent to his bride, thinking all the while of another, but he was marched forward to the altar all the same, amid great splendor of lanterns, and strewing of flowers.

The rejected manuscripts were sent home with gifts of silk and gold, and the old dowager still retained her power!

Some one has said that "Fate in China is under government control."

But it is not. Machiavelli taught the Italian court how to deceive the nations. He succeeded for a time. But how sunk Italy? Spain pursued a like policy, and robbed the Incas in the name of the Church. But how fell Spain? There is no resisting moral gravitation.

The empress dowager prepared to celebrate her sixtieth birthday, and to make her festival the most splendid in all the world. But something happened — it was with Japan. She took her first lesson in the moral law, that no one can escape one's gravitation.

The emperor aspired to be a reformer. She, too, now pretended to become a reformer. She would ride in railways and establish schools and hold drawing-rooms. Against her the Tartar blood of China arose. There came a reaction that shook the throne. The wily woman now changed her views, and led the reaction against the nation.

The nobility demanded that the emperor should set aside the dowager. But she set him aside, "the two hundred and fortieth Son of Heaven," as a recent writer has said.

The court contained one wonderful man — a philosopher, Kang Ya Wei; of him we have a story to tell. He was a progressive, a friend of the young emperor who sent word to him, "Flee for your life." He came to America.

THE MAD ELEPHANT — IN THE YELLOW CITY

The Yellow City of Pekin, or the Holy City within the Tartar city, has a circuit of some nine miles, and the Chinese hold it to be the most sacred place on earth. It is called the City of the Son of Heaven, the Forbidden City. Here live the imperial family, and here no trade is allowed. Green gardens of pavilions and yellow-tiled roofs may be seen from afar glimmering in the sun, or buried in shadows, but no foreign foot may pollute these prayer streets, or enter the halls of vermilion and gold. On the hills of the sacred city are red pavilions and towers, built by Ming emperors. The boy emperor of this dynasty hanged himself there when the Manchu general conquered the city of Pekin. The Manchu invader, on ascending the throne, punished the acacia-tree on which the last monarch was hanged. He chained up the tree, and how the tree felt about it we are not informed; that was a subject of occult life.

Temples, pagodas, kiosks, dagobas, monasteries, with many bells, fill the sacred grounds. Here is the Imperial Library, the pride of China. There is the Palace of the Earth's Repose, where the lovely dowager "An" passed her time for the forty years of her three usurpations. The Temple of the Silkworms is here, and the Pavilion of Purple Light.

Within the dragon-tiled walls of this city all is seclusion. Here lives or lived the heaven-created emperor, and eight thousand people of mystery live with him. Here pass the lamas in the holy shadows of the Tranquil Palace of Heaven.

And here is published the *Pekin Gazette*, a yellow journal, indeed, which is the oldest paper in the world. Think what news that paper has published, not of this world only, but of the celestial regions and mysteries as well!

The great news of the City of Seclusion used to be the movement of the emperor. He was usually but a stupid man of low, animal passions and supreme selfishness, but when he moved all was sacred silence.

His proposed movements were announced in the *Pekin Gazette*, with the streets through which he would pass. Every door and window at the hour must be closed. To look upon him with common eyes was a crime. The streets were strewn with new sand for the feet of his bearers. Every one heard in awe the coming of the procession, but must not see it — he was the Son of Heaven.

There was an old elephant in the imperial stables who had become impatient at all of these solemn and stately ceremonies about nothing. It made him mad to be harnessed for the grand procession of silence. The tinsel and gold wearied him, the banners and dragons, and all.

He was an "occult" elephant, but had degenerated with age, and he set up his will to make it lively in the periods of fuss over the movements of the Son of Heaven. He did not seem to so much as know that the weak boy emperors were the Sons of Heaven. He was a bad elephant as well as a mad one. He was probably a tribute elephant from Cochin China.

It was a day of a grand procession — yellow satin gowns filled the sacred streets. The doors were shut — the windows. People listened behind curtains to the coming of the priests of Buddha, and the passing of the Son of Heaven.

The mad elephant was harnessed with trappings of dignity and splendor.

His driver commanded him to go slow, but he did not like to go slow. He wished to be free.

"Back, slow, slow," said the sacred driver.

But the elephant drove forward, and the people beheld his irreverence with awe, but they kept their own places. They would be protected by the occult powers of the Son of Heaven.

But little did the elephant care for the Son of Heaven. A mule and a vehicle stood in his way, and he seized the former with his trunk and set him aside in a doorway, cart and all.

The people stared at such irreverence, and a poor woman held up her hands in horror.

The mad elephant seized her and lifted her up in the air, and this on the sacred day, and the Son of Heaven, who would cause the earth to tremble, going to the Palace of Heaven borne by sacred feet under golden pavilions.

What would the mad elephant do with the woman thus lifted in air?

He tossed her over a building into a yard.

The procession moved rapidly then, and when the elephant was taken to his stables he was deemed a fit subject for some new incarnation, for which he must bide his time.

The poor woman whom he had tossed over the tiled roofs into the sacred garden must have been slow to have entered the procession with a sacred elephant again. It was a case of lese-majesty.

The trade city of Pekin is a gay bazaar, — gorgeous with streamers, ornamental balconies, and displays of goods. They are like a vast fair. They throng. The air flutters with banners like wings.

Horses, mules, sedan-chairs, wheelbarrows with sails, people with advertisements of their trade or calling on their garments, barbers who shave at the corners or in courts, people who cook foods on portable stoves, people who cry their wares, jugglers,

story-tellers, tinkers, cobblers, — a murmur of voices in many keys, — quack doctors, all surge through the restless, babbling, glimmering sea of the Pekin streets.

Amid the crowds come the Tartar soldiers with whips. A mandarin in state is approaching; every one must make way for him. How gorgeous he looks in his sedan-chair! His suite follow him, and before the pompous cortège the people press together like a wall.

If the crowd becomes disorderly, the Tartar soldiers rush down upon them with bamboo whips. All ordinary people are liable to get whipped in China, and sometimes the innocent with the guilty.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WONDERFUL TREES OF CHINA

THE blue, sunny air of China is a fairy-land of trees, and an account of them reads like a fable. There is found the marvel of vegetation, the banyan-tree, or pagoda-tree — a little forest in itself that can shelter a small army, whose branches are drawn down to the mother earth, and spring up trees which in turn multiply themselves, until the arches and cloisters and tangled alleyways seem like a vast monastery. The birds love the umbrageous shadows, which become alive with their cheerful voices.

There is the milk-tree and the varnish-tree, the juice of each of which is used in gilding, and the mulberry, or silk-tree, which yields the means of a vast wealth.

One of the most curious of the vegetable productions of the country is the tallow-tree, which produces the fat from which candles are made. The camphor-laurel, which is as the oak in size, is almost as wonderful. The camphor is found in the trunk, as in a treasure-chest.

The sycamore produces the finest paper, and the indigo plant the finest dyes.

The mandarin orange is the delight of China. It is said that it is worth a voyage to China to eat one of these oranges. It is now being cultivated in Florida, so one may not have to go so far to obtain it. The dwarf oranges of China will grow finely in Florida under protection.

The orange-trees of China surpass those of Europe or Asia; the plantations of these trees are little paradises, in which the

odors of glistening green leaves and white flowers are overpowering.

The beautiful trees of China have one common enemy, the locust. On some sunny day a cloud will arise from the earth and cast a shadow. No one seems to know where it was formed, but it rises and falls in showers of vegetable destroyers. These locusts devour whole provinces; everything green falls before them. When they have devoured all, they die, and then comes the pestilence. The emperor goes into the Temple of Heaven and supplicates the gods for his dying people.

The living ornaments of the pleasure-grounds and gardens are the dwarfed trees. These China gardens are imitated in other lands, but, like kites and fireworks and porcelain wares, they find their perfection in China. The Chinese delight in grotesque and fantastic vegetation.

How is this distorting done? The dwarf trees are produced by covering the branches of a great tree with mould and matting, and causing the fibres of the tree to shoot into the mould. They are then set into the earth.

The trees are made to represent curious forms, as of living animals, by imprisoning branches in bamboo, and thus causing them to grow as desired. New forms of flowers are thus produced, and new colors, as japonicas of mazarine blue.

The hand-birds and cool shadows of trees are among the charms of China. The Chinese carry their pet birds with them attached by a silken cord. The bird may fly to the shoulder or to the head of his keeper, but when he mounts into the air he finds himself arrested by the silken cord, and struggles upward in vain.

An old garden in China, with its fantastic vegetation and grotesque images, seems like a haunted place.

Ah Hue continued his Buddhist stories as before, as he had occasion for moral lessons.

THE ROYAL ELEPHANT — A JATAKA STORY

THERE was a certain king who had an elephant of great size, but of gentle disposition. There was such a look of mildness and good will in his face that they called him the Girl-faced Elephant. He was the delight of the royal stables, and people liked to feed him, to play with his trunk, and to caress him like a pet.

Peasant people came to visit him, fakirs, women, and children, and the sun shone into his stalls, and the world went well.

There was a band of bandits who roamed over the forests and deserts near to the royal stables. They wished to have a secret place to consult together, and the leader said:

"Let us meet nights and make our plans in the saddle-rooms back of the sacred stall where the royal elephant is kept. No one goes there in the early part of the night, and the place is near the treasure-houses."

So they met night after night in the saddle-room of the royal stable, and the elephant listened to their plans.

He heard the savage tones of their voices, their oaths, and fierce resolutions, their plans of cunning, and his own disposition began to change. He caught the suggestion, and it grew in him, for when the robbers stole away, they left a spirit of evil influence in the air, in the timber in the room. For rooms, the legends say, are infected by bad people, and long retain the influence of evil suggestion.

The elephant said:

"My disposition is changing. Why should I be mild and gentle and playful? Why should I not be bold like a robber?"

So one day, when a school had come to see him, he rushed out of his stable, tossed the poor teacher into the air, struck

down the scholars, and chased a poor woman on a crutch, and caused her to fall down in a fit.

His keepers could not come near him to saddle him.

"He has become a rogue elephant," said they, "and we cannot control him, because he is so large. To let him roam at large is to endanger the lives of the people. What is to be done?"

They went to the king.

"The great elephant," they said, "has become a rogue elephant; we cannot control him; what is to be done?"

"But," said the king, "how has this been brought about? He was a gentle beast as long as gentle people were about him. There have been evil people in the stables, and they have affected him by their evil suggestions conveyed by the tones of their voices. For voices are the bodies of evil spirits, and these spirits possess animals as well as men."

"We have seen no evil spirits hovering around the stables," said the keepers.

"Watch the stables at night," said the king.

They watched the stables and saw the thieves come and go, and heard their evil talk and plans, and saw how their spirit affected the elephant by suggestion, and they went and told the king.

"How is he to be brought back to his old disposition?" they asked the king.

"I will give the room over to a brotherhood of monks for their evening meditations," said the king. "Go; have the room fitted up for that purpose. They will fill the air with good influences, and leave a gentle spirit of good will in the walls of the stables, and the elephant's disposition will change."

The elephant listened to the tones of the monks, and he caught the spirit of gentleness and good will again, and he

became the same favorite as of old as long as the monks caused their own spirit to haunt the stables.

And the master of the monks said:

> "By listening to robbers' talk
> The elephant went out to kill;
> By listening to the monks' sweet tones
> He found the goodness he had lost."

For the spirit of a man haunts the walls and wood of a building in which it has dwelt, and leaves suggestions.

Mrs. Barnard, who had studied the benevolent movements in the large cities along the journey eastward, here gave herself to the missionary problem. As she saw the slaughters that had been wrought on innocent people, — the world's best heart and life, — she would come home with streaming eyes.

Let us present to you a story of these dark days. It was published in the Easter number of the Boston *Congregationalist* in 1901, and was furnished that paper by the wife of a Chinese convert. It has the eloquence of simplicity. It is here used by permission.

HOW A CHRISTIAN CHINESE FAMILY KEPT THE FAITH — THE THRILLING STORY OF ESCAPE FROM THE BOXERS, BY A PARTICIPANT IN THE EVENTS

The Boxers were coming. We were not afraid, though we felt anxious on account of our four children. If we should be killed and they left, who would care for them? June 13th, I was alone in the house with the children. All day the neighbors had been talking of the terrible things that were to happen to the Christians. I heard of the burning of the Methodist Episcopal

Mission and the London Mission — heard the shouting on the street of "kill, kill, kill." About eight o'clock I could see the flames of the American Board chapel and hear the noise made by the multitude gathered about the place. My husband did not come, and I thought he had been killed. I took the children up-stairs, and then sat down and waited. They were crying for their father. While trying to comfort them, a friend came quietly up-stairs and told me not to make any noise, but to come out on the street, where my husband was waiting for me. My little two-year-old girl was asleep, and I thought I would first go and see what was wanted, and then come back for her.

We went out in the street, and there in a dark corner was my husband. His first words were: "Where is our precious baby, can it be you have left her?" I said no, I wanted to see him first, and then if we were going to try to escape I would go back for her. The young man who had called me out said: "You must not one of you go back into that court — I will get the baby. You stay here in this corner — but don't speak — if the people in the court know you are trying to get away, they will call out." So he went in, got the baby, and left the lamp burning so they would think we were still there.

We made our way along in the dark to a near court where a Christian family were living. From this court Mr. Wan climbed to the top of a temple belonging to a rich man living in a court at the front. I stood below, and he whispered down to me what he saw and heard. We heard the church bell at the American Board chapel fall, and a general shouting of voices. Afterward a man went by, calling out if there are any followers of the foreign devils about, they had better escape at once, as a house to house search is to be made by the Boxers before midnight. Every follower will be killed. From the temple roof my husband saw them go to our house three times.

At last he said, it is no use to think we can escape them, but we will try. Don't let the children make a bit of noise. I will carry them one by one to the roof here, then we can talk and plan. He took the children up, and one by one carried them along the wall, then got on to the roof. I told my little girl not to cry, that papa would be very careful. She said, "Yes," and was perfectly still. I do not know how I managed to climb to the top of that eight-foot wall, to walk along the narrow top and then crawl up the roof of the temple. All the time it seemed as if I was helped from behind. A big tree overshadowed the roof, and we hid under the branches, watching the burning of the chapel and homes of the friends we loved. All over the city were fires, and the screaming of the mob was terrible. It was a horrible night. At last we climbed into the tree and reached the ground — bruised and torn. We hid in a little empty room back of the temple.

At last, about light, one of the servants saw us and told his master. We all six of us got down on our knees and entreated them to hide us for a few days, but they said no, there was to be a house to house search in the city, and if they sheltered Christians then they would suffer. I borrowed a needle and thread, sewed up the rents in our garments; they gave the children some bread, and we went out. My husband walked ahead carrying the baby, and I followed after with the other three children. Soon we met a band of soldiers; some did not notice us; others said: "Here are some. Let's kill them." Others said, "Let them go; can you not see it is one family? Let them off this time." Even with the knives drawn I did not tremble.

They went on, and we made our way first to the home of my sister-in-law. They were very kind to us, and said we will all die together. We had been there but a short time when their landlord came and said we must go. Our relatives entreated

for us and with us, but no, "go" was the word. They hired a cart for us, and we left the city by the east side gate. We went to a cemetery and hid there till dark. We heard people on the road saying that all the foreigners had been killed, and when we reached the quiet spot of the dead it seemed as if our hearts would break. With one voice we lifted up our hearts and cried till it seemed as though our eyes were gone.

After dark we made our way to some relatives living a mile from the cemetery. At first they welcomed us, but some one came and told them the Boxers were coming for us. Then they said we must go. My husband told them to hide us in their brush-pile, and if the Boxers came they would set fire to it. I told them we were not afraid of death; what we feared was that we could not all die together. At last they let us go into an empty room at the back of the yard. The children went to sleep at once. So did their father, but my heart was so sad I could not sleep. About midnight the man of the family came and said we must get up and go on. They did not dare have us stay any longer.

We went out into the cold and darkness. My oldest daughter lost her shoes and went in her stocking feet. We all had blisters on our feet, as we were not used to walking. We went through a village and, though we did not talk, and walked very quietly, the dogs commenced to bark. Some one called out, "Who goes there?" We said, "Travellers." "I know who you are, you are followers of devils, and are out scattering medicine," said the man who had hailed us. He then called to his neighbors, and we turned off into the fields and hurried along. We went to a village where we had some distant relatives, but found no open door. We walked for some distance till we came to a large family cemetery. The keeper was a kind man and lived there all alone. He told us to come in, and said he would do his best, but the owner of the place was a Boxer, and it was not safe for

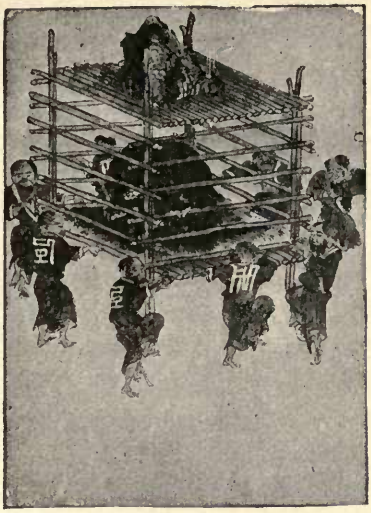
Christians to stay. He got us some supper. It was very poor and dry. Our lips were all cracked from fever and thirst, and I asked him to give us some porridge.

We had a quiet night, but in the morning the keeper said it would not do for us to stay. Then my husband became discouraged. He said the best and only thing for us to do is to go and give ourselves to the Boxers. We will only ask them to please kill the children first, and then you and I will die together. The suffering will not last over two hours, and then all sorrow will be over. I agreed to this. He then called the three oldest children, Weu Ping, Paul, and Peter, and said to them:

"My children, your father would suffer for you if he could, but he cannot. The Boxers will ask you if you are Christians, if you say no they will let you off, if you say yes, then they will kill you; but that only means suffering for a little, and then we will be with Jesus." The children, one after the other, said, "I will say I am a Christian, I love Jesus, I am not afraid to die."

It did not seem as though we could walk any more. The keeper said at last he would see if he could get the cart of a friend. He went out, and we all had prayer together. After a time the cart came, and we started for Pekin. We did not meet any Boxers, but saw them in the distance. We went to one of the church-member's homes, only to find it in ruins, then to a place we owned, but had rented. Our tenants not only would not take us in, but refused to pay us money they owed us. We drove from street to street. At last I saw my husband was nearly desperate, and I whispered to him: "God has let us come all this road, and we have not met Boxers; we must not seek death; perhaps he means us to live."

The carter then got to talking with some people, and learned that the Methodist Episcopal Mission had not been attacked, so with great joy we made our way across the city, and were



A GHILIAK FALI DAY

received with open arms. The children jumped up and down in the cart and said: "It is almost as nice as getting to heaven." It did seem so to us after the anxious hours. During the siege our dear little girl died, and heaven seems very near to us now.

THE TEA DISTRICTS OF CHINA

Mr. Barnard had gone east to study the tea districts of China, with the advantage of an English-speaking guide, who had travelled in his youth up the far inland rivers, and had seen the tea-gardens of the interior of the country. He and his family had been studying the Chinese language, and now they were ready for a visit to the green tea fields.

They prepared to go on a mandarin boat to the Oopack country, from which is exported English breakfast tea. They sailed from Honkow.

It was a land of canals, of hongs, and of coolies.

They visited a hong in the district. It was situated in the midst of numerous tea plantations, and to it the tea-pickers were bringing baskets of tea.

The plantations were covered with bushy tea-shrubs, some of which seemed to be snowed over with little white flowers. It was April, at the first picking of the tea.

The plantations were filled with work-people, gathering the tea into bags. The tea is so gathered, then assorted or picked over, then dried in the sun, after being withered in pans over charcoal fires.

The hong was an immense roof, supported by airy columns. Not only was tea dried under it, but tea-boxes were manufactured there.

The climate of these regions was much like the Southern States, and the soil like that of American southern districts.

On their return to Honkow, Mr. Barnard talked much with some English tea-merchants, about the growing of teas in other countries. Mr. Barnard came to the conclusion that it might be well to try the experiment of tea-raising in Florida, in the land where the orange-trees had failed.

Inland China was full of orange-trees. The climate was subject to cool seasons, and yet the trees flourished. He arranged to have some of this hardy stock transported.

He found that the United States government was interested in transporting tea-plants for experimental stations in the Carolinas and elsewhere.

The boys became greatly interested in the conveying of plants and fruits to the experimental stations of agriculture in America. They wrote letters to the principals of several agricultural colleges. In this way their education as would-be importers grew. They saw what they could do in their business in new ways.

There is a world of plants, another of fruits, and they saw how these worlds were in themselves one.

"To know how to select and protect crops," said Charles, "is the secret of success."

"You are right," said Mr. Barnard. "That is one of the things which we have come here to learn. He who makes a Japanese plum grow in Florida is a benefactor. So is he who transplants the hardy bush orange from the hills of China to Ocala and Tampa. So was he who developed the grapefruit, and made a life-giving bowl of it, as it were, on the breakfast table."

The celestials do not dwarf large trees, but enlarge them, so that a single branch to which the strength of the root has been forced will stretch out some three hundred feet. This has been little followed in America.

There was one thing that revealed to the boys, as they thought, an American opportunity, the kumquat, or bush

oranges, found in many gardens in China. They could be grown in Florida and easily protected. They would ship easily, and the demand for them in northern markets would be greater than the supply. Their fruit is hardly larger than the English walnut; is delicious, like the citras deliciosa, and makes a fine dish for the table.

The fruits in the temperate regions of China could nearly all be cultivated in the Southern States of America.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PEARL RIVER AND CANTON — CHINESE JUGGLERS — CONFUCIUS

EIGHTY miles up the Pearl River lies Canton, walled as it were with lifted sails.

The river is full of boats everywhere. It is said that there are some eighty thousand of them; many of these are floating houses and constitute river towns. Beautiful indeed are their sails in the sunset. The waters then seem to be as full of voices as of waves.

Coolies' calls, scolding women, stevedores shouting at their work, sounds near and far away, tom-tomings, ting-tingings, sunset bells, guns, and echoes make the Pearl River like a great fair in the evening hours.

Cantonese guides wait the traveller's landing.

One enters the streets of the "thousand beatitudes," and if service from calico-clad Celestials with bare feet were wanted, one would indeed be blest.

Silks, teas, tobacco, ramie, porcelains, junks, and curios all lie spread out before the traveller; he sees "beckoning boards" everywhere, and becomes bewildered.

If genius needed genii, here is a temple of five hundred of the latter, whither one might go to sharpen his wits.

The things that he cannot find here are few; here the delicatessen shops offer him dried rats and live ones in cages. Here he finds Chinese oranges, kumquats, loquats, limes.

In a square he may enter a temple called the Hall of Horrors, in which pictures of unfaithful people are to be seen in the

process of being boiled in oil, pounded in mortars, quartered and disjointed. This is a popular gathering-place; here beggars swarm, and all kinds of deformities are to be seen.

There is filth everywhere, under all the flowing awnings and signs, as well as in dismal alleys.

As on the river, the population seems to float about like a sea. There are said to be some three million people here, almost a London, quite a Greater New York.

The disgusting odors equal the filth. It is well the city lies beside the river.

Canton is a city of street shows and jugglers; to the traveller of leisure it is like a great circus or fair. The serious man of business little sees these things; the occupied eye sees only what it wishes to see.

Mr. Charles Sirr, in his great work on "China and the Chinese," devotes a chapter to the extraordinary feats of the Chinese necromancers. He witnessed the feats of the "king of jugglers." He thus describes these Oriental wonder-workings:

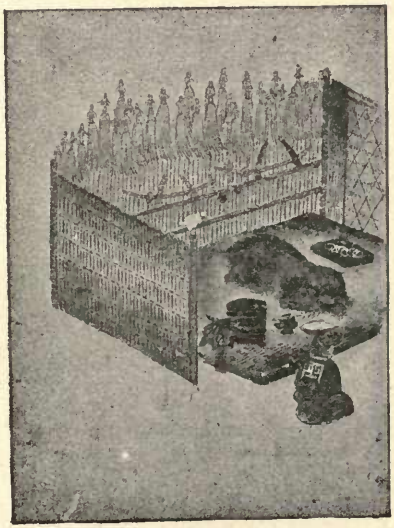
"The juggler, magician, necromancer, or conjurer, — for we know not which of these appellations to bestow upon the individual, — advanced into the centre of the room, accompanied by a compradore, and commenced an oration in Chinese, which was rendered into Anglo-Chinese by our compradore, who acted upon this occasion as our interpreter. The harangue was to the following effect: 'That he never before had exhibited the mysteries of his art to any, save natives of China, and mandarins of the highest rank; but, as our compradore was his particular friend, and had promised him faithfully that the Viceroy of Canton should not be made cognizant of his having exhibited the wonders of his peculiar vocation before any but the favored sons of the Celestial Empire, he would display such extraordinary feats as would undoubtedly convince us that he was

no common professor of the occult science; for as Taou-Kwang was the greatest potentate in the whole universe, all other emperors and monarchs being his inferiors, so was he (the speaker) the chief and head of all professors of his art; all others of his brethren or compeers being as inferior to him as the aforesaid emperors and potentates were to Taou-Kwang, the Emperor of the Celestial Empire, and ruler of the whole world.' This oratorical display was delivered with an amazing show of pomposity, being regarded by us for as much as it was worth; and we fully determined to keep our previously formed resolution, of watching the performer most narrowly and closely.

"The compradore now retired, leaving the emperor of all the jugglers, necromancers, conjurors, and magicians, standing *solus* in the centre of the apartment. Our friend now commenced operations, by placing his box at his side; he then stripped off his jacket, leaving himself nude from the waist upwards, with the exception of a white cloth which was twisted about his loins; he then took his long tail of plaited hair, and twined it around his head.

"Being thus prepared, by denuding himself of his jacket, to prove there was nought concealed in his sleeves, he opened his box, and took therefrom an ordinary earthenware bowl or basin, of about eighteen inches in diameter, closed the lid of the box, leaving it in the middle of the room, and completely exposed to our view; he then walked around the room, basin in hand, presenting it successively to each guest for inspection, the whole of the time muttering in Chinese, which we afterward learned was a species of incantation. All assembled were perfectly satisfied that the basin was an ordinary one, and empty.

"The conjurer now placed the bowl on the floor, about five feet from the box, untwisted the cloth from about his loins, and threw it over the basin, spreading it out smoothly, and continuing his mumbling during the operation.



GHILIAKS SACRIFICING THE BEAR

"The magic cloth was about a yard and a half long by one yard wide; before three-quarters of a minute had elapsed the juggler raised the cloth from the basin, exposing the vessel to our view, when, lo, and behold! to our astonishment, the basin was filled with limpid water, and a fish of three or four inches in length was swimming about in it! He then took up the bowl, handing it to each spectator, as he had previously done when the basin was empty, and we satisfied ourselves that there was no ocular deception, that the water was veritable water, and the fish a living one.

"How this was accomplished, we leave it to those who are learned in necromatic arts to solve; but this is certain, there was no false bottom or lining to the vessel, and it was impossible to have changed the basin, or to have put anything into it, as the performer did not approach it from the time of placing it on the floor until the cloth had been withdrawn by him, and we had seen the limpid water in it.

"After we had sufficiently satisfied ourselves by minutely examining the contents of the basin, the necromancer replaced it in the box, taking therefrom a green porcelain flower-pot filled with mould; the pot was near upon twelve inches in height and eighteen in diameter. Holding the flower-pot in one hand, and what appeared to be an ordinary seed in the other, the conjurer handed them around for inspection, after the previous fashion; he then made a cavity in the mould, placing the seed in it, covering it carefully with the earth; he placed the flower-pot on the ground, where the bowl had previously rested, covered it in like manner with the cloth, and recommenced his muttering, which occupied about ten minutes; he then withdrew the cloth, and we beheld a young and tender plant in the flower-pot, about two inches above the mould; this specimen of magic vegetation was of a delicate, bright green color, with the leaves folded about the stem, one within the

other, and apparently a healthy plant, having all that peculiar freshness which is apparent when a plant sprouts from its parent earth; but to what botanical genus this magical specimen appertained we are not prepared to determine. This was handed around by the enchanter and examined by all, with the same feelings and expressions of surprise, but with no less care and accuracy, than the water and the fish which had preceded.

"The juggler again replaced the flower-pot on the spot which it had previously occupied, and recommenced his incantations, which continued for about twenty minutes; during this period we observed the cloth gradually rising in a conical form over the spot where it covered the flower-pot until it had risen about a foot and a half. When the cloth was again withdrawn, and to our increased amazement, we beheld the tender plant grown into a small shrub, regularly formed, clothed with verdure, and having its branches covered with buds and leaves; and again the same examination was resumed, and we were as fully convinced of the shrub being a *bona fide* one, and of the impossibility of deception, as we had been of the truth and accuracy of that which we had seen on the two former occasions. *Replacing*, *recovering*, *remuttering* were all severally *renewed*, and after the lapse of half an hour, the cloth was once more *removed*, and need we say that the amazement of the spectators was considerably augmented by discovering that the shrub was now clothed with blossoms and flowers, in appearance resembling those of the China aster.

"'Most wonderful — astounding — extraordinary — astonishing — beyond belief — scarcely to be credited — surely our eyes deceive us — are we dreaming — is it magic — or what' — were some of the ejaculations which escaped from those present.

"We now came to the conclusion that nought more extraordinary could be exhibited, and we imagined that the show was terminated, when our friend the magician recalled the compra-

dore, and through him requested us to resume our seats, as he had something further to produce, by which he intended to prove his right and title to the imperial dignity which he assumed over his compeers; at the same time he intimated that our patience would be slightly taxed, as time would be required to bring the forthcoming spectacle to completion; we hastened to comply with this request by reseating ourselves.

"Again the casket of wonders, in the form of the aforesaid teakwood box, was called into requisition, and the lid having been raised, our wonder-worker took therefrom a common earthenware plate, of a round form, with blue and white figures depicted thereon, and about two feet in diameter; a pound or more of uncooked rice was put on the plate and handed about as previously described; we took the platter, examining it more narrowly than any of the former articles, resolved this time *there should be no mistake*, for as the conjurer had promised that the wonder now to be worked was to be more supernatural than anything we had yet witnessed, we resolved, if possible, to be very *sharp*, and not to be done; we handled the rice, which there could be no mistake about, it being indeed 'la veritable' (as Jean Maria Farina writes; by the way, how many veritable Farinas are there?), and unboiled also.

"It must be borne in mind that during the whole period, although the necromancer could see the box, it was closed, standing at a distance from him, and he never approached it during the operations, after the various articles had been taken from it; so that it was perfectly impracticable that anything could have been abstracted from the box after it had been originally closed.

"The conjurer now put the plate of rice in the centre of the room, covering it with a cloth, and squatting down after the manner of these pagans (for be it known to the uninitiated that the attitude of the Asiatics more frequently resembles that of

a monkey crouched than that of a human being seated, as their *nether end* rests upon, or balances over their heels, and when a Chinaman's long tail is stretched on the ground, the resemblance is nearly perfect), he varied the performance by putting his hand under the cloth, scrupulously keeping his arms covered to the elbows, and commenced divers manipulations, vehemently, energetically, and loudly muttering his incantations. It has just been suggested to us by a mischievous imp, who jogged our elbow, that the manipulations in which the conjurer was indulging might possibly have been of a mesmeric character; be this as it may, the manipulations continued for the space of half an hour, our necromancer never budging from the spot, or varying the elegant attitude which he had first assumed. We observed sundry movements under the cloth at divers times, and in various places; it appeared to be raised from the ground until the whole presented an appearance not unlike the uneven surface and undulations of the model of a hilly country, the three sides which were removed from the magician resting on the floor.

"At the expiration of the half-hour, the magician arose and removed the cloth, walking around, and, carefully gathering it up at the four corners, which being thus raised, discovered to our astonished gaze, arranged in symmetrical order, six dishes or plates of various sizes, although similar to that which had been previously handed around for inspection; these plates were filled with sundry cooked edibles peculiar to the country, and amongst them was a platter full of *boiled rice*, but where the dish of unboiled rice had vanished to, or from whence came the six dishes, or how they came there amply filled with ready-cooked food, it passed human ken to explain!

"Neither is it conceivable how the juggler could have arranged these six dishes, without moving from one spot, as those dishes which were farthest from him, when the cloth was removed, were

considerably beyond the reach of his arm; but certes! it cannot be denied that he could, with equal facility, arrange the order of the dishes, as he could have caused to appear, or have produced, the six descriptions of variously prepared edibles, in as many dishes, from one solitary platter of unboiled rice.

"Again were exclamations of wonder and astonishment heard to issue from the mouths of all those who were present. Again did we conclude that the spectacle had been brought to a close, but again were we requested to resume our seats, and again did we comply with the solicitation. The conjurer recovered the viands with his magic cloth, which, to our visual organ, appeared to be nothing more or less than two pieces of calico sewn together; reseating himself in his former elegant attitude, he recommenced his *incantic* jabberings, repeating his manipulations in the manner above described. After the lapse of some time, we observed the cloth gradually rising, rising, rising, and again rising in the centre, until it assumed a form somewhat conical, the apex of which was removed about two feet or upward from the floor.

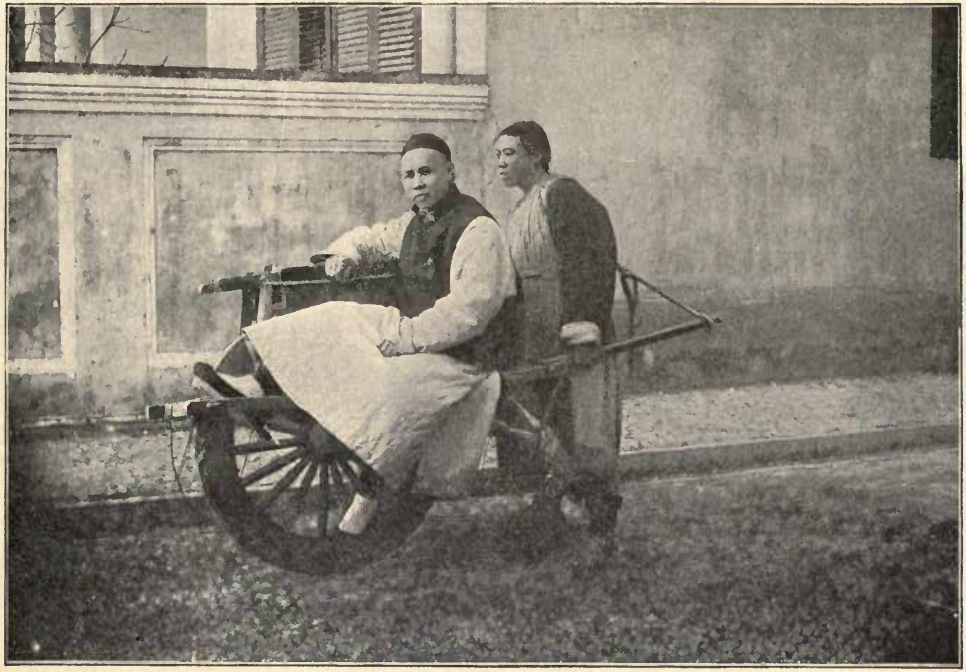
"During the whole of this rising or ascending process, the manipulator remained without removing from the spot where he had originally squatted, but he now assumed the erect posture of the human form divine, and again, and for the last time, he raised the magic web of cloth, when, wonder upon wonders! there were the six dishes, which twenty or thirty minutes previously we had seen arranged flat and symmetrically upon the floor, now piled one upon the other, in regular order, commencing with the largest at the bottom, each dish in ascending order being of diminished size, until the smallest crowned the top, the food remaining in the dishes, forming a new melange or pyramid, composed of alternate layers of earthenware and viands.

"'Well,' said a countryman of ours, who was present, 'if this does not *bate* Bannagher! and sure ye know who he *bate*,—

wasn't it Ould Nick himself!' Alas! poor ———! for shortly after, Death, the presiding genius of Hong-kong, claimed him as a victim, and there his body rests, in the burial-ground on the hill, with the dark red earth piled on his coffin, far from Erin's green isle, and those he loved so well. 'Alas! poor Yorick! he was a fellow of infinite mirth and merriment.' Ah, well! it will not do to indulge in these melancholy reminiscences; so on with our task.

"With breathless astonishment, we gazed upon this necromancer, half believing that it was not quite impossible that, upon close inspection, we might discover the cloven hoofs, horns, tail, and other peculiarities appertaining to his Satanic Majesty; true, there was a tail, but that was of hair; and being twined round his head it could not very conveniently or appropriately be termed a *dorsal termination*. During the whole period of the performance, the necromancer preserved the most imperturbable gravity, whilst we unsophisticated mortals were lost in very amazement at the wonders we had been the witnesses of; but he, good man, treated all that he did, seemingly, as if they had been matters of common daily occurrence; which possibly they might have been, or were with him.

"Amongst our English exclamations of wonderment, it should not be forgotten that there were mingled, in due proportion, the *yi-yaws* and other expressions indicative of similar feelings on the part of the head domestics and their friends, who had crowded round the doors and windows, to satisfy their (not very unnatural) curiosity; for we, although not at all times disposed to be good-natured, on this occasion, for very obvious reasons, followed laudably the course pursued by a certain *mitey minister*, namely, closing our eyes to avoid seeing what we felt we should have great difficulty in remedying. The emperor of all the conjurers, and we must fully acquiesce in his right to assume that title, now took his leave with a *chin-chin*, meaning,



WHEELBARROW FOR CARRYING PASSENGERS

(Can pass along a road one foot wide)

in good honest English, farewell; his coolie removing the teak-wood box, and some of our own domestics carrying out the flowering shrub, in all its pristine beauty, and pyramid of viands; of the latter of which we have no doubt they partook in company with our friend the emperor, washing the edibles down with sundry cups of their favorite beverage, *sam-shoo*."

In Smith's "Exploratory Visit to China," we read the following interesting account of a juggler, which we quote, as being a more wonderful performance and illusion than any we saw or have described.

THE PERFORMANCE OF A NATIVE JUGGLER

"THE juggler, after haranguing the crowd with much animation, as is usual with actors, proceeded to one part of the crowd, and took thence a child, apparently about five or six years of age, who, with struggling reluctance, was led into the centre of the circle. The man then, with impassioned gestures, violently threw the child on a wooden stool, and placing him on his back, flourished over him a large knife; the child all the time sobbing and crying as if from fright. Two or three older men from the crowd approached with earnest remonstrance against the threatened deed of violence.

"For a time he desisted, but soon after returning to the child, who was still uttering most pitiable cries, he placed him with his back upwards, and notwithstanding the violent protests of the seniors, he suddenly dashed the knife into the back of the child's neck, which it appeared to enter till it had almost divided it from the head, the blood meanwhile flowing copiously from the wound, streaming to the ground, and over the hands of the man. The man then arose, leaving the knife firmly fixed in the child's

neck. The struggles of the child grew more and more feeble, and at last altogether ceased. Copper cash was now thrown liberally into the ring, for the benefit of the principal actors. They were collected by the assistants, all of them viewing the influx of the coins with great delight, and bowing continually to the spectators, and reiterating the words, *Te Seay*, many thanks. After a time, the man proceeded toward the corpse, pronounced a few words, took away the knife, and called aloud to the child; soon there appeared the signs of returning animation. The stiffness of death gradually relaxed, and at last the child stood up among the eager crowd, who closed around him, and bountifully rewarded him with cash. The performance was one which evidently excited delight in the bystanders, who, by their continued shouts, showed their approbation of the acting."

Mrs. Barnard, who had taken a great interest in the "sand pens" of Boston, and visited the German kinderplatz in towns on the way, no sooner entered China than she began to inquire about missionary kindergartens. She found them. The American missionaries had seen what she so clearly saw; they had opened such schools in the large stations.

She visited one of these schools, and afterward addressed a company of English and American teachers. She said to them:

"I come from America; I am travelling as a pupil, trying to learn something wherever I go. Had I influence in work like yours, I would put the Asian missions into the kindergarten school. Kindergartens would become churches, colleges, life."

The school that she visited abounded with stories. Some of these were as charming as those used in the Froebel schools of Germany and Switzerland.

The Chinese cities were full of poverty and beggars.

The street scenes of Canton were full of picturesque life. The street railway had not yet supplanted the sedan-chair and

SHOW-ROOM OF A LANTERN MERCHANT

wheelbarrow. The show-rooms of the lantern merchant, the dry-goods shops, the itinerant barber who shaves his customers on the street, the travelling bread-carts, the kite-flyers in the fields and open places, all hold the eye of the visitor, and tempt him to use the camera.

Our tourist visited many porcelain shops, and made purchases of dishes for home use and souvenirs. Among the features of the ware shops were earthen jars, which are much used in China for water among the poor people.

Among their visits at Canton was one to a Chinese lady, with bound feet. This lady greatly interested Mrs. Barnard and Lucy, for she could speak English imperfectly, and had become a member of a humane missionary society for the prevention of the binding of children's feet.

The missionary influence is making itself felt in freeing China from the custom of deforming the feet. The missionary seems destined to set Chinese women free from the superstition.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OPIUM — THE MONSTER COVERLET

CHARLES H. EDEN, who published a *very* interesting popular book on China, some twenty years ago, devotes a part of a chapter to beggars, the king of the beggars, and to the temptations that lead to beggary in China. In this interesting chapter he, in very careful language, pictures the weak side of Chinese life.

He says, at first quoting Abbé Huc: "In the northern provinces, especially in the environs of the Great Wall, you may sometimes meet, during the intense cold of winter, men running about in a state of complete nudity, having been driven pitilessly from the gaming-houses where they had lost their all. They rush about in all directions like madmen to try to save themselves from being frozen, or crouch down against the chimneys, which, in those countries, are carried along the walls of the houses, on a level with the ground.

"They turn first one side toward the warmth, then the other, whilst their gambling companions, far from trying to help them, look on with ferocious and malignant hilarity. The horrible spectacle seldom lasts long, for the cold soon seizes the unfortunate creatures, and they fall down and die. The gamblers then return to their table, and begin to play again with the most perfect composure. Such facts as these will appear fabulous to many persons, but having resided several years in the north of China, we can testify to their perfect authenticity.

"The Chinese also have a game called *tsei-mei*, which consists in guessing the number of figures held out by each player, and

EARTHEN JAR SHOP AND BLACKSMITH SHOP, SHANGHAI

much resembles the Italian *morra;* the loser has to furnish a cup of brandy. They also enjoy cock-fighting, as well as combats between crickets and grasshoppers, on all of which money is staked and won or lost.

"The fatal passion for gambling inherent in the Chinese is not the only cause of their misery. Another may be found in their love of debauchery. The thin coating of varnish which

PLAYING DAN-HO

covers Chinese society hides a most profound corruption, a perversion of manners and morals which exceeds all we have read of in ancient history. Drunkenness, as we understand the term, is among the least of these vices, although it exists to a considerable extent. Centuries ago grape wine was prohibited, and all the vines destroyed by order of the reigning emperor. The Manchu dynasty repealed this edict, and the vine is now cultivated for the table, though wine is not made from it. It is,

however, a matter of very little difference, for they extract both wine and brandy from rice and millet, strong liquors which produce terrible drunkenness.

"Alcoholic drink may be obtained at the tea-houses and restaurants, which are as numerous as the public-houses in England. There are many degrees of comfort and elegance in these establishments, which, as with us, are suited to the requirements of all classes. The tea-houses may be easily recognized by a recess placed at the end of the hall, furnished with huge kettles, teapots, furnaces, stoves, and cauldrons six feet in height. Above the recess generally stands a time-keeper consisting of a joss-stick or long perfumed match, marked off at equal distances. This slowly smoulders, and, as it shortens, indicates the hours, thus literally fulfilling the expression 'to consume time.'

"In many places the tea-houses are in boats, and the traveller sees dark and filthy dens, where haggard men, lying on dirty mats, smoke opium, but more generally the opium-houses are in obscure streets in the towns. All kinds of people congregate in these wretched places, and whilst smoking amuse themselves by looking at dissolving views of sacred subjects, or more commonly of indecent and disgusting ones. Opium is smoked in a different manner from tobacco, the pipe consisting of a tube resembling a German flute in size and thickness.

"At one end of it is fitted a bowl, which is pierced with a hole communicating with the hollow of the stem. The opium, which is in the form of a black paste, is prepared for smoking by placing a little ball the size of a pea on a fine needle, and heating it over a lamp until it swells and acquires a certain consistence. It is then moulded into a conical form and placed in the bowl. The smoker, holding it to the flame of a lamp, takes three or four deep inspirations, ejecting the vapor through his nostrils. These few puffs exhaust the opium in the bowl, and the pipe has to be replenished, which makes the business very tedious.

ITINERANT RESTAURANT

"Opium smokers usually lie on one side or the other when indulging in the habit, and the wealthy have their pipes replenished for them. The man who once gives way to this most pernicious of all habits is lost. His eyes become sunken and vacant, his hands tremble, his form betrays the symptoms of premature decrepitude, and his intellectual faculties decay. Nothing can stop him; he becomes insensible to everything; neither poverty nor hunger can stimulate him to exertion, and he perishes like the beasts of the field. Those who supply the Chinese with this deadly poison have much to answer for.

"It is easy to account for the existence of a vast amount of pauperism amongst a people such as the Chinese, and it is an evil of such gigantic magnitude that the government is utterly baffled in all its endeavors to cope with it. In every town the number of mendicants is enormous; at the corners of the streets and in every public place are seen crowds of miserable wretches, exposing their deformities, their wounds, and their dislocated limbs to excite the commiseration of the passers-by. If these relieve them, it is not from pity, but simply to release themselves from further importunity. Numbers of these wretched beings perish daily of starvation. They have no homes, but erect miserable huts outside the pagodas and other large buildings, made of any scraps of linen and matting they can pick up in the streets.

"The Chinese beggars form regular companies for the systematic plunder of the rich. Each member brings to the society some real or supposed infirmity, and they understand how to make the most out of this large capital of human misery. An acknowledged chief, recognized by the state, rules over this army of mendicants, and the King of the Beggars is held responsible for the conduct of his tattered subjects. At Pekin he is a great power. On certain fixed days he is allowed to despatch his followers to solicit alms, or rather to plunder the environs of the

capital. It would require the pencil of a Hogarth to picture this disorderly array of maimed and ragged scarecrows proudly marching to the conquest of a village. Whilst his subjects are intimidating the inhabitants by their insolent demands, the king goes to the head of the community and agrees to release the villagers from the importunity of his subjects on the payment of a certain sum. After much haggling, a ransom is fixed and paid, when, at a signal from their monarch, the beggars flock like so many birds to the next point on their route. All sums collected are handed to the king, who distributes the proceeds afterward in some mysterious manner peculiar to the fraternity over which he holds sway.

"A great number of vagabonds will not submit to even this semblance of authority and discipline, but wander about on their own account, ever ready to rob and pillage the weak and defenceless, and forming a constant source of public annoyance.

"In the vain endeavor to get the upper hand of this evil, the Chinese government has established granaries and numerous pawnbrokers' shops, the existence of which, though of late date in Europe, has been long known in China. These establishments, however, can only help those who are in temporary need of assistance; the utterly destitute have never a rag to pawn, and are relieved by gifts of money, clothing, or food. There are also many public hospitals for the relief and succor of the most necessitous, but such benevolent institutions are far from sufficient to allay the misery which pauperism inflicts upon the empire.

"Yet some few people have made even this hideous ulcer of poverty and disease subservient to their own ends, and have managed to extract profit from a quarter, where, to most men, such a feat would seem impossible. The greed of gain suggested to some shrewd Chinese the idea of providing sleeping-quarters for these vagabonds, and they accordingly built a huge lath and

plaster hall, the floor of which was covered with a thick layer of chickens' feathers, from which it derived its name of Ki-mao-fan, or the 'House of the Hens' Feathers.' To this establishment, at sunset, crowd all the rogues and mendicants who can find no other shelter, and on the payment of a sapeck, or one-fifth part of a farthing, are provided with lodgings for the night. There is no established order of coming and going in the Ki-mao-fan; men, women, and children all bundle in as they chance to arrive, and each one makes himself the best bed he can amongst the feathers. At first the spirited proprietors used to furnish each of their lodgers with a covering, but these disappeared with a rapidity that showed plainly some other method must be devised to kept these light-fingered gentry warm. A brilliant idea struck the manager, and was immediately adopted with unqualified success. A huge felt rug was procured, of such dimensions that it covered the whole floor of the hall. During the day this monster coverlet, in which, I may mention, are pierced many holes for the heads of the sleepers to protrude through, is hoisted up to the roof; but when the night comes, and the building has filled, an attendant lowers it down over the whole of the sleepers, who are thus protected from the drip or rain through the roof, or from draughts; as to warmth, the heat from such numbers becomes suffocating."

At Canton, they visited the tomb of Confucius.

Confucius, who taught that we must read what we should be in life from what was noble in the life of our ancestors, was born on June 19th, 551 years before Christ, in the age of Pythagoras. He studied life in the virtues of noble men who had lived and died so as to make the world better and happier. He lived seventy-three years. Babylon was the world's great city at that time, and Cyrus was king of Persia.

He became a high officer in the court. His real name was King Futsze. He led a good life, and founded a school of phi-

losophy for the reformation of China, which country had become very corrupt. He found followers in the court, and his philosophy spread over China, and became a religion in Corea, and grew in favor after his death. People began to study the virtues of their ancestors, and then to worship these virtues, and at last to worship their ancestors. Tombs of noble men became shrines, and shrines temples.

The great Chinese interpreter of the works of Confucius was the philosopher Mencius.

Our tourists left the instructive Ah Hue at Canton. He there related the last of his favorite Jataka tales.

THE WISE QUAIL — A STORY ALL SHOULD HEAR

THERE was once a Buddha who came into this life from another in the form of a little quail.

His parents discovered that he was no common bird, and they knew not what would become of him. So they said:

"We will not teach him to run, we will not teach him to fly; he shall not know the meaning of feet and wings."

So they said, when he came to feather:

"Sit on your nest, little quail. We will bring you berries here."

The little quail sat upon her nest and was fed, and wondered at all the miracles of wings and feet (as children of rich parents are likely to do).

There were great jungle fires in those days, and one suddenly arose.

"What shall we do now?" asked the parent quails; "our little one cannot run or fly."

"We must fly or perish," said the hen quail.

"We must fly or perish," said the other. "If we were to stay by our little one, all three would perish together."

CAP - VENDER'S SHOP, CANTON

The fire rushed, the fire roared. It encircled the little quail on its nest.

Then the little Buddha quail saw its parents fly away, and mount above the smoke and fire, and it saw the hares run away.

"What shall I do now?" asked the little quail in alarm, and the fire drew nearer, and it felt the hot breath.

The little quail stood up and said:

"I have faith."

The fire circle around the little quail became smaller.

"*And I have feet and wings!*"

The little Buddha quail had found its feet and wings through faith.

"And I can run like a hare, and mount up above the fire like a real bird. What others have done, I can do, no matter what I have been taught."

It ran out of the nest. Through faith it had found its feet.

"Through faith I can fly as well as walk," said the little quail. "I come to ye, O ye skies, I will mount up to ye, O ye birds, that fly over the smoke and fire. I come, I come."

And the little Buddha quail began to rise, and circle, and soar.

Then it sang:

"I have wings, I have wings."

And the Buddha quail became the wisest of birds.

The party sailed from Canton to Tonquin, purposing to return to Hong-kong.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE KINDERGARTEN IN FOOCHOW

Foochow, or the "Happy Region," lies some 180 miles from Amoy of the Beautiful Gate, 375 miles from the quiet port of Shanghai, and 450 from busy Canton. It has some million or more inhabitants, including a vast river population, — people who live in boats.

Some of her bridges are remarkable, among them one called the "Bridge of 1,000 Ages," said to be eight hundred years old. Towers rise everywhere in the rich old city.

There our tourists found illustrations of many of their theories.

The American missionaries there have a hospital for women and children, a school for women, and a kindergarten.

Opium-eaters come to the hospital to be cured of their habits; but hospitals, however great-hearted, do not always cure this fearful habit. A recent report of the hospital work contains the following story:

"A patient, whose husband was an opium smoker, came to us one day crying, saying she must go home, as she had no more money. Then she explained that she had been living on money she earned by selling cakes in the street. Her husband had a few days before changed three dollars for her, and had given her bad money. She did not know he had deceived her until, when she wanted to buy rice, one after another of her bills was rejected. It seems strange that she should have trusted him when she knew so well that for a long time he had done nothing

DINNER-PARTY AT A MANDARIN'S HOUSE

to help her, but a woman in China who cannot find help in her own home is indeed friendless, so such are loth to break away from their husbands even when they are most unworthy. We offered to give this woman her rice in the hospital until she was stronger, but she said she must go home and look after things. She is a Christian woman and bears her trials with cheerfulness, but hers is indeed a sad life.

"The products of the opium trade cut a sorry figure as seen from the standpoint of a medical missionary. In order to satisfy this craving a man will rob his house of every comfort, and then sell his wife and children. It destroys all sense of pity and honor more completely, if possible, than the habit of strong drink. An intemperate man will sometimes be himself again and show some love for his family. We have heard of a drunkard who was reformed by seeing his wife's tears drop into the cup of water she gave him to drink. He vowed he would never drink his wife's tears again, and he kept his word. But an opium-smoker could drink his wife's tears unmoved. When we see this misery and remember how opium was introduced into China, it makes us long for the time when nations will be rich enough to enjoy the luxury of doing right."

There are kindergartens in Smyrna, Cæsarea, and in Tokio, (Japan). They are multiplying in centres of Western education in the East.

Mrs. Barnard and Lucy found the kindergarten at Foochow a very lovely place. It had an open court, in which were growing plants, rare flowers, and globes of goldfish. The posts of the room were colored red; the walls were white and were hung with pictures. The room looked like an art gallery. The floor was kept as clean as a dining-table. Everything had a cheerful atmosphere.

A hall led from the main room to a garden, called the Tuthill Garden, which was the delight of the children. Here the

flowers seemed blooming in celestial air. Here was a grape-fruit tree, a loquat orange tree, and a sweet-fruit tree. The children played in the shadows of these trees, amid flowers and birds and under open skies.

Here were pansies, pinks, marigolds, verbenas, sweet peas, roses, geraniums, heliotropes, and jessamines, which the children raised and cultivated with their own hands.

The pulling up of weeds was one of the early lessons taught in this kinderplatz. There is a somewhat similar school at Swatow.

During the visit, a very strange thing happened in one of these schools.

A little girl was brought into the schoolroom to have her feet unbound.

She looked like a dumpling, but she had a bright face.

As Lucy stood among the teachers, and saw the wrappers taken one by one from the cramped feet, and read the joy of the child's heart in her face, she said:

"It is for the kindergartens to unbind the feet of China. If I were a queen, I would plant kindergartens everywhere. That would be a new missionary world."

The little Chinese girl toppled down to the clean floor, and tried to walk. She looked as though she were trying to fly. "Ah! oh! ah! oh! ah!" she said. Then she fell down, laughing and crying.

Mrs. Barnard had studied the ways of helping others in all the journey, but nothing gave her more delight than these Chinese schools. She saw what this method of human help might be to China and the East.

A CHINESE LADY WITH BOUND FEET

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TONQUIN

THE story of the French protectorate of Tonquin, or Tonkìng, is not without shadows. All that can be said of such doubtful moral conditions is that when a low order of civilization opposes a higher one, the lower one in the end must yield to the higher — it is gravitation. Tonquin was the shelter of pirates, of black flags, and barbarism on the sea. By an old treaty France had a concession of a strip of coast; her ships were opposed by the pirates, and she enforced a higher order of civilization there. It is claimed against her that she used her power for exploitation. However this may be, France in Tonquin has meant a higher order of life.

Look upon the map of Asia. Turn your eye upon the China Sea. Upon one side of this eventful water are the Philippine Islands, and on the other are Tonquin and Cochin-China. The island of Hainan forms a part of the Gulf of Tonquin. Strangely enough, in the China Sea, Hong-kong stands for England, Tonquin for France, and Luzon for the United States.

West of Tonquin is Siam, and northwest of Siam is Burma.

For what Canton stands in the present condition of affairs it would be hard to say. We know, or think we know, for what Manchuria stands in the future, — for the mighty power of Russian China, — but the port cities of the China Sea are in a state of transition.

In 1418 there arose a great prince in Tonquin called Le-Loi.

He threw off the Chinese yoke, founded the Le dynasty, and made Hanoi his capital. His deeds are still sung.

Dynasties rose and fell, and early in 1600 French missions were established in Tonquin, or in Annam.

In 1787 "rights" were conceded to France in Tonquin, and in 1838 the French began to claim these rights for trade purposes. The latter found the so-called "thousand isles" infested by pirates, and cleared the sea of the black flags. France subdued the mandarins, and compelled a commercial treaty in 1874. She extended a protectorate over Annam, and seized the citadel of Hanoi. Since then the French rule has prevailed in Tonquin.

Very interesting are the forest provinces of Tonquin; like the Gran Chaco in South America it is a vast menagerie, an almost unknown world.

The Red River is the great watercourse of Tonquin. The country has an area of about sixty thousand miles, with a population of twelve million.

Hanoi is the chief town in Tonquin, and is, perhaps, the finest in all Cochin-China. Its population is 150,000 or more. It contains the government palace and the royal pagoda. Thirty years ago the city was hardly known to European commerce.

In the contest with the pirates, the Black Flag chief showed himself to be a heroic, or mock heroic, opponent. He issued the following fiery proclamation against the French invaders. Read it. The instinct of liberty is strong in it; the words scorch and flame.

"You French brigands live by violence in Europe, and glare out on all the world like tigers, seeking for a place to exercise your craft and cruelty. Where there is land you lick your chops for lust of it; where there are riches you would fain lay hands on them. You send out teachers of religion to

A WOMAN OF TONQUIN

undermine and ruin the people. You say you wish for international commerce, but you merely wish to swallow up the country.

"There are no bounds to your cruelty, and there is no name for your wickedness. You trust in your strength, and you debauch our women and our youth. Surely this excites the indignation of gods and men, and is past the endurance of heaven or earth. Now you seek to conquer Annam, and behind the dummy of international commerce cast the treaty aside and befool the world, that you may satisfy your lust for blood, capture cities, storm towns, slaughter mandarins, and rob everybody. You kill the innocent, and you bribe in secret. Your outrages and cruelties extend everywhere. Your crimes are unspeakable. Not all the water of the West River would wash out your shame. He who issues this proclamation has received behest to avenge these wrongs. He has taken oath to exterminate you with an army which bears Ni ('Justice') on its banners. His first desire was at once, with the speed of a thunderbolt, to descend on your rabbit-holes and exterminate you without pity, like the vermin you are. Such would raise rejoicing in the heart of man, and would be a symbol of Heaven's vengeance. But Hanoi is an ancient and honorable town. It is filled with honest and loyal citizens. Therefore could he not endure that the city should be reduced to ruins, and young and old be put to the sword.

"Therefore now do I, Liu Jung-Fu, issue proclamation. Know ye, French robbers, that I come to meet you. Rely on your strength and rapine, and lead forth your herd of sheep and curs to meet my army of heroes, and see who will be master. Wai-Tak-Fu, an open space, I have fixed on as the field where I shall establish my fame. If you own that you are no match for us; if you acknowledge that you carrion Jews are only fit to grease the edge of our blades; if you would still remain alive, then

behead your leaders, bring their heads to my official abode, leave our city, and return to your own foul lairs. Then I, out of regard for the Lord of Heaven, for humanity, and for my commission from government to maintain peace, will not slaughter you for mere personal gratification. But if you hesitate and linger on, hankering for what you cannot take, one morning my soldiers will arrive, and with them dire misfortune for you. Take heed, and yield while yet you may. Be not as mules, and involve yourselves in ruin. Let each man ponder this well, while yet he may save himself from death."

The walls about Hanoi are interesting. Outside are clothes-washing places, and wallowing commons for buffaloes.

Hanoi was once a place of bamboo houses and drains. The French have changed all this squalor into homes with decencies.

The Chinese live in their own quarter. They are traffickers, and many of them agents of the hongs in China. Little shrines to good spirits are to be found everywhere. Many of them are adorned with fresh or faded flowers.

The holy sign of the ancient royalty is to be found in many places. It signifies the union of spiritual and temporal powers in the heaven and earth, in the sovereign, and in the constitution of man. It is called the Soastica.

Mr. J. G. Scott, an oriental traveller, thus pictures a visit that he made to a Tonquin joss-house:

"To visit these religious houses one has to pass through the city wall at a place where the French have raised a large brick block-house, with a couple of guns to defend the northern approaches to the town. It is not easy to find one's way into the finer buildings, which are all situated on the islands. It is necessary to meander about among the houses, for there are no roads, and this causes terrible alarm among the women and boys, great barking of dogs, and barring of doors and windows.

"Nevertheless, in the early days of 1884, when few French-

WELLINGTON STREET, HONG-KONG

men ventured outside the city walls, and the monks were not yet scared away, the writer was fortunate enough to see a religious service in one of these joss-houses. There was a large, brick-paved court in front, with a wall all around, and a highly ornate gateway on the face opposite the temple. The temple itself was quite open toward this court, with simply a few wooden pillars to support the roof. In the background was the altar of Buddha, who was represented as a Chinese-looking personage, very highly painted, and supported on either side by disciples. The lower edges of the altar were covered with wooden sacrificial vessels, incense braziers, cups of oil with wicks in them, spiral joss-sticks, and the like.

"In front of this was the altar for offerings, with more sacrificial utensils, paper boats, piles of bars of silver and gold in paper, flowers, rice, and fruit. On either side were racks of processional weapons in pairs on long poles, — a griffin's head, a closed hand, with a pencil grasped in it, another with the fore-finger extended, a tiger's head, the hammer of the gods, swords, and spears. To the right and left, in what might be called the chancel, were two niches, with Arahats in them; and beneath these, two rocky-like structures with frames in little cavities, representing what had the appearance of scenes on the Last Day. On the left-hand side, the righteous were admitted into a kind of paradise, where was enthroned a majestic Buddha, with other divinities by his side. On the right, were representations of the punishments of the damned. Huge devils, with tails and talons, were depicted pitchforking the wicked with barbed and corkscrew lances into different hells, where there were other victims hung, impaled, drowned, roasted, stripped of their flesh. Side by side were two cleverly modelled figures which showed considerable artistic humor. One was a fat, complacent individual, clasping with podgy hands at a Falstaffian belly; the other was a mere skeleton, all skin and bone, the bones being very carefully studied.

They were regarding one another as the rich man and Lazarus might have done.

"On either side of the central table with its lighted candles were figures, — one a commonplace good spirit, with the scanty chin-beard and mustache common to the Annamese, and with a very vacant face, intended, no doubt, to express good-will; the other was unmistakably an evil spirit, and the carver had evidently devoted much study to the subject, with very remarkable success. Possibly he had a bad conscience. The creature stood on one foot, with the other drawn up as in a demoniac dance. He clasped a book to his breast, and in the other hand brandished a pencil, as though he were a kind of recording devil. The face wore a ghoulish grin, and had a remarkable resemblance to that of Satan in the celebrated picture of the temptation of Christ on the lofty mountain.

"Round about, seated and kneeling, were some twenty or thirty devotees, some near the bell on the left, some near the gong on the right. In the chancel, if it may be so called, was an old monk presiding over a choir of a dozen others. He was wasted away to a mere skeleton, and was reading the lauds at the top of his voice, intoning them in regular Buddhist fashion, so that, if one had closed his eyes, it was possible to imagine a Romish priest chanting the mass. But it was impossible to keep one's eyes off the old man.

"Now and then he was measured and solemn, but far oftener he seemed as if in an inspired ecstasy, stretching out his hands and making uncanny gestures with his fingers at a prodigious pace. The worshippers seemed altogether unimpressed, and talked away to one another as if nothing were going on, but without affecting the celebrant. When he ceased for a time, apparently from exhaustion, the choir commenced a kind of liturgy, with the accompaniment of several flutes and a primitive kind of violin. After a time the old monk rang a little

TONQUIN BARBER TREATING THE EAR

bell, and the chorus ceased, to let him begin his recitation again. He became more and more excited, interlaced his fingers nervously, cast his eyes over the congregation, threw himself on his face, and violently rung the bell.

"Thereupon all the crowd, who all this time had been indiscriminately talking, joking, laughing, praying, singing, and even sleeping, prostrated themselves on their faces a full minute. Then apparently all was beginning over again, when some one noticed the foreigner outside. There was a stifled shriek. The religious scattered in all directions, the assisting monks commenced putting up the boards which closed the front entrance, and the old celebrant came out and, humbly chin-chinning, begged that information might not be laid against him as a malcontent. A present of a dollar reassured him somewhat, wretched Sramana that he was, to touch polluting lucre, but he could not be persuaded to go on with the service, and when next, two months later, the writer passed that way, the place was empty and half stripped, and bats' dung defiled the wooden benches round the walls where late the pious had wept. Truly, it was not creditable to the French."

Among the popular diversions of Tonquin is one seldom seen in other countries. It is called the dan-ho. A large bottle is placed in a frame, with an open neck. The players throw flexible rods upon a disk on the ground in such a way that they will bound and fall into the open neck of the bottle. The game is one of dexterity, like the Australian boomerang.

Education receives much attention in French Tonquin. The superintendent of education is called a *doc-hoc*. He is a man of accomplishments, and some of his pupils are as promising in their appearance as he himself is refined and cultured.

The simplicity of peasant life in the agricultural districts of Tonquin shows that invention has done little for the people.

The farmer ploughs with one animal as his ancestors did two or more thousand years ago.

"Manchuria may mean much, but I think that a kindergarten in China means more," said Mr. Barnard, after seeing life in Tonquin. "If I had my life before me I think I would become a kindergartner in China."

"Let me prepare to become a kindergartner in China," said Lucy.

"And let me follow the trade of an importer," said Charles.

"Travel is the true school of commerce," said Mr. Barnard. "Our journey has been superficial, but we have all learned something, and I hope that we are all better prepared for the duties of life."

At Hong-kong they found a strange mingling of Western and oriental life. The City Hall was English, but the streets were gay with oriental signs and streamers. Here all nations meet; here is the Eastern port of the world.

A DOC - HOC

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOME — THE MYSTERY MADE CLEAR

Our tourists, except Ah Hue, landed at South Boston. They had telegraphed their coming from Liverpool.

They were met at the wharf by the old tea merchant, who had told them the strange story of the mystery of the old houses on Rumney Marsh, a year before.

"Right glad I am to see you all back again, sound and well, and prepared to take up life as never before, as I suppose," said the old merchant.

They sat down in the plain waiting-room, while their baggage was being released.

"Well," said the old merchant; "and what have you learned about China?"

"That we can grow teas in the Carolinas," said Mr. Barnard.

"And hardy oranges in Florida," said Charles.

"And kumquats in Florida and Louisiana," said Louis.

"And that the native Christians of China will carry on the work of the missionaries," said Lucy, "and plant kindergartens there."

"And that the curse of China is opium," said Mrs. Barnard. "Opium breeds criminals."

The old tea merchant rose, and turned around and around.

"You are right, my good woman, and I have a very strange thing to tell you right here in the passenger rooms on the wharf. Do you remember my story of the hollow bricks, and of the two bodies that were found in the mill-house?"

"Yes, yes," said all.

"That story has haunted us," said Mrs. Barnard. "It haunted Ah Hue. We have brought home much to tell you. There were two trading Chinamen that came to America from the old Canton hong, and never returned. They sailed for Boston before the opium war, in the days of the smuggler."

"And they were opium collectors," said the old tea merchant, "and became slaves to the habit. They used to go to the old mill-house to smoke opium, and they made their beds by taking up boards from the floor, littering the hollow, and hiding themselves in the darkness."

"Listen! One spring night there was a great storm. The waves dashed over the beach and sea walls; they rose high above the marshes, and half-way up the walls of the old mill-house.

"The two Chinamen were in the mill-house drunk with opium. The sea found them living, and left them dead."

"But what became of their gold?" asked the boys.

"You may yet be able to find it, as the carpenters found the jade bricks — somewhere — no one knows where — on Rumney Marsh."

"How do you know these things?" asked Charles.

"An old man remembered the circumstances of the disappearance of these men, and thought that they came to some violent end. When he was told the story of the jade boxes, the mystery was made clear to him. Opium is a crime!"

"China is a sleeping giant," said Mr. Barnard.

"She is awaking; she will some day shake the world. China has gone down again and again, but she has risen again. China is China, and China of a new birth and civilization she is destined to be. We can teach her many things. She can teach us some things. China will be China without a wall."

"Her idol temples are decaying," said Mrs. Barnard, "and her highest ideals are expanding. Her glorious years are yet to come."

CITY HALL AT HONG-KONG

CHAPTER XXX.

THE INCREDIBILITY OF THE BUDDHIST LEGENDS

We have used in this book many Buddhist legends, and we should add a word about the great religion of the East.

Buddhism has an alluring side for a poetic mind, but it is not true; its claims are founded on legends that are utterly incredible, legends that modern science has shown to be impossible. Its leading doctrine that the soul is reborn in other forms cannot be true.

If we take the philosopher's position, that truth is truth wherever found, and that revelation is the universal record of truth, the poetic legends of Buddha utterly fail. Yet millions of human beings have given up their lives to gain merit in useless ways. But the principle of self-sacrifice, even in superstition, is a noble one.

My reader should be led to see how useless and untruthful are the claims of this religion, which dominates nearly a third of the world, and which represents the largest of human beliefs. It may be said that the world church to-day is Buddhism. It holds four hundred million souls. Like its temples, it is decaying. Its antagonist is science, and with the growth of scientific education it must disappear.

In 1866 Mr. R. Spence Hardy, an English orientalist, published a book showing how absurd were the claims of the great oriental religion in view of the modern enlightenment. Let us give you a few of the many examples which he cites of the impossibilities of the Buddhist legendary teachings.

He notes the contradictions of the so-called sacred books. Take as an example of impossible teachings the Buddhist theory of the world.

"The Buddhists are taught that the universe is composed of limitless systems or worlds, called Chakka-wala, or Sakwalas. They are scattered throughout space, in sections of three and three, — and incomprehensible as is their number, they can all be seen by Buddha, who can know whatever takes place in any one of them, if he turns his attention toward it, or wills to know it. In the centre of each system there is a mountain called Sineru, or Maha Meru. It is 1,680,000 miles from its base to its summit, half of which mass is below, and half above the surface of the ocean. It is the same size, or 840,000 miles in length and breadth. On each side it is of a different color, being like silver toward the east, and like a sapphire toward the south. But though its sides are spoken of, it is round, not square. If it were square, like a house, it would be spoken of as having a north wall, or a south wall. Its side means its aspect, whether north or south; and by its size is meant its diameter. It is supported on the three-peaked Trikuta Rock, like a vessel upon a tripod. If it were square it would require four rocks upon which to stand, instead of three. Where these rocks rise to the elevation of forty thousand miles, there Maha Meru rests, and it is firmly clasped by them as by a pair of pincers. When it is said in the Lokapannyap-tip-prakarana that it lies in the ocean only eight hundred thousand miles deep, it is because the elevation of the rocks is not included. The three rocks rest upon a World of Stone."

Science has proved any such theory as this of the universe as utterly false. Think of a mountain a million or more miles high, and an ocean eight hundred thousand miles deep — the diameter of the earth being only eight thousand miles. These

AN ITINERANT BARBER

books say that the stone on which the earth rests is 1,200,000 miles thick. They have volumes given to dimensions like these.

The Buddhist astronomy is impossible, as science has proved. We are told in the books that the inside of the sun is gold and the outside is crystal.

In the heavens dwells a monster who swallows the sun and moon. He is thus described:

"This Rahu is 48,000 miles in size; his breadth between the shoulders is 12,000 miles; his thickness, from breast to back, is 6,000; his head is 9,000 miles in size; his forehead, 3,000 miles; from eyebrow to eyebrow is 1,500 miles; his nose is 3,000 miles long, and his mouth 3,000 miles deep; the breadth of his palm and of his foot is 2,000 miles; and one joint of his finger is 500 miles long. When Rahu sees the shining of the sun, he descends toward the path in which it moves, and there remaining with his mouth open, the sun falls into it, as if into the Awichi hell. The dewas resident in the sun bawl out, trembling with fear. He sometimes hides them under his jaw; sometimes licks them with his tongue; and sometimes moves them up and down in his mouth, like an animal chewing its cud. But he is not able to prevent them from moving onward. Were he to attempt to keep them in his mouth, saying, 'I will kill these (bawling) dewas,' they would escape through the crown of his head."

The fishes in the books are thousands of miles long; the trees thousands of miles high. Of course all such statements are absurd. Science has found no mountain which the Buddhist books describe as fifty times larger than our earth is now known to be.

Mr. Hardy in his book thus almost needlessly reasons against the great monster of the heavens, called Asur Rahu.

"The eclipses of the sun and moon are caused, according to Buddha, by this monster, who is said to be nearly fifty thousand miles high. He sometimes covers them with his hand, and

sometimes hides them in his mouth. But how can a being, with a mouth only three thousand miles deep, swallow the sun, which is eight hundred thousand miles in diameter, according to the calculations of science. If the sun be of so hot a nature as is represented, why does not he bawl out, as well as the dewas, during the operation; and as even a burnt child shuns the fire, why does he repeat the experiment so frequently, when he knows what must be the consequence?

"As to the moon, we are quite sure that there must be some mistake. In the maps of its surface, the detached masses of matter thrown down the sides of its mountains bear a considerable resemblance to the mounds of sand, hollow in the centre, piled up and thrown down with so much industry by the ants in the cinnamon gardens near Colombo and other places. If Rahu licks the moon with his tongue, how is it that immediately afterward its surface is as bright as ever, and not a fragment in its hollows or heaps displaced? And how is it that scientific men, and even the naksaestrakarayas of the island, can tell to so exact a period as a second of time, for hundreds of years beforehand, that the seizure will take place? Is Rahu a living machinery that has life like a man, and yet is obliged to move with more regularity than a clock or a watch, and this for thousands of years? Then, there is not another being like him in the whole universe. What does he do it for? Does he suppose that he can stop the course of the sun or the moon? If he could, what would be the benefit? And when he has tried, and tried in vain, for so many years, what a simpleton he must be to renew the attempt! And, lastly, how is it, except upon the principles of European science, that the solar seizure always takes place at the time of the dark moon, when the moon is between the earth and the sun; and that the lunar seizure always takes place at the time the moon is full, when the earth comes between the moon and the sun, and intercepts his rays?

"I am told that my labor here may be spared, as there is scarcely any one who will read these pages who really believes in the existence of Rahu. But is not this a declaration and

MALEFACTORS

confession that Buddha either told a wilful untruth, or that he himself was deceived?"

At the time of Buddha's birth we are told that there were sixty-three thousand kings, and that on his name-day eighty thousand relatives were present to do him honor.

In regard to Buddha's ancestry we are told:

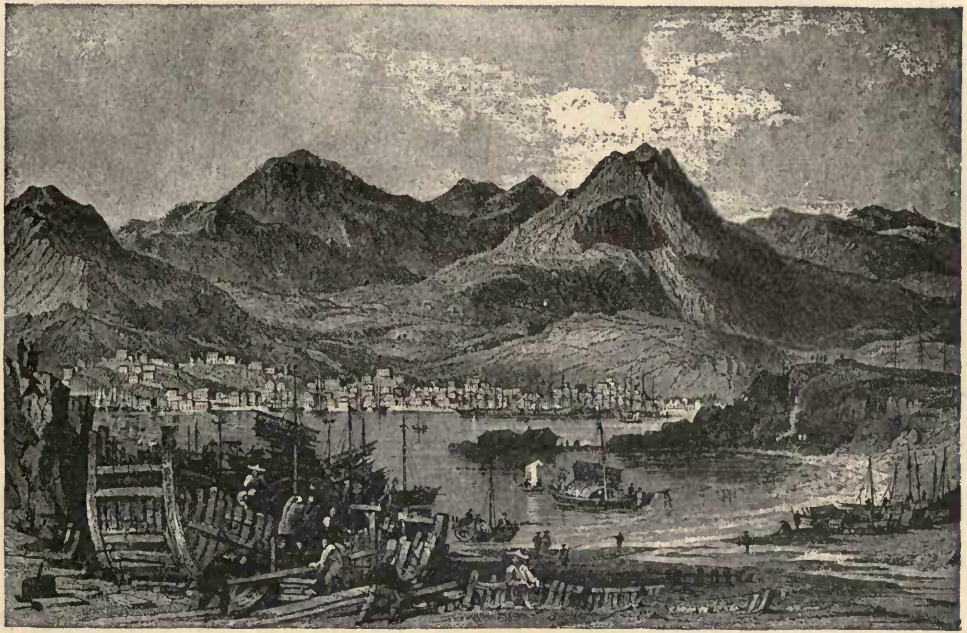
"Such is the number of monarchs of the dynasty from which Bodhisat is sprung. From Maha Sammata, the first king, to Suddhodana, the father of Buddha, there were 706,787 kings, who reigned in nineteen different capitals, all of which were known in the time of Bhagawa; but several of them have since become desolate, and even their sites forgotten, among which we must include his own native city, Kapila-watthu."

Most of what Buddha is asserted to have taught in regard to geology, astronomy, and biology has proved to be untrue. His visions of rebirth can have no more value than his astronomy.

There is one thing in Buddhism that represents the law of life:

"I shall be heir to all of the actions which I perform."

What China needs is Swiss kindergarten, the school that puts the Sermon on the Mount of Beatitudes into the ideals and habits of the child.



HONG-KONG, FROM KOW-LOON

CHAPTER XXXI.

A NEW PORT OF THE WORLD

Look upon the map again. Note Tien-Tsin, the port of Pekin on the river. The city has been a port for all nations, and has nearly or quite a million inhabitants. But since the great uprising against foreign residents, it is not regarded as secure by visitors to China, even under the new treaties. Canton is open to the same distrust. Hong-kong is English. Off the city of Amoy, with its beautiful gate, lies an island whose situation is quite safe, and whose climate is a charm, — a bit of paradise in the boat-sprinkled sea. It is called Kulangsu. Amoy is the principal city of the mountain-walled province of Fu Kian, or Fu Kien, or Fo Kian. Between Amoy and this delightful island of beauty and bloom, lies the great island of Formosa. It is some ninety miles from Amoy to Formosa.

Formosa is about 237 miles long and seventy miles wide. The island has between two and three million inhabitants, and is a part of the province of Fu Kian. Here abound maize, sugar-cane, rice, cinnamon, camphor, oranges, pineapples, guavas, cocoa-nuts, grapes, peaches, and almost every kind of fruit known to the tropical sun.

The same fruits grow on bowery, sea-cooled Kulangsu.

If there be an island on the long coast where foreigners could live in safety amid enchanting scenery, it would be this garden of the sea.

At the time of the Boxer uprising, the American representative at Pekin seems to have seen how desirable this blooming

and guarded island would be as a port for the Western powers. He instituted a movement to secure it for the purpose of safe residence for visitors from the West.

The foreign ministers, led by the American representative, made an application to the authorities of Amoy for the use of this island. It was granted in a hospitable spirit, and the sea garden promises to become the Hong-kong of the world.

Run your eye over the map along the Tropic of Cancer, and note the position of this flowery isle in regard to Japan, the Philippine Islands, Australia, and the American coast. Note where the Nicaragua Canal will break the American continent, and then let your eye sail back again over the calm Pacific. What a world we shall one day be, when the family of nations unite in brotherhood!

My readers have followed the "race around the world" made by three boys representing American newspapers. They have seen that one may go around the world by the Siberian railway and the Amoor in sixty days. Such a trip might be made to advantage in five months at a cost of $500, and it would be the beginning of an invaluable education. The time is coming when educational travel will form an important part of the preparation for intelligent business life; when people will see the world, not at the end, but at the beginning of a business career, like our good friends from whom we now part.

THE END.

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